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New Movie

A TOWER MAGAZINE

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JUNE

MAY 14 1935

HOLLYWOOD IS DANGEROUS FOR YOUTH says GENE RAYMOND

GRACE MOORE

WHY THE STARS CAN'T STAY MARRIED

LAUGH AT HEAT! / *Have Cool Allure!*



WHILE OTHER GIRLS WILT
AND LOSE THEIR CHARM
YOU CAN KEEP

Irresistible

Summer's here and its good times go to the girl who keeps irresistible! Don't be mussy, sticky, unattractive. Laugh at heat...keep cool ...have cool allure on hottest days...use IRRESISTIBLE TALC. It has *special hot weather advantages.*

Easily, quickly, you can dust body odor away with this dainty deodorant talcum powder. Apply it *generously* all over your body. No matter how hot the day, how great your body warmth...the exquisite perfume of Irresistible Talc keeps its exotic delicacy...keeps *you* irresistible.

Irresistible Talc contains a special ingredient which is soothing and healing to your skin. It cools, comforts and dries the surface of the skin *without drying and roughening the skin itself.* These extra advantages make Irresistible Talc an utter necessity for hot weather. And here's another hint for summer charm...

After bathing...or when you haven't time for a bath...rub IRRESISTIBLE COLOGNE on your whole body...it's a tingling, refreshing treat! Finish with Irresistible Talc for lasting fragrance and daintiness. Your whole body will feel invigorated...young...glorified!

Try all the wonderful IRRESISTIBLE BEAUTY AIDS...each has some special feature to make you irresistible today...now...forever. Laboratory tested for purity and only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

Dust body odor away with this dainty deodorant talcum powder. Rub this exquisite cologne into your body to tone, firm and refresh your skin... A complete body beauty treatment most welcome on hot summer days.



Lipstick in four gorgeous shades, for lovely, luscious lips



Brilliantine that gives your hair a glorious, silky sheen



Vanishing, liquefying, cold cream... perfect for your skin



Exotic perfume of glamorous allure... a clinging, lasting fragrance



Exquisite face powder, satin-fine, clings for hours

TRADE MARK REG., CONTAINERS PAT'D.

Irresistible

FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

ONLY 10c EACH AT YOUR 5 and 10c STORE

What's the matter with *Me* and *Men?*



"HERE I sit alone, evening after evening, reading or listening to the radio. What's the matter with me? Why don't men take me out? I'm not so hard to look at—and I love a good time!"

. . . .

Poor girl! How surprised and chagrined she would be if she knew why she is left at home alone.

You can't blame people for avoiding the girl or woman who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. It's too unpleasant to tolerate in anyone, no matter how attractive she may otherwise be.

There's really no excuse for it when Mum makes it so easy to keep the underarms fresh, free from every trace of odor.

Just half a minute is all you need to use **Mum.** Then you're safe for the whole day.

Use it any time — *after* dressing, as well as before. It's harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too — so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Depend upon Mum to prevent all unpleasant perspiration odor, without preventing perspiration itself. Use it daily, and no one will ever have *this* reason to avoid you! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO. Guard against this source of unpleasantness with Mum. No more doubt and worry when you use Mum!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

APR 26 1935

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new movie

VOL. XI No. 6 • • • JUNE 1935

CATHERINE McNELIS, *Publisher*

Frank J. McNelis, Managing Editor • Bert Adler, Eastern Editor • John C. Mitchell, Western Editor • Verne Noll, Art Director • Mary Martin, Director of Home Service

A GLIMPSE AT THE EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

WITH the advent of the warm summer weather and the promise of the scorching heat to come, our thoughts naturally turn toward vacations in the mountains or at the seashores, or toward a little lake somewhere in the deep forests. We look forward to those days of release from the cares of business and of household routine and gaily envision the carefree periods of play and recreation.

In other days vacations were only for the thrifty souls or those whom fortune had favored. To these went the pleasures of seeing far-off places and enjoying the cooling breezes of some vacation resort. Today, some of these pleasures are open to the stay-at-homes, or to those whom business detail denies release.

We refer you to your home-town theater.

STEP by step with the advance of science in other lines, the motion picture theater has grown. Better pictures, better stories, better direction and better acting on the screen is complemented in the theater itself by better seating, better sound and projection, and best of all, better atmospheric control.

No longer is it necessary to avoid the theater as being too warm and uncomfortable in the hot summer months. On the contrary, many a theater can justly invite you indoors with the promise of "twenty degrees cooler than outside."

And so, the little movie house can be the vacation-place, where the stay-at-homes can be entertained in coolness and comfort, and at the same time have the vicarious pleasure of seeing how the rest of the world lives and plays.

TO Carl Laemmle, Sr., on the twentieth anniversary of the founding of Universal City, where Universal pictures are made, go the congratulations and best wishes of the entire movie industry. "Uncle Carl," as he is fondly known to everyone, has been in the motion picture business for twenty-nine years. Starting on his meager savings of a few hundred dollars, as the proprietor of a small theater in Chicago, Mr. Laemmle has built a business that now deals in millions of dollars a year, and has offices scattered throughout the entire world. For twenty years, as the owner and guiding genius of Universal pictures, "Uncle Carl" has safely weathered many storms of depression, adversity, and competition. Even today there is rumor of an impending sale of his company to various other companies, or as some report, to certain private individuals. "Uncle Carl" has been with us a long time, and it is our earnest hope that he will be with us for a long time to come.

THE girl on the cover this month, Grace Moore, is responsible for one of the many cyclonic changes that occur in the movies. For it was her brilliant performance as the opera singer in "One Night of Love" that led the way to a series of operatic movies to be given to you soon. We have had cycles of gangster films, society films, farces, mysteries and other types of pictures almost to the point of saturation. The movie audiences were crying for something different, something new. Miss Moore and Columbia Pictures Corporation gave it to them. Opera is a difficult subject to transfer to the screen. It is to be hoped that the producers will not rush in too quickly and give us a series of hastily prepared movie operas that will detract in any way from the sheer brilliance and beauty of Miss Moore's successful venture into this new field.

FROM Michigan comes the report of a new use for the ever adaptable movies. Federal and State police authorities in a short trailer, recently revealed the details of a crime, and gave a description of the criminal. This is, perhaps, the newest way yet devised to track down a criminal. It places a great responsibility on picture-going people by giving them a chance to assist their governing authorities in making the way of a criminal less easy by co-operating fully. A system of this kind, launched on a nation-wide scale, might well develop into a great deterrent of crime throughout our land.

FROM many corners of the country come letters asking "Whom do you consider to be stars?" and "Why are some players called stars and others not?" This is a difficult question to answer, since opinions differ. A player may be only "featured" at one company, and upon being borrowed by another, given star billing. The simplest way for the average movie-goer to decide which is starred and which featured, is to look at the opening sequences of any picture. If the player's name is placed above the title of the picture, it is the opinion of the producer that the player is a star. If the name follows the title, he or she is a featured player. This rating, of course, might easily change with each picture. We hope this will answer any others who might wish the same information.

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NEW ISSUE ON SALE THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH



YOU'VE WON HIM— NOW YOU MUST KEEP HIM...

Don't let COSMETIC SKIN spoil your good looks!

SO *much* of a woman's charm depends on keeping her skin clear—appealingly smooth. Yet many a woman without realizing it is actually *spoiling her own looks*.

When stale make-up is not properly *removed,* but allowed to choke the pores day after day, it causes unattractive Cosmetic Skin. Tiny blemishes appear—enlarged pores—blackheads, perhaps—warning signals of this modern complexion trouble.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

You needn't run this risk. Guard against Cosmetic Skin the Hollywood way! The lovely screen stars *protect* their million-dollar complexions with Lux Toilet Soap—the soap especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks *deep* into the pores, carries swiftly away every vestige of dust, dirt, stale powder and rouge.

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, give your skin this protecting, beautifying care. Exquisite smooth skin is a priceless treasure. Don't take chances!

ELISSA LANDI
PARAMOUNT STAR



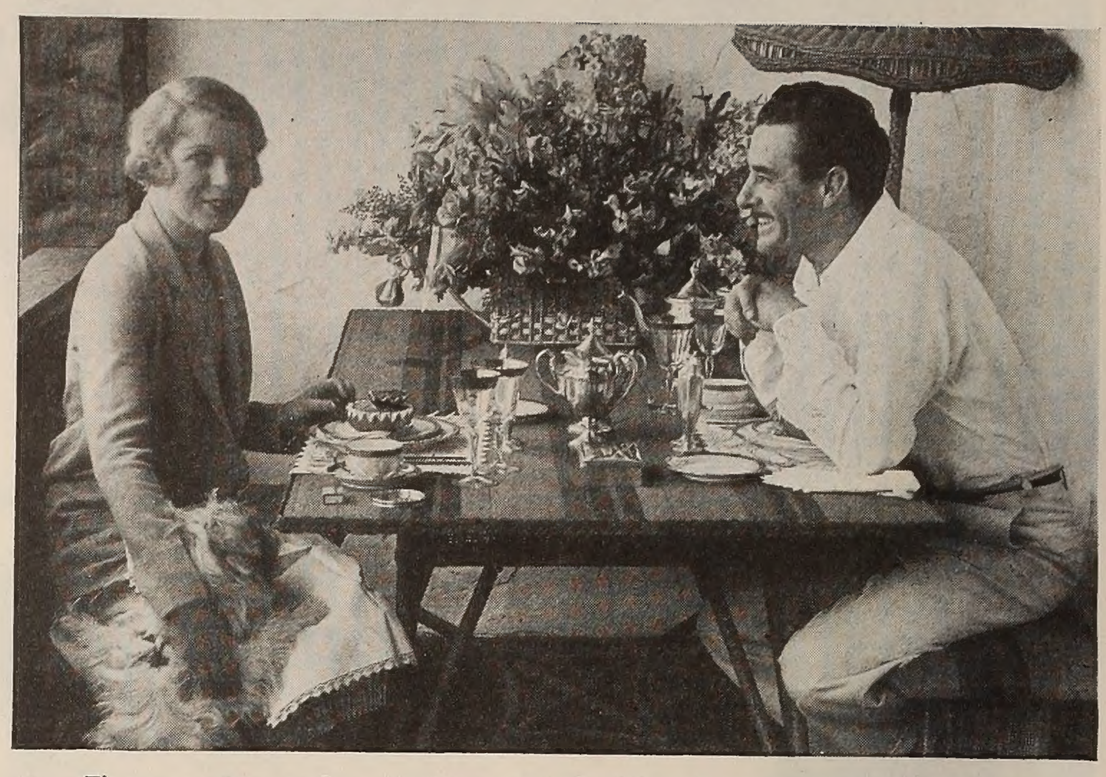
NRA CODE

ANY GIRL CAN HAVE A SMOOTH, REALLY LOVELY SKIN. YOU CAN USE COSMETICS AS MUCH AS YOU WISH IF YOU GUARD YOUR SKIN AS I DO—WITH GENTLE **LUX TOILET SOAP**

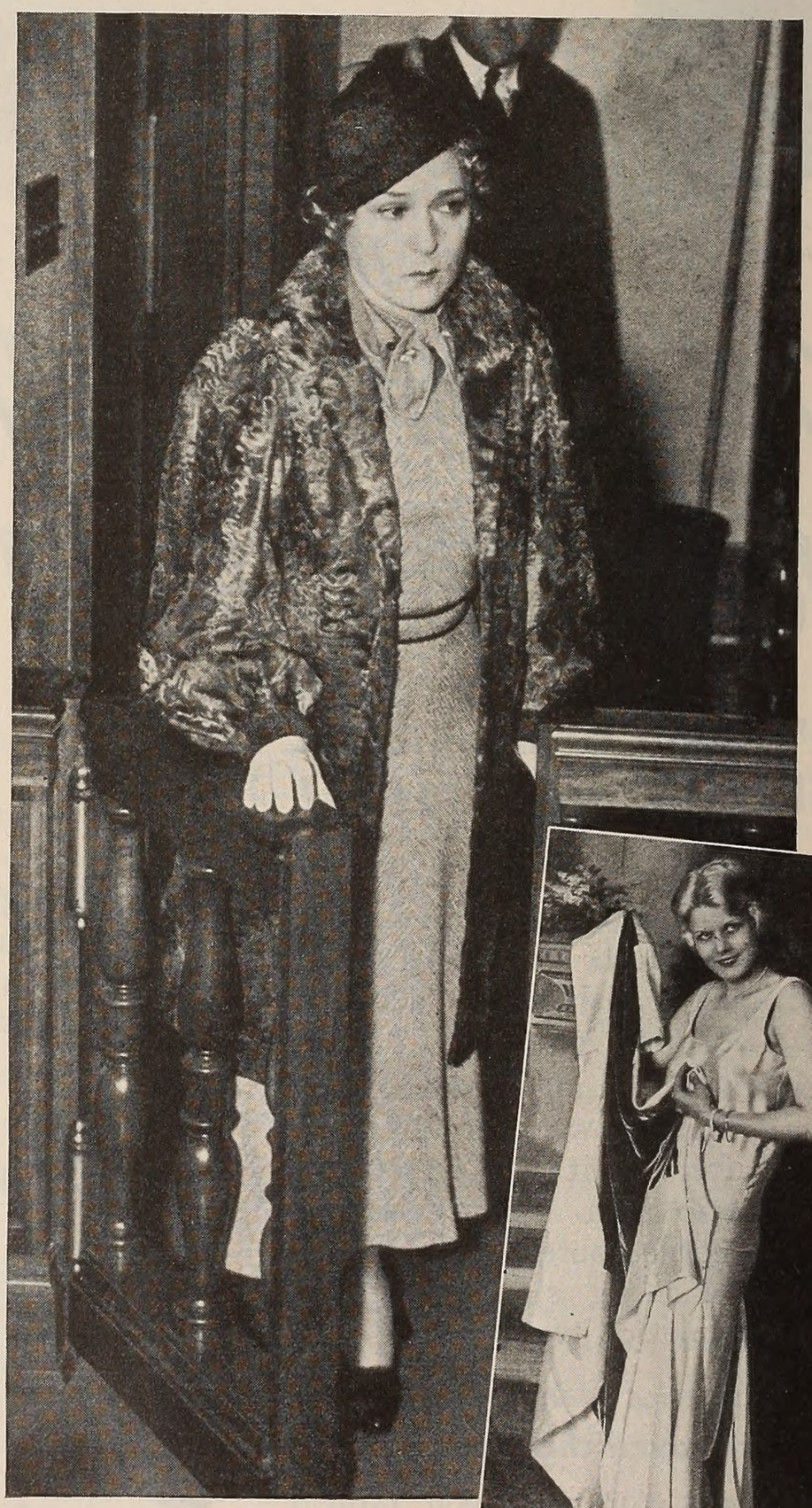
Diary OF A HOLLYWOOD NEWS HOUND

Stories of the stars that got into the papers, and stories that didn't ★ By a newspaper reporter assigned to "cover Hollywood"

MARIAN RHEA



The reporter and cameraman worked hard to get this picture of John Gilbert and Ina Claire at their wedding breakfast.



I HAVE been put out of some of the best homes in Hollywood.

I am not a book agent nor do I sell mining stock. I am a reporter on a Los Angeles newspaper. I "cover" Hollywood—sometimes in a way that Hollywood doesn't want to be "covered." I am not assigned to get nice, pleasant interviews about the ideas and ideals of the film stars. My job is to get what we call spot news, about them—news about marriages that are supposed to be secret, divorces ditto, heart balms, breach of promise and alienation of affections suits; also news about the more serious things that come up in Hollywood from time to time, such as fights, murders and suicides.

Often—usually, in fact—this news involves difficulties which the celebrities would much prefer kept out of the public print. It is up to me to get it anyway, or try to. Sometimes I do and sometimes I don't. In any event, I am seldom welcomed in Hollywood with open arms.

However, "covering" Hollywood isn't all grief. Interesting and even enjoyable experiences have developed from the most inauspicious beginnings in this news-gathering career of mine. I realize this as I thumb through the pages of the diary I've kept.

Here is page one. It is an "I knew her when" entry, made a long time ago, telling about a little extra girl who afterward made good in a big way, and the first time her picture ever appeared in a Los Angeles newspaper——

"September 27, 1928. The city editor had a brilliant idea today. Said for me to arrange a layout of pictures for page three featuring fashions worn in Hollywood these days. Said to use Hollywood extra girls as models and to have them photographed in our office. I called up Central Casting Bureau and asked them to send me out a dozen of their prettiest. Three blondes, two red-heads and a brunette showed up with some swell-looking clothes. One particularly good-looking and striking. All curves and blue eyes and gorgeous complexion, pink and white. A grande dame air. Hair white as cotton. Name of Jean Harlow . . ."

Jean's first picture, taken in a white satin dress, was a lot easier to get than those which Frank Bentley, one of our photographers, and I went after on that memorable spring morning after John Gilbert and Ina Claire eloped to Las Vegas, as you will see——

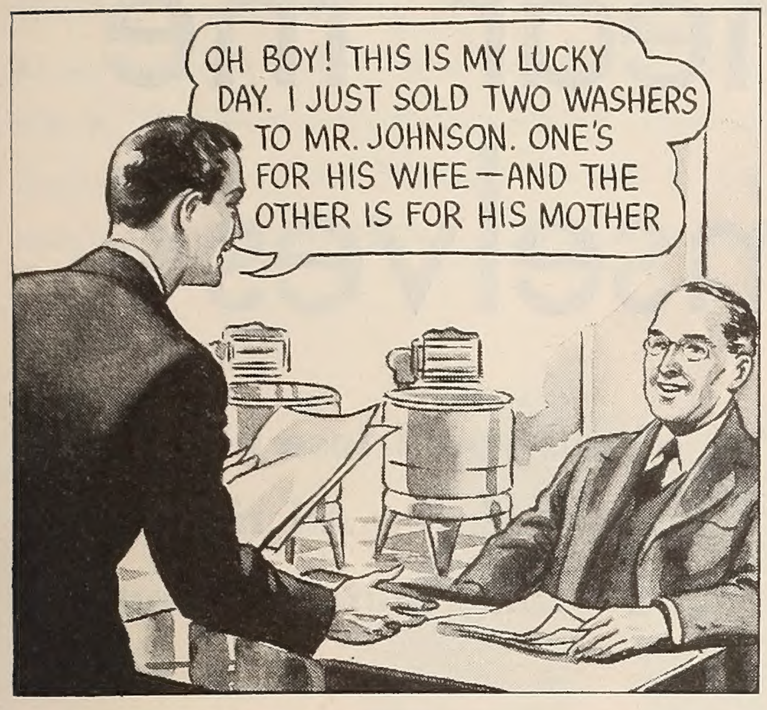
"May 10, 1929. City editor telephoned at 5:30 A.M. Said Ina Claire and John Gilbert got married last night. Wanted pictures of them eating first breakfast and so on for the first edition. Said Frank Bentley would pick me up in half an hour.

"Arrived Gilbert's home, Beverly Hills, high up on a mountain, before seven. Rang door bell. Filipino boy opened door two inches. Said no one could see either John or Ina. Told me: 'Boss no see (*Please turn to page* 55)



Large photo above: Mary Pickford, pale and shaken, steps down from the witness stand as the Judge grants her divorce. Above, right: Jean Harlow was only a girl who posed for a fashion photo, but she stood out. Left: Kathryn Carver.

GOOD NEWS FOR WASHING MACHINE USERS













THAT'S WHY THE MAKERS OF 34 FAMOUS WASHERS RECOMMEND RINSO

NO WASHER? Then by all means you must use Rinso! *For Rinso saves scrubbing and boiling!* Just by soaking it gets clothes 4 or 5 shades whiter—even down-right *dirty* clothes come sweet and clean as new. How this gentle Rinso way saves the clothes! Makes them last two or three times longer. You'll save money every time you use this safe, "no-scrub" soap.

Rinso gives rich, lasting suds—*even in hardest water.* Wonderful for dishwashing and all cleaning. Easy on hands. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Get the BIG package.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

NRA CODE



The biggest-selling package soap in America

ARE YOU MAKING HER MISTAKE?

















IT'S Lifebuoy, of course, as *millions* know! Its rich lather deep-cleanses; purifies pores; freshens dull, lifeless complexions to radiant health. Yet tests on the skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is more than 20 per cent milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Don't risk "B.O."

Be *extra* careful as days get warmer. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its lather is abundant in hardest water. It deodorizes pores, stops "B.O." (*body odor*). Its own clean scent rinses away.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

Do Men Like to Hear the Truth About Themselves?



Yes

You're afraid you'll lose him if you don't flatter him? All right, lose him—and congratulate yourself

CAROLE LOMBARD had to be nabbed between finishing retakes on "Rumba" and hopping a plane for New York and a much-needed and well-earned vacation. But before Carole left, she had some very trenchant things to say on the subject, "Do men like to hear the truth about themselves?" She thinks, definitely, they do and has her side of the argument down pat.

"Flattery," Carole began, "is, in essence, an untruth. Now it may seem all very well to win a man by flattery, but after you've won him, what then? Remember, you've got to live with him. And the kind of man you win by flattery will have to be *kept* by flattery." She sighed. "*What* a job! It means that you'll have to continue, all through your married life, thinking up pretty little half-truths.

"There's no corner on flattery, you know. If you win a man by flattery, you can lose him the same way. Someone else may out-flatter you. Where are you then?

"Why not tell a man the truth and have done with it? You say, 'But I may lose him!' All right, *lose* him and congratulate yourself. For the man who has to be won that way isn't worth the winning. A man (*Please turn to page* 44)



No

Truth is a fine thing. But truth can also be a very cruel thing, and it is sometimes best left unsaid

ALICE FAYE feels differently. Just as definitely in her way as Carole, Alice wholeheartedly feels that men do *not* like to hear the truth about themselves. And Alice had evidently given the matter more than a little thought, because she had plenty of arguments to back up her stand.

"Theoretically," Alice began, hunched becomingly in a polo coat, her lovely blonde hair catching the highlights of the afternoon sun "—theoretically I *should* answer, 'Men like to hear the truth about themselves.' Perhaps that would look better on paper than what I'm going to say. But I can't help that, because I know from experience that such is not the case.

"Truth is a fine thing," Alice said, getting into her subject. "But truth can also be a very cruel thing and may sometimes best be left unsaid or, if necessary, colored a bit. Supposing you know a man who, although not perfect, (and who is?) yet is trying the very best he knows how? If you love this man you're not going to pick out his shortcomings and remind him of them. On the contrary, you're going to give him a helping hand—'build him up'—make him think he's a little better than he really is. You're going to stretch the truth, if necessary, to supply him with all the confidence you can. (*Please turn to page* 44)

LET'S GO "RECKLESS"!

Thrill to the tap, tap, tap of her dancing feet in "The Trocadero". See her sell kisses for $500 each. Cruise with her on "The Honeymoon Ship". Romp with her in "The Dormitory Pajama Party". Hear her sing the blues. Gorgeous Jean Harlow teamed with William Powell is heading your way in the biggest musical show of the century with a throbbing love story as exciting as its title.



Jean
HARLOW
WILLIAM
POWELL
in
RECKLESS

with a screenful of beauties and a great cast including

FRANCHOT
TONE
MAY
ROBSON
TED HEALY
NAT PENDLETON
ROBERT LIGHT

Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK

Directed by VICTOR FLEMING

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

HE JOINED THE HOWLING MOB TO CELEBRATE HIS OWN ASSASSINATION!

And when his strange figure walked into their midst, not one of these, his mortal enemies, dared lay hand on him. Such was the power of this man who defied a King and threw a world into tumult that a wisp of a girl might marry the boy she loved.

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK presents

DARRYL ZANUCK'S production

CARDINAL RICHELIEU

STARRING

GEORGE ARLISS

with

Maureen O'Sullivan • Edward Arnold

Douglas Dumbrille • Francis Lister

Cesar Romero

Directed by Rowland V. Lee

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS



20TH CENTURY PICTURE

Clarence Sinclair Bull



NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S

GALLERY of STARS

Stardom is beckoning Elizabeth Allan after her work in "David Copperfield." Next one: "Mark of the Vampire."



Richee

● **FRENCH AND FRENCH . . . Claudette Colbert was given Charles Boyer for her leading man in "Private Worlds." Then Katharine Hepburn snapped him up for "Break of Hearts." In other words, he's good. And nothing is too good for Claudette, these days, with her popularity sky-rocketing.**



Clarence Hewitt

● **IRISH AND CUBAN . . . Cuban by extraction, at any rate, is Cesar Romero, shown here with the Irish Maureen O'Sullivan in a scene from George Arliss's colorful "Cardinal Richelieu." Cesar is as much in demand these days as Charles Boyer—so much so, that we have a Romero story next month**

THE SUNSHINE



Miehle

With Spring comes the call of the open road—and Eric Rhodes finds punctures are no laughing matter even for comedians.



Let Virginia Bruce catch the first whiff of Summer in the air and, presto, how could she resist the impulse to go out strolling?



IS CALLING ALL STARS

Apger and Longworth







The open road calls in more than one way. Maureen O' Sullivan, for example, takes to wings, while the picture above at the right, shows what Guy Kibbee, in his inner soul, would like to be doing right now.



Richee

The large picture at the left should erase any last doubts in your mind that Old Winter is gone. Madge Evans is the lovely girl. (Above) "Now is the time for a brisk set of tennis!" says W. C. Fields, promptly toppling over on the bench and into a doze in the sun like an old setter.



Longworth

Above: Dolores Del Rio, with the change of seasons, takes to swimming and the latest thing in *chic* white bathing-suits.

●

But there's no swimming—not yet—for little Shirley Temple. No, for Shirley it's up early and off to school. The boys, below, get a better break. Frankie Thomas can play marbles, any old time of day, with his jockey pal Donnie Meade.





Jones

● **MANY ARE CALLED**—and oh, so few, so few are chosen! Blonde little Ann Sothern was called Harriet Lake, in musical comedy. A singer, she drifted naturally toward the High C's—notably Chevalier and Cantor. Her last musical was "Folies Bergere," and it begins to look as if Ann is definitely here to stay.

IT'S A FAKE

No. 3 in New Movie's series of articles exposing the Hollywood underworld. The fake movie studios that prey on innocent victims

By CHOLLY MARSH

★ THEATRICAL ★

RADIO—STAGE—SCREEN

MOTION PICTURE STUDIO NOW CASTING talented BEGINNERS for LEGITIMATE PRODUCTIONS. FREE MICROPHONE TEST. Those [illegible] start rehearsals AT ONCE. A [illegible] portunity—not a school. See [illegible]

"YOU Ought To Be in Pictures." Yes, and thousands of people feel the same way. Hollywood, the home of the picture industry, is also the temporary home of more misguided souls than any other city in the world. It is easy to sell the newcomer, he openly expresses his desire to get before a camera—the others have the same hope, but the futility of their efforts has taught them to keep quiet. These screen-struck hopefuls must have money, though, for once again the racketeers have opened their fake moving picture studios, and the suckers are falling for the new methods they are using.

These chiselers have a great set-up. And as the would-be actor is determined, at all costs, to get into a studio, they can't help but fall for this racket. You see, it is absolutely impossible for amateurs to get into any major studio, even though they are willing to work extra or as mob atmosphere. All these jobs are filled by the Central Casting Bureau. This bureau is operated under an agreement signed by *all* the major studios in California, and a severe penalty is imposed for any violation. There isn't a chance that even a personal friend might make an exception.

Central calls these extras from a list of those registered with them. Though all registration has been discontinued for the past five years, there are more than 30,000 names listed. The NRA Code Authority has recently concluded an investigation which disclosed that the number of extras registered was far in excess of studio requirements, and has ordered that this list be cut down to 3,000.

Although these facts have been broadcast many times, either people do not believe them, or don't learn of them until after their arrival. But the fact remains, the bunko studios are taking advantage of these unfortunates by selling them a questionable brand of training, as they prefer to call it. The law-making bodies are aware of this menace, and a few who were too careless with their guarantees and promises are now serving time in San Quentin.

The major moving picture companies decry the existence of these fake studios—but the publicity sent out on the stars acts as good propaganda for their business. In the life stories of stars, they all express the need of some training for success. In other instances, the big studios, in their anxiety for publicity, are always ready to call public attention to some particular actor or actress whom they discovered in some stage play. And in California, one learns, some studios have a training department for promising young players. These training departments present plays on the stage, in various Hollywood theaters, to give these young artists poise, and eliminate self-consciousness. All this is known to the would-be actor, and cleverly brought to his attention by the swindlers, the fake moving picture studios.

Where are they located? Are they really studios? What sort of men own them? Who are the directors?

They are located in various sections of Hollywood.

Yes, they are studios, old, dilapidated joints that were used by independent companies, in the days of silent films. They still contain a mass of old useless scenery and furniture. This paraphernalia, junk to you, has been used to build six or seven sets (a "U" (*Please turn to page* 66)



ILLUSRATED BY
CHARLES MULHOLLAND

Their interest aroused by the newspaper ad (see top of page), men, women and children pour into the office of the fake studio's director. What happens to them then is best shown by the shorn lamb behind his chair. They are fleeced so cleverly there is often no legal recourse for them.

WHY THE STARS CAN'T STAY MARRIED

The question you have long asked yourself, answered by a wise psychologist who is not afraid to speak out

By
LOUIS E. BISCH,
M. D., Ph. D.

THE stars are intelligent people; they possess good manners and social poise; they know how to dress and appear attractive; their physical allure is decidedly greater than average; they are as human as anyone else and they crave love, a home and babies the same as the rest of us. Indeed, it is surprising how downright domestic in tastes and inclinations the film colony, as a class, really is.

Yet, these self-same movie actors, women as well as men, seem somehow unable to keep themselves married either for long or happily!

There is June Knight, for instance, who separated from her husband after being married five days! As if not satisfied with this record, said June began a suit for divorce thirteen days later and exactly thirty days after she had stepped up to the altar the young woman once more was free!

JEAN HARLOW also may be placed in the record group, although in her case the record concerns numbers rather than speed. So far, Jean has had three husbands, to wit: Charles McGrew, Paul Bern and Hal Rosson. Rumor has it that she is now going places with William Powell. Whether true or not, whether Powell will be husband number four or not, surely it is difficult to conceive that so enticing a lady will not try again. And then, of course, there is Gloria Swanson. How many husbands will she, eventually, have had? The most shocking divorce in all the annals of filmdom has been that of "America's Sweetheart" (Mary Pickford) from Douglas Fairbanks. That marriage was supposed to be the acme of lasting love. It was customary to point to it as a model for us all. But now! Not to mention Fairbanks' son and Joan Crawford, Richard Dix and Winifred Coe, Ruth Chatterton and George Brent, Nick Stuart and Sue Carol, Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers, William Powell and Carole Lombard. And, of course, I have far from exhausted the list.



All day long the stars are exposed to make-believe love before the cameras. And in the hectic social whirl of Hollywood they are in contact with other stars chosen, like themselves for their tremendous attractiveness. Is it because of these conditions that their own marriages begin to lose glamour by comparison?

WHAT makes these actor folk behave that way? Why can't they settle down like other people? What makes them so restless and dissatisfied when it comes to love? Are they essentially different? If so, what is it and why?

Psychology has an answer for these perplexing questions. The science that deals with the workings of the mind and the emotions knows exactly why actors should present the apparent contradiction of being specialists in love on the screen, of being expert in studying human feeling and interpreting it in story after story for years on end, then failing so miserably in their love lives where their own private experiences are concerned. Nor are the mechanisms of the mind that are involved difficult to understand.

FIRST of all, let us consider of what the actor's daily work really consists. At once such descriptive terms as pretense and make-believe suggest themselves.

Yes, the actor's work is just that. From morning until night, whether on or off the lot, the actor is not himself or herself, as the case may be, but somebody else! In one picture the star may be an innocent, demure, unsophisticated youngster who is taken advantage of by a designing villain. In a second, the role to be portrayed may be completely different—this time, that of a calculating, gold-digging vamp; in a third production the part may call for an interpretation of a misunderstood wife.

One might assume that actors would rebel at such frequent changes. As a matter of fact, what they continually rebel against is quite the opposite. They hate being considered "naturals" and forever do they fight against being cast for the same sort of part again and again. Always do they want to be "somebody else."

The reason for this attitude is, however, not far to seek. After all, none of us goes in for any kind of work and remains content at it unless one's innate nature is "gaited" for it. To be sure, many of the jobs we take on are secured through chance circumstance. Whether we are happy and succeed in such work is quite another matter. We only remain happy and succeed, really, when the work harmonizes with the deeper and more fundamental strivings of our character make-up.

WITH the acting profession this is particularly true. The real actor reveals the earmarks of his destiny even as a child. Such a little girl or boy already "struts his stuff" when six or seven. In such children the impulse to imitate people seen and read about and to "dress up" and give a show is decidedly more pronounced than in their playmates. By the age of sixteen, of course, the impulse to go on the stage is already irresistible and bears all the earmarks of an obsession.

"Once an actor always an actor," declared a screen star friend of mine recently. I understood what he meant. Acting is an occupation that tends to unfit the participant for anything else!

Therefore—and now we will see the link that exists between what I said and the fact that all kinds of actors make poor marriage risks—actors not only make believe and are somebody else when working in the studio, they tend to be like that all the time, off as well as on the lot, simply because they have almost been (*Please turn to page* 42)





DECORATION BY ROBERT PATTERSON



Hollywood's excuse has been: "There are no more divorces here than there are in any other town." The list at the right, incomplete though it is, proves this to be untrue. There are more divorces—but the reason commands your sympathy.

Hollywood Marriages That Ended Unhappily

Adrienne Ames—and	Stephen Ames
Gwili Andre	Stosch Mtlotkowski
Robert Armstrong	Professional
Nils Asther	Vivian Duncan
Lew Ayres	Lola Lane
John Barrymore	Michael Strange
Wallace Beery	Gloria Swanson
Ralph Bellamy	Professional
Constance Bennett	Phil Plant
George Brent	Ruth Chatterton
Virginia Bruce	John Gilbert
Nancy Carroll	Jack Kirkland
Charles Chaplin	Lita Grey
Ruth Chatterton	George Brent
Maurice Chevalier	Yvonne Vallee
Joan Crawford	Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Ronald Colman	Non-professional
Richard Dix	Non-professional
Sally Eilers	Hoot Gibson
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	Joan Crawford
Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.	Mary Pickford
Glenda Farrell	Non-professional
Ralph Forbes	Ruth Chatterton
Henry Fonda	Margaret Sullavan
Kay Francis	Kenneth McKenna
Clark Gable	Josephine Dillon
Janet Gaynor	Lydell Peck
Hoot Gibson	Sally Eilers
John Gilbert	Virginia Bruce
Ann Harding	Harry Bannister
Jean Harlow	Hal Rosson
Katharine Hepburn	Ogden Smith
Miriam Hopkins	Austin Parker
Boris Karloff	Non-professional
June Knight	Paul Ames
Lola Lane	Lew Ayres
Elissa Landi	J. C. Lawrence
Carole Lombard	William Powell
Adolphe Menjou	Kathryn Carver
Colleen Moore	John McCormack
Mary Pickford	Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.
ZaSu Pitts	Tom Gallery
William Powell	Carole Lombard
Irene Rich	Non-professional
Ginger Rogers	Professional
Ned Sparks	Non-professional
Lewis Stone	Non-professional
Gloria Stuart	Gordon Newell
Margaret Sullavan	Henry Fonda
Gloria Swanson	Michael Farmer
Thelma Todd	Pat di Cicco
Norma Talmadge	Joseph Schenck
Johnny Weissmuller	Bobbe Arnst
Loretta Young	Grant Withers

THE above list is not complete, since it takes in only players who are more or less prominent at the present time. Numbers of stars have remarried. Adrienne Ames, for example, has married Bruce Cabot since her divorce, Lew Ayres has married Ginger Rogers, John Barrymore has been for some years the husband of Dolores Costello, Ralph Bellamy married Catherine Willard, a stage actress; Constance Bennett has her Marquis, Sally Eilers is now the wife of Harry Joe Brown, Ralph Forbes is the husband of Heather Angel, Adolphe Menjou's new wife is Verree Teasdale, Gloria Stuart is married to a writer, Arthur Sheekman; Margaret Sullavan is the wife of William Wyler, a director, and of course there is the Weissmuller-Velez combination. Also, many of the stars have been divorced two and three times apiece. Nancy Carroll, Charles Chaplin, Gloria Swanson, Ruth Chatterton and Jean Harlow all have had more than one.

I Owe a Lot to WILL ROGERS

says Elsie Janis. And so do the rest of us for his kindliness for his good pictures, and for his 100 per cent American wit that is not afraid to flash out at king or citizen







By ELSIE JANIS

Special Writer for New Movie

I THINK everybody owes a lot to Will—everybody who can read, see and hear. But long before it was the world's good fortune to know his grand lopsided grin or quote his wise and razor-edged witticisms, Will became a very important factor in my career.

He had roped his way into being the talk of New York when I returned from England in 1916 to appear in "The Century Girl" at the Century Theatre. That production was about the biggest thing New York ever saw until the advent of the Empire State Building. Charles Dillingham and Florenz Ziegfeld went into partnership to produce it. Victor Herbert and Irving Berlin collaborated on the score. The cast which, owing to my mother's astounding managerial maneuvers, I headed, read like Who's Who in the Theater; Marie Dressler, Eddie Foy, Sam Bernard, Hazel Dawn, Frank Tinney, Leon Errol, Harry Kelly, Maurice and Walton, Doyle and Dixon and others. Among the others was one of the swellest girls you or I ever knew, Lilyan Tashman.

I must not get started down memory lane with that great crowd of troupers because I'll get sobby, and after all this article is about Will Rogers who was not at the Century but knocking them for a loop, or looping them for a knockout, in the Ziegfeld Follies at the New Amsterdam Theatre. I must, however, revert to the Century long enough to say that you can imagine how, with a cast like that, it was every man for himself. One girl in particular worried very much about what hat trick she could pull to merit being billed above so many fine artists.

Enter Will Rogers! I had learned to throw a lariat three years before in 1916 while playing with Fred Stone in "The Lady of the Slipper." The public didn't know about that, however. So when I did an imitation of the man of the theatrical hour, Will Rogers, and not only twirled the rope, but danced in it as Will used to do, the first nighters at the Century thought I had walked into the New Amsterdam, taken a look at Rogers and leapt into the best imitation I ever did. They didn't know of the hours I spent learning to make the darn thing even spin, let alone keep on spinning while I talked *a la Rogers,* and danced at the same time.

Well, anyway the result was well worth the work, and Will Rogers became the sure-fire finish to my specialty in 1916. He remained same until I retired from the stage. I imitated him in London before he himself had captured the city. I translated him into French and presented him to the Parisian public. On concert tours, which covered (*Please turn to page* 52)

Elsie Janis was the original Rogers fan. She imitated him when he had only horse and rope.





No matter how silly the hat, if Garbo wears it a new style is set. Mae West, at the right, brought back curves to millions of curve-less women. Katharine Hepburn started a rage for frou-frou bangs, Joan Crawford's leg-of-mutton sleeves swept the country and Kay Francis' generously exposed back was a shock heard 'round the fashion world.







IF GARBO WEARS A HAT

By

WHITNEY WILLIAMS

THE Hollywood influence is felt 'round the world.

Fashions, manners, romance, everything that affects the people of the globe . . . all have been swayed by the screen and its glittering stars.

There is, for example, Joan Crawford, who re-clothed the girls of the land by the way she wore a dress.

It featured leg-of-mutton sleeves.

Who else but Joan could have started this old style anew, in "Letty Lynton," a style that experts for years have declared as dead as mutton? Yet, when Joan wore the dress, millions of girls all over the country rushed to the stores and dress-makers to order one, puffed sleeves and all, for their wardrobes.

To Greta Garbo the women of the world are indebted for the low bob. The Swedish actress came into prominence when most of the stars were cutting their hair short. Despite remonstrance from every expert in the studio, she refused to cut her hair like the others. Shortly after she appeared on the screen with this style of haircut, those girls and women who couldn't grow their hair fast enough were tacking on shoulder-length extensions.

Hollywood has been designated by many the style center of the world. Actually, it isn't (as yet) . . . and its fashion designers lay no claim to this distinction.

But the effect it wields on current fashions, through the vehicle of the screen, is undisputed. Many of the styles and fashions of the day, now so much in vogue, can be traced directly to Hollywood and its glamorous personalities.

The Cossack hat which Marlene Dietrich wore in "The Scarlet Empress" may be mentioned as a case in point. Shortly after this picture was released, the market became flooded with Russian chapeaux, all outgrowths of the Dietrich top-piece.

The muff she carried was responsible for the re-appearance of that feminine adornment.

And the hood on her cloak is seen this year on all the smart evening cloaks in the smartest shops.

Three pieces of feminine finery now popular throughout the country and in some sections of Europe . . . each had its creation, for general use, in one picture, a film that did not enjoy any particular success at the box-office but exerted a very definite influence upon the styles of today.

Going back a few years, and not so many, at that . . . feathers became popular following the showing of Miss Dietrich (*Please turn to page* 53)





To you they're mere details in gigantic "effect" scenes—a flashing smile, or a glint of silk stocking, gone in a second.

Don't forget the GIRLS

They dance like clockwork, but they have hearts and heads, besides legs. Here they are. Meet them. • By LEON SURMELIAN

THE gay, glittering whirlpool of Hollywood Boulevard is studded with the most gorgeous show girls in the world. This most enchanting and intriguing of the world's famous streets has dimmed the glory of Broadway as the goal of those radiantly shapely creatures who send the bald-headed rows into such rhapsodies of delight.

"May Allah always favor you!" I said, as I received an order from our editor to do some soul-digging among the gold diggers of the screen.

With millions of my own sex I had to be satisfied by merely gazing at their likenesses on the screen, as they went through their paces amid avalanches of ostrich fans, or in beauteous flurries of amazing rhythmic patterns.

But now, armed with such an assignment, I could see for myself what goes on behind the scenes of the leg shows those demigods of Hollywood, the film dance directors, concoct with such devastating results on the pocketbook of the nation, helping the producers rake in the shekels you and I have such a heck of a time earning.

I stopped banging away on my portable, took up my cane, and in the best manner of a boulevardier set forth to explore the beauty corners of movietown.

I sauntered down to the Paramount Studio, and was led to stage No. 9, where I exchanged the necessary courtesies with LeRoy Prinz, rehearsing a sizzling number for "Rumba."

The old phonograph blared forth the passionate music of Spain from a corner of the huge sound-proof stage, and a dusky couple from Havana, with red bandannas tied around their necks, danced the rumba in shameless abandon. George Raft, Carole Lombard, and a bevy of chorus girls in shorts or slacks, studied their steps and contortions, not, I must say, without some embarrassment, for this authentic exhibition of the rumba was a torrid dance indeed. The dusky couple, their teeth flashing and their enormous eyes, black pools of tropic longings, flirted in wanton pirouettes, and told each other the secrets of their hearts by beating their clattering heels onto the floor in volleys of frenzied rhythm.

"I'll give my own interpretation to this dance," Mr. Prinz said, the merry twinkle in his eye catching mine. "But I want the kids to see what the rumba is really like."

(*Please turn to page* 60)





But they aren't machines. They're girls like the girl next door. Here are three: At top, Alma Ross, and below, Emily La Rue (Jack's sister) and Ula Love.



HOLLYWOOD is Dangerous to YOUTH

says GENE RAYMOND

At last an honest, intensely sincere answer to this important question, from one of the younger stars himself

By JACK JAMISON

Exclusive to New Movie

HERE'S a criticism you've heard often enough from welfare organizations, professional viewers-with-alarm, and women's clubs. But rarely have you heard it from a star right on the spot!

"Hollywood is dangerous for young people."

Gene Raymond is the one who says it. Not only is Gene a star, but he himself is young. This, coupled with his broad experience, plus the fact that he is successful and therefore can't be accused of sour grapes, makes what he has to say worthy of attention.

"You understand, of course"—he explains—"I am not speaking of Hollywood as a geographical place. A town is a town, and one is no worse nor better than another. What I refer to is the set of economic and psychological conditions in which you find yourself in Hollywood; of the town as an environment. The movies have become a goal for young men and girls all over the country. They flock to Hollywood. My point is that what they are liable to find there may be more harmful to them than beneficial.

"Consider the experienced young players who come to Hollywood from the New York stage, from little theaters like the Pasadena Community Theater, from stock companies, vaudeville—youngsters who've already had experience in some branch or other of the theater. Not only are they boys and girls who are truly interested in the drama (they must be, or they wouldn't be where they are) but they have already managed to survive the hard knocks of apprenticeship. They have, to some extent, demonstrated their ability. At last a studio scout spots them, they sign a contract, and they're in Hollywood. What happens?

"Right off the bat—and it's a sad blow—they learn they aren't their own bosses. According to the contract, a producer owns them body and soul. He can make them over, if he doesn't like them—dye or bleach their hair, have their teeth pulled out, their eyebrows shaved, their faces lifted; teach them to (*Please turn to page* 46)



Clarence Sinclair Bull

The glimpse of Fredric March in a "Les Miserables" mob scene, in circle, and the photos below, give a hint of the terrific tension under which pictures are made. It is this tension, Gene says, which wrecks nerves and health.



Joan Blondell and William Gargan making "Traveling Saleslady" . . .



Charles Laughton in "Les Miserables" . . .



George Arliss rests from "Richelieu."



Left—the lure of lace and simplicity of design make this two-piece jacket frock, worn by Frances Drake, an outstanding model for early Summer. The dress is designed on shirtwaist lines with a pleated bosom and mannish piqué bow at the high neck. The wide revers and deep cuffs on the jacket are of piqué as is the flower boutonniere.

Sketched—a jaunty little sailor suit for the nautical minded, also worn by Miss Drake. The coat is double-breasted and fastens with bright brass buttons. Square braid trims the sailor collar and cuffs. This is a most practical summer dress of washable crepe.





Outstanding in design, fabric and tailoring, say three popular movie stars of this month's

TOWER STAR FASHIONS

TOWER Star FASHIONS

Sponsored by Tower Magazines, Inc.

Laces for daytime, organdies for evening and crepes and sheers for all around wear—what a selection from which to choose your summer wardrobe

Sketched above are two delightfully feminine summer evening frocks selected by Frances Drake, who is soon to appear in the 20th Century production, "Les Miserables." One is an embroidered organdy with a bright field flower corsage at the high waistline. Note the dropped shoulders, a fashion scoop for you, and the new godet hemline which gives just the right flare to the long, full skirt.

The other dress is, perhaps, more informal but just as chic. It is printed organdy, a dainty floral design, with that tailored smartness so seldom found in an evening gown.

Dropped shoulders, flared skirts, pleated ruffling and boxed jackets—all new fashion notes

By
KATHERINE KAREY



Left—Ethel Merman, United Artists star, who will play the leading role in Eddie Cantor's next picture, wears a cotton lace jacket frock showing Regency influence in the design. The dress has the new high neckline and is trimmed with grosgrain.

Sketched at the left are two other frocks selected by Miss Merman. One, a simple sheer with shirtwaist influence, softly treated. The shoulders are the new shirred raglan type and a fichu of mousseline de soie adds a finishing touch to the tailored collar. The other, a ribbon matelasse jacket dress with the new cape sleeve jacket.



Right—an ensemble of crepe with plaid piqué accents is worn by Margot Grahame, lovely British star, who will appear in a forthcoming RKO production. A boxed jacket is worn over the very short sleeves of the dress.

Sketched at the right is another little daytime frock selected by Miss Grahame . . . a two-piece effect dress of sheer, striped in polka-dots, a new version of the season's favorite. Note the pleats, the turned over piqué collar and bow, the little puffed sleeves.







Honorable Mention

Mention, by all means, to Henry Armetta for proving the old saying that you can't keep a good laugh down . . . Steffi Duna has survived bad pictures and a hard-to-pronounce name, doing good work in "Private Worlds." . . . Hobart Bosworth, twenty years in films and beloved as ever, you'll see in Paramount's new picture, "The Crusades."







Faces in the News

Dorothy Arzner, for years Hollywood's only woman director, is a shining example for women everywhere . . . Sterling Holloway, a gawky boy from Georgia, makes you chuckle if you like his brand of comedy . . . Elisabeth Bergner, whom you'll see in "Escape Me Never," has been called our greatest living actress by nearly every leading critic.







and Stars of Tomorrow

Newsworthy is Margot Grahame, a star on stage and screen in England, who makes her American debut in "The Informer" . . . Valerie Hobson, the contours of whose face remind you of a Benda mask, lends menace to "The Werewolf of London" . . . Helen Gahagan (Mrs. Melvin Douglas in private life) plays the leading role in "She."

SHOPPING *with Joan*

Would you like to go shopping with a real live movie star? Then come along with Joan Crawford

By MAUDE CHEATHAM

JOAN CRAWFORD and I had agreed to meet in the lobby of the Ambassador Hotel. We arrived at the same moment, just as a clock on a church tower, a block away, was chiming the hour.

We were both so amazed at the other's punctuality that we burst out laughing. So, our little lark started out gaily.

It's a grand adventure to go shopping with Joan. Like most girls, she loves to prowl around the shops but has so little opportunity. This day, being free from the studio, she was out to visit her favorite haunts and I was fortunate indeed, because she seldom includes anyone on these festive tours.

Joan looked very smart in a brown checked suit, a perky hat a-top her longish bob, and matching accessories. A vivid scarlet scarf twisted at her throat added a real Crawford dash—somehow, her clothes are always so expressive. She looked exactly as if she had just stepped from a painting.

As we entered one of Los Angeles' most exclusive shops, the manager and two clerks came forward to meet her.

Joan's greeting was friendly. She laughed, "I've just paid my income tax so don't tempt me too far."

Within a few minutes a lovely white satin evening gown was being modeled for her by a girl of her own measurements and coloring.

Joan was entranced with the simple lines and the rounded neck with its folds of soft satin and after admitting that anyway, she never could resist a white evening gown, she ordered it sent to her on approval.

She told me she never tries clothes on in the stores, preferring to do it at home so she can study the effects more leisurely. Her shoulders are wide so she depends on adjusting the hip lines to fit. She has an expert seamstress who attends to her alterations. Perhaps this is the secret of her always being perfectly fitted.

Another gown was purchased, one of her favorite Hattie Carnegie models, just in. It was of jet sequins, very tailored and all black except for a white piqué collar and cuffs.

Said Joan, "I'm buying this to wear to Norma Shearer's party and I'll wear a black velvet bow in my hair."

(*Please turn to page* 51)







Hurrell

Ardent shoppers will recognize the gleam in Joan's eyes, above, as she leaves the store to drive home.

●

Left: A new portrait. Far left: In this scene in "Forsaking All Others" Joan wore her beloved, comfortable mules.

HOLLYWOOD
DAY BY DAY

Day by day in every way Hollywood brightens the news . . . and Nemo, the reporter nobody knows, brings it to you



Two people you like a lot—Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles in "People Will Talk."



Joe E. Brown and Dick Powell attend a premiere in San Diego.

NOW that the Santa Anita race track has closed for the season, we should be able to do a little better job of this gossip column. Ever since Christmas Day, when the track opened, the only way we could ever catch up with the people you want to hear about was to chase 'em out to where the galloping equines got their daily workout.

In one booth, at the Gotham, we spotted Connie's "Hank" and another chap dining on turkey wings and wine while they discussed the relative merits of Twenty Grand and Ladysman.

Across the way, Randy Scott and Monroe Owsley muttered in their respective beards about "double entries" and whether or not they would be wise to play Azucar "across the board."

Anyway, the entire movie colony has gone stark, staring race crazy.

And, if Phil Baker's "Bottle" is still that way about Mae West, all he has to do for a peek at the fascinatin' girl is hie himself to the Santa Anita track and there's Mae, utterly resplendent in ermine and diamonds!

SPEAKING of horses, our pet stooge reports an amusing incident that happened at 20th Century.

It was on the "Cardinal Richelieu" set, and George Arliss, with all the dignity in the world, sat astride a fine-looking horse, but cautiously! Behind him, some process stuff (to give the effect of motion) was being run. Below him, and out of camera range, four men squatted, each of them firmly grasping one of the animal's feet!

So, maybe you couldn't exactly call Arliss a horseman?



BING CROSBY is probably one of the most enthusiastic of all the track followers. First thing in the morning, he packs himself a lunch, sticks a racing form in his pocket, kisses mama and the kiddies goodbye and is off to the races!

We stood next to him at the rail, the other day, when the barrier went up and the horse on which he had some of the Crosby dough, went into the lead by a good couple of lengths.

"Hold 'er in!" Bing yelled. "Ho-oo-old 'er IN! . . . Save it!"

Half way round the track, Bing's horse began to lose ground, and, by the time the thundering herd rounded the last turn, horsie had slipped back to fourth spot. Well, Bing was fit to be tied.

"I didn't say hold 'er in all the way around!" he howled frantically. "Try whippin' 'er a little, will ya?"



OCCASIONALLY troubled with insomnia, Wally Beery has discovered a 100 proof remedy for it. Taking his plane up 10,000 ft., he turns the controls over to a relief pilot, curls himself up, and in no time at all, is in the arms of Morpheus.

Of course, if you don't happen to have a plane, there's the catch. But, in a pinch, you might smuggle an army cot up to the top floor of the Empire State Building.

EDGAR ALLAN WOOLF, the writer, is famous for his cuisine accomplishments. So, when Leo Morrison threw a party, the other evening, he wired an invitation to Wallace Beery, stating that Woolf was to do the cooking.

Beery wired back: "Have tasted Woolf's food STOP Will bring my own!"

SO help us, this is positively the last time we'll mention it! But, before Mary Brian would place a bet on a horse, she'd go through the paddock, look them all over, and the one with the kindest face was the one that got Mary's money!

Which is probably just as good a way as any to pick 'em?



AND here's a new romance to make up in your little red book! Joel McCrea and Shirley Temple are quite, quite that way about each other! But, true love never did run the way you want it to!

Every time Joel and Shirley try to sneak off by themselves for a quiet little talk, the still man follows along and messes up a beautiful romance by insisting that they pose for publicity photographs.

On Broadway, New Movie plays a prominent part in "Personal Appearance."

Members of Our Gang's team on the lot —Scotty Beckett and Spanky McFarland.

Hasn't Stan a lovely wife? Mr. and Mrs. Laurel at the Mayfair dance.

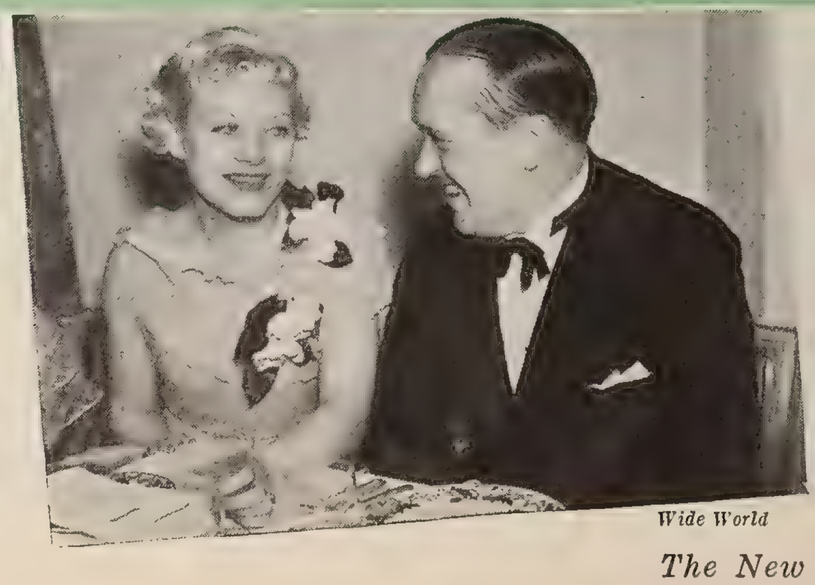
Una Merkel's new picture is a comedy-mystery, "The Mystery in Room 309."

Pach Bros.



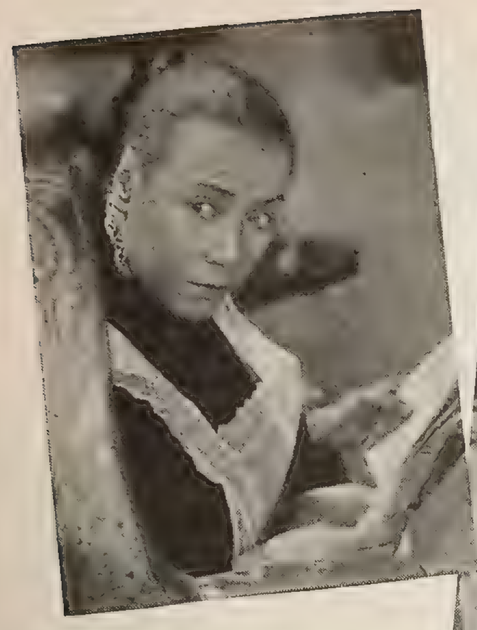


Stax



Wide World





Louise Fazenda plays an inquisitive maid in "The Casino Murder Case."



These two furry creatures are in "Call of the Wild." One of them is Jack Oakie.



All actors and actresses are superstitious. A rabbit's foot is Ann Dvorak's charm.



Elsa Lanchester wears fantastic make-up for "Bride of Frankenstein."

The other day, they found a very secluded spot by an old fish pond where it just didn't seem possible that anyone would be able to find them. But, just as they got settled, with a lollypop apiece, who should crash the tete-a-tete but that mean old photographer with a request for more pictures!

Little Shirley was annoyed. "Oh, *Anthony . . .* !" she exclaimed, "can't you let us have *one* moment alone?"



IN honor of Pat O'Brien's house warming, Lyle Talbot wore his brand new fedora hat.

Leaving early, Lyle went to get his Easter chapeau and . . . no soap! It just wasn't anywhere to be found! After nearly tearing the O'Brien domicile apart, a local Sherlock Holmes peeked in the swimming pool, and . . . there was the missing fedora! . . . completely water-logged and going down for the third time!

It was heart-breaking, no less. And not knowing whom to put the finger on, every man in the place ran for his own top piece and hung them on Pat's newly installed bushes at the bottom of the garden, where it would be easy to keep an eye on 'em!



AND, as long as we're here, we may as well tell you about Charlie Butterworth's experience with a frisky nag. It happened at Palm Springs, and the only mistake Charlie made was that when the horse stopped, Charlie kept right on going!

It wasn't too serious, fortunately, but it did take a doctor two hours to tweeze out the spines from the cactus he landed in!

HOME from his personal appearance tour, Gene Raymond declares it's a great game if you've got your strength. For why? Because sixteen girls crashed his dressing-room, one night, and after they left he hadn't a tie, handkerchief, or powder puff left to his name! They even got the laces out of his oxfords! Furthermore, two of the gals were really injured in the melee!

THAT Ralph Bellamy is all right. With a hurry call from the studio, and his own car laid up with fallen arches or something, Ralph asked the high school boy next door for the loan of his Model-T Ford . . . one of those jaloppys with wise cracks chalked all over the sides and back!!



Without giving one darn, Bellamy snorted up the Boulevard, rattling in every joint and having the time of his life jeering at a few of his friends who whizzed by in their high-powered motors!

THIS hyar town is plumb full of practical jokers!

About 3 A. M. the other morning, Grant Withers' phone rang . . . and RANG!

Dragging his sleepy form out of the nice, warm bed, Grant stumbled across the bedroom floor in a daze and picked up the receiver.

"Yeh . . . ?" he groaned into the transmitter.

"Is Boo there?" a strange voice inquired.

"Boo who??" Grant growled.

"Well, gee . . ." the caller said, "Don't cry. It's all right. I must have the wrong number!"



AND speaking of fright . . . Freddie March had the scare of his life the other day when his small daughter, Penny, lost control of her kiddie kar and rolled merrily into the deep end of the March swimming pool, making a neat little splash.

Throwing his best pipe clear across the patio, Freddie dived after his adventurous offspring, bringing her up, sputtering angrily, but otherwise none the worse for her unexpected ducking.

(*Please turn to page* 65)



Clark Gable, Loretta Young and the "Call of the Wild" company, watch the rushes.



Margaret Dee made her debut in "Becky Sharp." Sister Frances makes her up.

reported by NEMO

CONSTANCE should have been A BOY





BY HER SISTER

JOAN BENNETT

SHE should have been born a boy; for, had such been the case, those very traits of character—that aggressiveness, that daring, that independence, that decisiveness—which have earned her frequent criticism, would have won her unstinted admiration.

Connie is one of the few completely honest women I have known. She says what she thinks, does what she likes—and, man-fashion, takes the consequences of any mistake she may make without a whine. I never have known her to trade on the "privileges" of her sex.

I can readily understand why some people persistently misjudge and resent, or even dislike her. Her cardinal sin lies in the fact that she does not conform to the conventional mould. Furthermore, she is superbly sure of herself, exasperating in her self-confidence. She is, at times, very intolerant. She is sometimes inclined to be overbearing. Having reached a decision, she is prompt to translate it into action, and seldom does she have the patience to explain or defend her motives.

Let the action be its own justification—that, always, has been Connie's way.

Because of the difference in our ages and because of the still wider difference in our temperaments, there has never been between Constance and myself that close companionship which one might expect to find between sisters. Yet we have always been loyal to each other, and, possibly because all members of "that Bennett clan" share certain fundamental traits, we have understood one another remarkably well.

Frankly, I always have stood somewhat in awe of Constance. She always has been the dominant, older sister. She always has told me what to do—and I usually have accepted her counsel, for experience has taught me that she is almost always right.

I have stood in awe of her mental strength and her abilities, not of the fact that she happens to be the elder. She was born to dominate. The effort to rule the lives of those whom she loves is as natural a gesture to her as breathing.

I have stood in awe of the aura of glamour which always has hovered around her. That glamour does not depend on her stardom, or her wealth, or her social position. It is a part of her, a radiation from her personality. It is something that defies exact analysis. To a certain degree, I suppose, it is a by-product of her innate poise and assurance.

Even as a school girl, she was glamorous.

She is completely honest. She says what she thinks and does what she likes. She does not conform to the conventional mind. A man can get away with it—but a woman can't. So says Joan, about her dynamic sister



At the left, Joan Bennett, a star in her own right, who writes this story of her sister. And on this page, Joan and Constance, snapped with Dolores Del Rio at the Mayfair Ball at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel.

She was the leader in every crowd. Everything she did was done with dash and fire and imagination. She never entered a room, she swept in—and instantly took command of the situation. She never passed through the "gangly" stage, for her poise was too instinctive to permit self-consciousness. She was very popular.

As a child she was extremely precocious. She soaked up knowledge as effortlessly as a sponge soaks up water. Unlike most so-called precocious children, she was analytical. Instead of being content to skim the surface, she wanted to know the reason why. She still does. Moreover, her mind is amazingly retentive. Once having fixed on an idea, she never forgets.

The fact that she was a girl was a bitter disappointment to our father, who had set his heart on a son who would carry on in his footsteps. Being one of the most wilfull men that ever lived, he refused to become reconciled to the fact of her sex for years. Consequently, he treated Constance as he would have treated a son.

She already had, by inheritance, his fighting heart, his impatience with all restraint, his wilfullness—and he encouraged her in every one of those qualities. He took her into his confidence, treated her as though she were an adult, instilled into her mind his own arrogant, "self-made man's" psychology. He preached the necessity of learning by experience, of fighting one's own battles, of being able to "take it on the chin" without a whine.

One of the immediate results was, of course, that her will began to clash with his while she was still a child. It has continued to clash with his ever since, in a series of explosions which are usually short-lived but breath-taking in their violence. Father frequently rages when she defies his authority—yet I know he is tremendously proud of her determination and independence.

He has ample reason to be proud of her courage. I have never seen her afraid of anything—unless it might be that she is sometimes afraid of being afraid.

I have never seen her shirk a fight, no matter how slim her chance of winning might be. She welcomes and heartily enjoys the stimulation of conflict. A torrid argument is to her one of life's supreme joys, an escape from boredom, which she cannot tolerate. She is quick to show her withering contempt for anyone who fails to stick to his guns. She is also quick to acknowledge her fault, once she has been convinced that she is wrong.

If there is any one thing which Constance detests more than all others, that thing is a "yes-man." Anyone who wishes to hold her respect and liking must have the courage of his convictions and be willing to pit them against hers. She admires a fighter. And give her credit for this: if her temper is quickly kindled, it also is quickly quenched.

She neither expects nor wants anyone to grovel before her opinions because she happens to be a star; neither will she be subservient to anyone because of that person's position. Many stars "red-apple" the producers; Connie's Hollywood career has been punctuated by her challenges to their judgment and authority. I honestly believe that she would turn her back on stardom, salary and everything else which Hollywood can offer her before she would "yes" a producer against her convictions.

Her first starring contract was only a few days old when she asserted her independence. Her producers had gone into a huddle with their publicity executives and determined on a campaign in her behalf. When her boat docked in New York (she had signed her contract in Paris), she found awaiting her a telegram which virtually ordered her to cooperate by giving out a story entitled "No Girl Should Marry a Millionaire." Instantly she wired back:

". . . . I refuse to crash the front pages in that way. For some inexplicable reason, when I come to America, I always land on the front pages—and without having to make an ass of myself to do it!"

Constance did not exaggerate. She has been front page copy ever since she was a girl in school.

No one has been more misrepresented by the press than she has been. Whenever she has been maligned, she has instantly fought back. Last year she filed no less than four libel suits against magazines and newspapers. Probably her prompt resentment has aroused the enmity of a few publishers, but, in her lexicon, better an enemy than the sacrifice of one's self-respect!

Reporters have stormed because she refuses to grant interviews while she is working in a picture, and because she will not see any writer without first knowing his intended subject. She feels that she is justified in both stands. Never strong physically, she devotes so much energy to her work that, during production, she has no reserve left to bestow on interviewers.

If I have portrayed Constance as a fire-brand who constantly carries a chip on her shoulder, I have failed in my purpose. She is a fire-brand, but she carries no chip. She never avoids a fight, but neither does she provoke one.

Unlike most combative persons, she has a flair for logic which acts as a balance wheel. She arrives at her conclusions with amazing celerity, but never without due thought and the careful weighing of one factor against another.

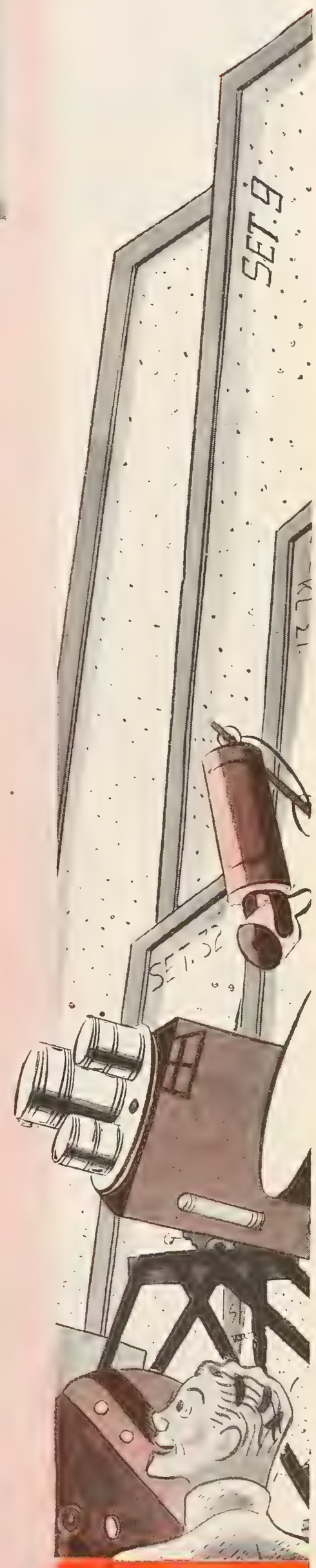
It is that sense of logic, plus her decisiveness, which makes her a magnificent business woman. She has always been the generalissimo of her own affairs. She seeks advice, but reserves and exercises the right to value it against her own opinions and reach her own decisions. She employs a business counsellor, but make no mistake about this: it is Constance who utters the final word, whether the question in hand involves a new studio contract or a stock market investment.

In the administration of her home, she pays close attention to every detail. She examines every bill, decides upon every expenditure, determines every menu. How she finds the time and energy to do so, even during the stress of picture-making, has always been a mystery to me. Why, I have known her to spend hours phrasing and re-phrasing an answer to one of her fan letters. It must express exactly her intended meaning before it is allowed to enter the mail.

It has been said, with considerable justice, that most screen stars are the product of at least a dozen brains; Constance is the product of just one—her own!

She has a keen, though very caustic, sense of humor. At times, she is cuttingly sarcastic—and since she is a genius for seeing through affectation, her sarcasms are usually as penetrating as a surgeon's lance. (*Please turn to page* 49)

Drawings by Henri Weiner



Spotlights and cameras have been trained on Constance Bennett since she was a child. They are in her blood.

The Film Stars at Play



Wide World

Joan Blondell seems to be having a serious moment with her husband, George Barnes.

With the season in full swing, this month is brilliant with gay, delightful parties

By GRACE KINGSLEY



Wide World

At the beach party in honor of Jamshed Dinshaw Petit of India—Shirley Ross, Una Merkel, Madge Evans, and Nelson Eddy's mother. Standing are Dorothy Jenner, Mr. Petit, and Betty Furness.



Wide World

Above: Mr. and Mrs. Paul Kelly (she was Dorothy Mackaye) at the Warner Brothers' party.



Right: At the Mayfair dance Harpo Marx plays Eskimo behind William Haines and Kay Francis.

CHILDREN are fast becoming the center of many parties given by the screen folk.

I don't mean just the romper Romeos and tiny Juliets of the screen. I mean the sons and daughters of the picture stars.

If you think you're going to attend any party given by a screen luminary who has children without seeing junior, you're very much mistaken. Even though he be only of the highchair-and-teaspoonful-of-spinach age, junior is always trotted out. Sometimes when a picture player hasn't a kid of his own, he borrows one for the occasion! Edna May Oliver did that not long ago when she gave a party.

I suspect indeed, that if it hadn't been for Miss Mavourneen O'Brien, nine months old, the Pat O'Briens never would have given that delightful party of theirs. Especially as it was Mavourneen's ninth-month birthday exactly. She made personal appearances in her pink-and-white nursery, and all the mamas of Hollywood gathered around, including Jobyna (Mrs. Dick) Arlen, Dixie Lee (Mrs. Bing) Crosby, Louise Fazenda (Mrs. Hal Wallis), Mrs. Mervyn Leroy, Sally Eilers (Mrs. Harry Joe Brown), Mrs. Joe E. Brown, Gracie Allen, Joan Blondell (Mrs. George Barnes), Mrs. Frank McHugh, Mrs. Spencer Tracy, Mrs. Paul Kelly, and Mrs. Ralph Morgan. Sally Eilers proved that she knew her diets by heart, and Mrs. Bing told what to do when baby cried in the night.

Then there was the christening party which Andy Devine gave for his little son Timothy (Tad for short), at his home, away up on the top of a Hollywood hill. And was mama Devine proud! By the way, before he was born, Mrs. Devine, who has a gift for drawing, sketched a picture of the baby—and it turned out to look like him!

Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres had assisted at the ceremony, Ginger being the infant's godmother, and having bathed and dressed the baby herself, and Lew having held Ginger's gloves and purse while Ginger held Timothy. The christening robe had been made away back in 1838, in Spain, when goodness knows nobody ever thought of motion pictures, and had been worn by Prince Jaime of Spain, if that excites you.

All the other mamas and papas were at the reception, including Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arlen, Mr. and Mrs. Bing Crosby, Mr. and Mrs. William Wellman, and then there was young bachelor Bennie Alexander.

THE Mayfair is being taken over more and more by the younger set, and such a lot of romantic atmosphere as there was at the last dance!

Polly Ann Young came with Carter Hermann, rich Pasadenan, and Sally Blane with Cesar Romero, while Loretta Young was with Bernard Newman, costume designer at Radio.

Fred Keating brought Barbara Blair, Madge Bellamy was squired by Leroy Mason; Harpo Marx flitted in with Susan Fleming; Harriet Hoctor, in Rupert Hughes' party, was with Cornwell Jackson. Peaches Jackson (who used to be a kid actress, but who is all grown up now) arrived with Wilbur May; Monta Bell brought Genie Davis, and in that party also were Lawrence Gray and Betty Bronson (not the Betty who played Peter Pan); Lyle Talbot with Peggy Watters, Mary Carlisle with James Blakeley, and Toby Wing came with director Dudley Murphy.

Constance Bennett was with a party, and Madge Evans with Tom Gallery.

Will Rogers arrived with Hal Roach's party, but didn't dance.

Hal Roach naturally still ballyhoos his racetrack at Santa Anita, and one of the decorations of the bar in the private room of the Beverly-Wilshire, where the party was held, was an ice horse. This horse, when the place began to warm up, ran almost as fast as the famous Azucar. (*Please turn to page* 69)

CARDINAL RICHELIEU
(20th Century)

The colorful, silk-and-blood political intrigue of 1630. Costume romance with George Arliss in the lead.

•

MYSTERY IN ROOM 309
(M-G-M.)

Una Merkel, Franchot Tone and Conrad Nagel in a gay, breezy little comedy-mystery that is lots of fun for all.

•

CASE OF THE CURIOUS BRIDE
(Warners)

Margaret Lindsay tries her hand at a detective story. This is a bigamy racket that involves Warren William and Donald Woods.









HOT NEWS
(Columbia)

News cameramen and the gangsters and kings they photograph, with Wally Ford, Richard Cromwell, Jack LaRue. Fast, tense action.

•

BREAK OF HEARTS
(RKO)

The mad, passionate, stirring lives of two musicians, played by Katharine Hepburn and Charles Boyer. Romance.

•

VILLAGE TALE
(RKO)

The way vicious gossip in a small town wrecks loves and lives. Tense drama with Kay Johnson, Randy Scott, and the versatile Robert Barrat.



ON-THE-SET REVIEWS

New Movie's handy check-list picks out the best pictures of the month for you

By BARBARA BARRY



AFTER wading through a super-abundance of bare knees, on the "Midsummer Night's Dream" sets, it was sort of a relief to watch George Arliss, striding around the 20th Century lot in his long-skirted red robe. It's a gift, keeping the hem of the thing out from underfoot, but Arliss manages with all the finesse of a Park Avenue dowager. And not one nip-up, either.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU

•

20TH CENTURY

The story has to do with plain and fancy political intrigue in the good old days of 1630. Louis XIII (Edward Arnold) has ordered all the lands of the feudal lords, and the armies by which they have upheld their tenure, confiscated by the crown. And are those lords perturbed?

Knowing that Cardinal Richelieu is the power behind the throne, the outraged lords try every conceivable means of turning Arnold against him. And, when all else fails, they set Cesar Romero to murdering the clever Cardinal.

Romero would rather not take the job because he is married to the Cardinal's ward, Maureen O'Sullivan, and because it is the very man he is supposed to do in, who has aided and abetted the love match.

It's an unpleasant spot, but Francis Lister, who wants the throne for himself, convinces the unwilling fellow that Arliss promoted the marriage in order to keep Maureen in the palace. And then Romero is mad!

Stealing into Richelieu's boudoir, he yanks out a dagger and furiously denounces the Cardinal. Arliss doesn't bat an eyelash.

"Baradas again," he murmurs. "He has made you his tool. . . ."

Romero pauses uncertainly.

"Lenore is here," Arliss continues quietly. "Let me pass, that I may call her and prove that what you suspect is untrue."

"They were right!" Romero cries, thinking Richelieu is only seeking an opportunity to call the guards. "They told me not to wait—but to strike, at once!"

"Then go yourself to that door—" Arliss points to Maureen's room. "Call her yourself."

It's a tense moment. Will Romero go through with his dastardly plan? Or will he step to the door and prove himself wrong?

Tune in on your local theater for last minute reports on the imperial chukker. I know I'm a meanie, but Director Rowland V. Lee would never speak to me again if I gave away the exciting climax. However, if you happen to be a second cousin or an in-law of Nunnally Johnson or Cameron Rogers, the authors, maybe they'll break down and tell you the answer.

BARBARA BARRY RECOMMENDS

1—"Typee" with Mala.
2—"Richelieu" with George Arliss.
3—"Village Tale" with Kay Johnson.
4—"Break of Hearts" with Katharine Hepburn.
5—"Mystery in Room 309" with Conrad Nagel.
6—"People Will Talk" with Boland-Ruggles.
7—"The Informer" with Victor McLaglen.
8—"Hot News" with Jack La Rue.

BREAK OF HEARTS

•

RKO

AS we told you before, there is positively no snooping on any Hepburn set. But, lucky as we are (?), what did we do but wander into the RKO commissary and sit down at a table right next to the untouchable Katie, herself! She was lunching with Charles Boyer, her newest leading man and, while we hate to dispel your romantic illusions, there wasn't even a suggestion of hand-holding!

If you care at all . . . Katie was nibbling daintily at a fruit compote, while the handsome Boyer (Boy-ay, to you) successfully got the upper hand of a veal cutlet.

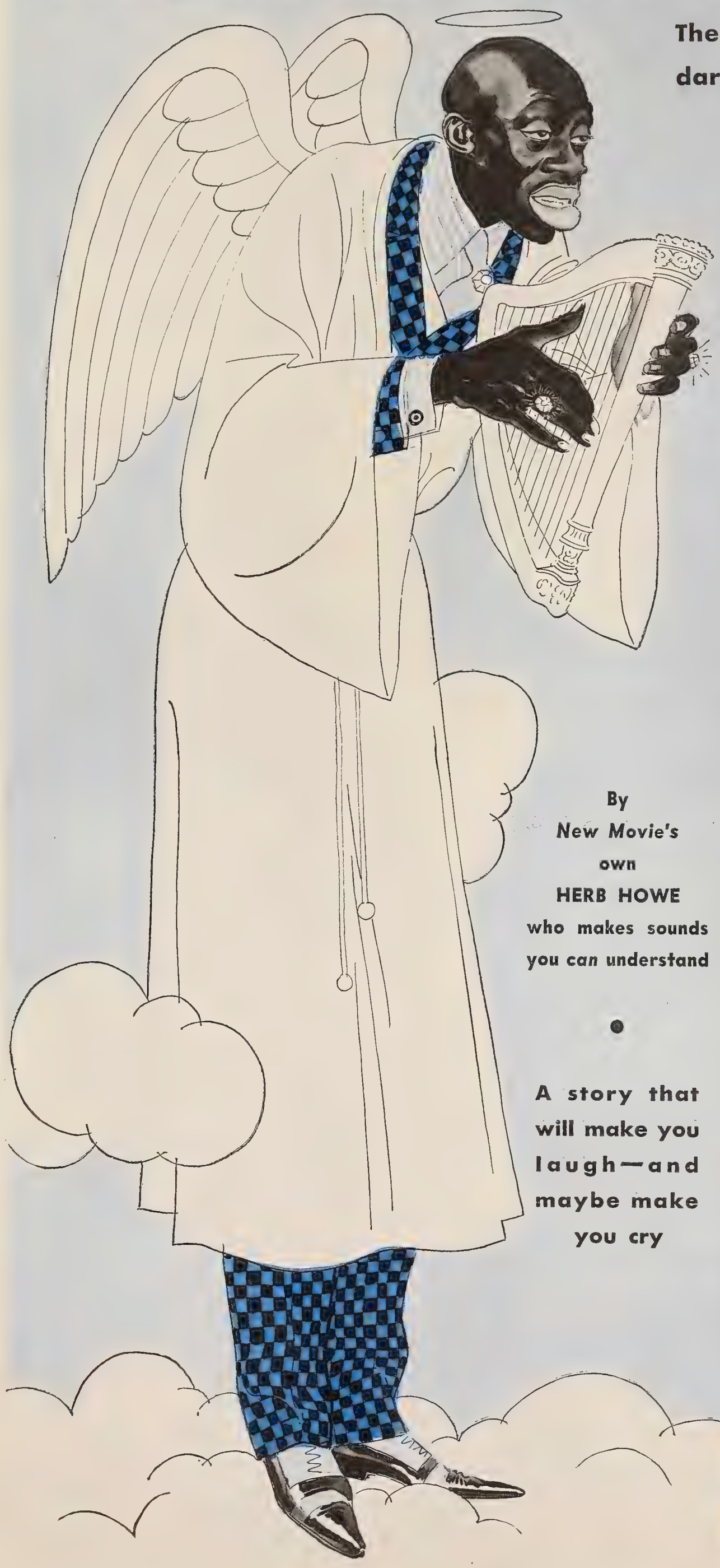
Which has nothing to do with Lester Cohen's story of a famous orchestra leader, married to a struggling young lady composer, and their trials and tribulations, as suffered most poignantly by Miss Hepburn and Mister Boyer.

Madly in love with his wife, Boyer nevertheless gets himself into a liaison with a society divorcée, for no good reason. And Katie, instead of fighting for her man, tells him that he belongs to the world and she'll give him back to it (although how she figures that one divorcée constitutes the whole world is beyond us).

Broken-hearted, Boyer cancels his concerts and goes to Europe, where he proceeds to drink himself into the gutter. Heppie fares a bit better because, while her career is shot, she does meet up with a wealthy gent who asks nothing more of life than that she sit down and help him clip coupons.

Seeing how badly the world has treated her ex-husband, Hepburn goes to (*Please turn to page* 63)

TROUBADOUR OB DE LAWD



The fall and rise of Stepin Fetchit, the dark Galahad of the screen, who makes sounds that you can't understand

By
New Movie's
own
HERB HOWE
who makes sounds
you *can* understand

●

A story that will make you laugh—and maybe make you cry

AH is responsible fo' de Legion of Decency," said Stepin Fetchit, supine in the seclusion of his dressing room.

"I thought Mae West," I said, "or. . . ."

"Yuh doan understan'," Stepin said, feebly rolling up an eye from where he relaxed in a state approaching dissolution. The optic exertion proved overtaxing. He relapsed into incoherences, followed by coma. I thought the light had gone out and wondered if I should resort to artificial respiration. There was no sign of breathing but his color was good. While I was debating between oxygen tank and bottle of gin there came a murmurous sound alarmingly suggestive of the rush of angels' wings. Happily it proved to be, not heaven's call, but speech returning to the lips of my languid friend.

"You doan understan'" he repeated gently. "Ah is responsible cause Ah refused to speak impurities. Da's why I got throwed out. Ah refused to go against mah religion an' speak impurities. By mah doin' dat Ah set de power, see what Ah mean? Ah set de power rollin' on, rollin' on, rollin' on. . . . It got took up by others, see what Ah mean?"

Ah didn't quite. Mystical things have always eluded me.

IMPURITIES were troubling Mr. Fetchit when first I interviewed him seven years ago. At that time they were his own, not a dialogue writer's. Our rendezvous was the Y. M. C. A. in Los Angeles. Stepin had come from saying the Stations of the Cross. Sin was besetting him, he said. Temptations—in female form a-special—had descended along with sudden riches, as they so often do. Stepin was going to mass each morning to be in condition to wrestle the debil the rest of the day. He said if he couldn't overcome impurities he would get married. He did not feel marriage was his medium but the Bible said better to marry than burn.

Stepin wanted to be a priest. He studied for a year in a seminary in New Orleans before coming to Hollywood.

"Ah knew Ah had the call," he said. "But Ah nevah could study. Ah is bright but Ah doan learn from books. Ah absolves. Everythin' Ah sees Ah absolves."

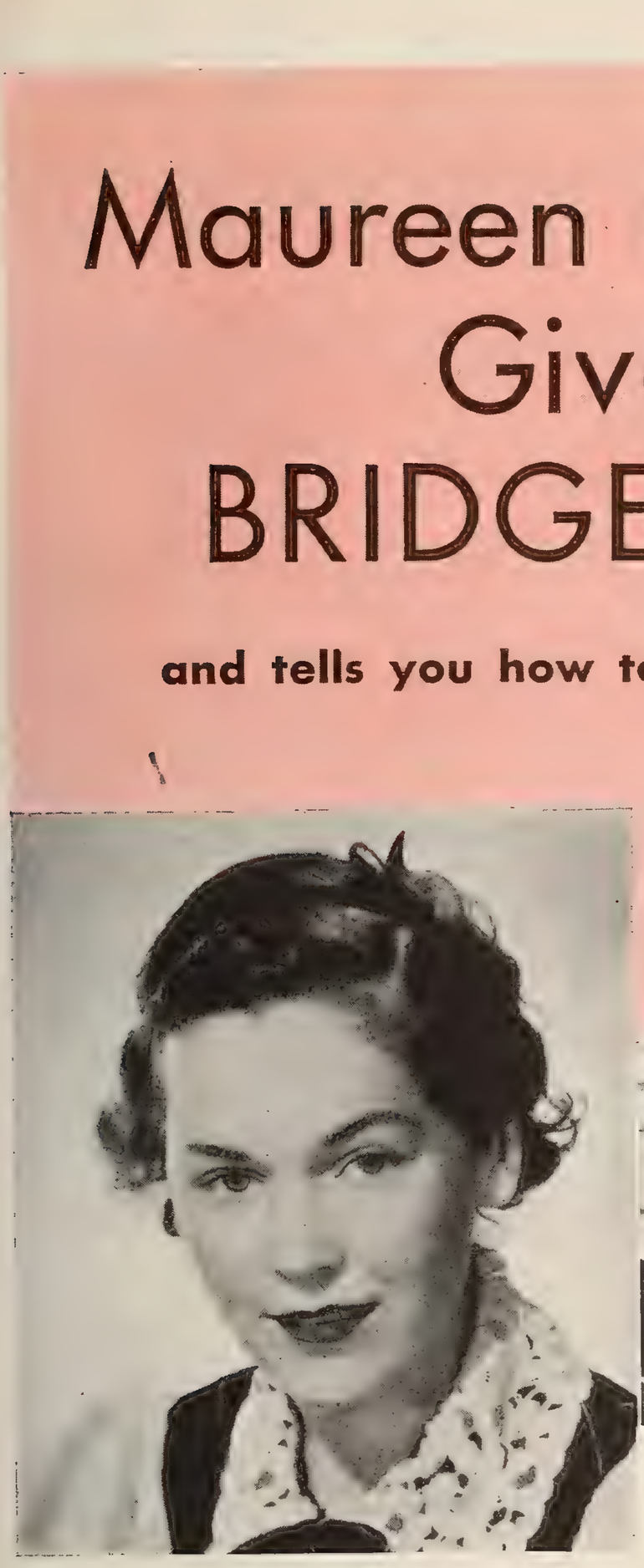
He still would respond to the call if women would quit messin' round and go along and leave him alone.

Some weeks after our meeting, which took such a revivalistic turn toward the end, Stepin all but had me clapping hands and shouting "Save me!" I was the party guest of Nina Mae McKinney, sepia witch of "Hallelujah," at the Apex *cullud* cabaret on Central Avenue. Across the floor I saw Stepin draped dolorously over a table, eyes fixed ruminatively on a flock of duskies gyrating a hot number. Nina sniffed at him and said he had asked her to marry him. She (*Please turn to page* 57)



Maureen O'Sullivan Gives a BRIDGE PARTY

and tells you how to do it on five dollars





Old-fashioned, homemade Irish bread (a real novelty for your friends), dainty sandwiches, small sweet cookies and tea make a delightful menu.

As told to

KATHERINE HARTLEY

I SHALL never forget the first bridge party that I gave. I made so many blunders that I'm sure that you can profit by my mistakes, and from what I have learned, give a much more successful one.

In the first place, I remember that I thought it would be very nice to make some candy myself, and to put it around in tiny dishes on the bridge tables. Well, I made toffee. Marvelous, rich, sticky toffee, with the result that before a half hour had passed I had to rush out and buy a complete set of new cards. You know how disagreeable it is to play with a sticky deck of cards. So, point No. 1 is the selection of a "practical" candy. I have several in mind, and will give you a recipe for one later.

Another mistake I made was this. I had thought I would have my guests in for luncheon before the bridge. And, bending over backward to give them a good luncheon, I fed them so heavily that they were practically all asleep the rest of the afternoon. So if you do have your guests come for luncheon first, make it a light, dainty luncheon.

However I think a bridge party is much more successful when you invite your guests to come at two or two-thirty, and begin to play bridge at once . . . while you are all fresh and eager to start. Then serve tea afterward. The tea picks you up after a long afternoon of bridge, and sends your guests away feeling happy and fresh, and it's the last note of a party that your guests carry away with them.

Also you will find that serving refreshments after bridge is a much less expensive procedure than serving lunch before.

So let's get right down to business now, and see how far we can make $5.00 go in planning an afternoon bridge for eight people.

One of the items which occurs to me first is the bridge prize. No party is complete without that. And I think it is much more important to give one good prize, rather than inconsequential first and second and booby prizes. And if you gave three prizes, they would *have* to be inconsequential if you are to get them, and the refreshments, and the decorations too, out of $5.00. So here's what I have in mind for your prize. A set of six ribbon-covered hangers with a sweet-smelling sachet tied on each hanger. This sort of gift is something which few women will sit down to make for themselves. And the ready-made covered hangers and sachets are quite expensive, so we seldom buy them for ourselves either. But it won't take you more than two or three hours at the most to make an attractive set. I often make them, for myself and my friends, usually while I'm on the set, waiting for my scenes.

In the first place the hangers will cost you nothing for you probably have dozens of them around . . . hangers on which your clothes have come back from the dry cleaners. But here's what you will have to buy for six hangers:

Each hanger will take twenty-four inches of two-inch ribbon for covering. That means that four yards will do the six hangers. And I am very certain that you can buy a nice grade of ribbon, with a satin finish, for 10 cents a yard. You can choose any color you like, of course, preferably one of the light pastel shades or white, which is my favorite. Buy an extra half yard of this ribbon for covering your sachets. Which brings the total of the two-inch ribbon up to four and one-half yards, or forty-five cents. Then you will need some very narrow ribbon of the same shade—not much more than a quarter of an inch wide—for covering the handles of the hangers. Each handle will take about sixteen inches—you want to have enough left for a tiny bow at the base of the handle—or three yards for the half dozen. At five cents a yard this only adds fifteen cents to the cost.

The tiny sachets in cake form are the best ones to use. And these can be purchased for ten cents a piece. So, allowing sixty cents for the sachets, the cost of your prize now becomes a mere one dollar and twenty cents. And I'm sure you couldn't buy six such hangers with sachets—as nicely as you will make them—for anything less than two or three dollars.

First you cut your wide ribbon into lengths (six of them) of twenty-four inches each. Now you take one of these lengths and fold it in the middle, the long way, so that you have a twenty-four inch piece of double ribbon an inch wide. Then measure off the center of this length, and, right at the folded edge, cut a very small hole, which will allow the handle of the hanger to pierce through.

Starting at the hole you use a running stitch, about one-sixteenth of an inch beneath the folded edge, gathering a steady (*Please turn to page* 59)

IN THESE STORES YOU'LL FIND SMART TOWER STAR FASHIONS

New fashions for you—designed for and worn by favorite stars! On page 22 are pictures and descriptions of clever jacket frocks, of evening and day-time dresses which you can see and buy at the stores listed below. Ask to see them on your next shopping trip. Or, for further information, write Tower Star Fashions Editor, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

TOWER Star FASHIONS

ALABAMA

Birmingham—Parisian
Huntsville—Mary Shop
Troy—Rosenberg Bros.

ARIZONA

Bisbee—Smart Shop
Phoenix—Goldwater's
Tucson—Whitehouse Dept. Store

ARKANSAS

El Dorado—J. F. Sample Co.
Ft. Smith—Tilles, Inc.
Helena—H. S. Cooper
Little Rock—M. M. Cohn Co.

CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles—The May Co.
Oakland—Zukor's
Pomona—C. C. Bower & Co.
San Francisco—The Emporium
San Jose—M. Blum & Co.
Santa Barbara—The Smart Shop

COLORADO

Canon City—Nora Hays
Colorado Springs—C. V. Clamp
Denver—Denver D. G. Co.
Grand Junction—A. M. Harris Stores Co.
La Junta—Holbrook Costume Shop
Meeker—A. Oldland Co.
Pueblo—Colorado Supply Co.
Steamboat Springs—Jackson Apparel Nook

CONNECTICUT

Bridgeport—Howland D. G. Co.
Hartford—Brown Thomson Inc.
New Britain—N. E. Mag.
New Haven—The Gamble-Desmond Co.
New London—Blair's
Torrington—Dankins Inc.

DELAWARE

Wilmington—Kennard-Pyle Co.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington—Woodward & Lothrop Inc

FLORIDA

Arcadia—Personality Shop
Miami—Burdine's
Ocala—Blocker's
Orlando—Yowell-Drew Co.
Quincy—The J. S. Shaw Co., Inc.
St. Petersburg—Rutland Bros.
Tallahassee—P. W. Wilson Co.
Tampa—Ernest Maas Inc.

GEORGIA

Athens—Michaels Bros. Inc.
Atlanta—Davison-Paxon Co.
Augusta—Goldberg's
Bainbridge—Turners Shop
Blakely—Daniel's
Cordele—The Everstyle Shoppe
Macon—Mayson's
Waycross—The Fashion Shop
West Point—Cohen Brothers

IDAHO

Hailey—Silver's Shop
Pocatello—Hassell's

ILLINOIS

Champaign—G. C. Wells
Charleston—Dress Well Shops
Chicago—Wieboldt Stores Inc.
Decatur—Stewart Fields Apparel Section
Du Quoin—Ross Store
Joliet—Dinet & Co.
Litchfield—Braufmans
Marion—C. W. Hay
Mount Vernon—The Fashion Shop
Murphysboro—Ross Store
Rochelle—Whitson D. G. Co.
Rockford—Wortham's
Streator—Opdyckes
West Frankfort—Burg's

INDIANA

Bloomfield—Stalcup's
Crawfordsville—Adler's, Inc.
Fort Wayne—Wolf & Dessquer
Frankfort—The Adler Co.
Gary—H. Gordon & Sons
Greenburg—Levenstein D. G. Co.
Indianapolis—William H. Block Co.
Lebanon—Adler & Co.
Logansport—Schmitt & Kloepper
Newcastle—Woodbury's
Peru—Senger D. G. Co., Inc.
Richmond—Sittloh's
Shelbyville—Morris's
South Bend—Ellsworth's

IOWA

Atlantic—Bullock & Sons
Boone—The Riekenberg Co.
Cedar Rapids—H. N. Craemer
Cherokee—Ellerbrook Bros.
Des Moines—Younker Bros.
Dubuque—Roshek Bros., Inc.
Iowa City—Phyllis Herrick Shop
Mason City—D. K. Lundberg Co.
Oelwein—Connor's, Inc.
Orange City—Van De Steig Co.
Red Oak—Connor's, Inc.
Sioux City—Davidson Bros. Co.

KANSAS

Atchison—Ramsay's
Coffeyville—Cole's
Kansas City—D. K Woodruff
Independence—Locke's
Manhattan—The Parisian
McParson—Stanley's
Pittsburg—Newman's
Salina—The Parisian
Topeka—Edward's
Wichita—George Innes Co.

KENTUCKY

Ashland—The Smart Shop
Fort Thomas—The Ft. Thomas Shoppe
Louisville—Kaufman-Strauss Co.
Paris—Model Dress Shop
Owensboro—Levy's, Inc.
Somerset—The A. J. Joseph Co.

LOUISIANA

Alexandria—Hixson's
Baton Rouge—Rosenfield D. G. Co
Homer—Kelly's
Lafayette—Davis's
Lake Charles—Maurice's
New Orleans—D. H. Holmes Co Ltd

MAINE

Bangor—Cortell-Segel Co.
Calais—Unobsky's
Caribou—Pattee Co.
Houlton—Bennett's
Presque Isle—Green Bros.
Waterville—Emery-Brown Co.

MARYLAND

Baltimore—The May Co.
Frederick—Gilbert's
Haggerstown—Eyerly's
Sparrows Point—Service Stores

MASSACHUSETTS

Allston—Lila Dress Shop
Boston—Wm. Filene's Sons Co.
Gardner—Rose's
Haverhill—Sherry Stores Inc.
Lawrence—Russem's
Lowell—Katherine C. Mack
Lynn—A. Spiller
Salem—Besse's Apparel Shop
Springfield—Meekins, Packard & Wheat, Inc.

MICHIGAN

Albion—Vaughn & Ragsdale Co.
Alpena—Thomas Gown Shop
Ann Arbor—Wm Goodyear Co.
Bay City—Tabor Dress Shop
Big Rapids—Wilson's
Birmingham—Twin Shop
Detroit—B. Siegel & Co.
Flint—King Clothing Co.
Goldwater—Vaughn & Ragsdale
Jackson—Jacobson's
Kalamazoo—Sanders
Mt. Clemens—Marshall's Store
Traverse City—The Mapel Shoppe

MINNESOTA

Albert Lea—Skinner-Chamberlain
Austin—M. Lewis & Co.
Bemidji—Wilson Co.
Detroit Lakes—L. J. Norby Co.
Duluth—Geo. A. Gray Co.
Faribault—Gray's Style Shop
Fergus Falls—Norby Dept. Store, Inc.
Hibbing—Neida Shop
Long Prairie—James Hart & Sons
Minneapolis—Power's
St. Paul—Golden Rule
Redwood Falls—The Wm. R. Wingate Co.
St. Cloud—Fandel's
Stillwater—Kolliner's
Winona—The Fashion, Inc.
Virginia—Johnny's

MISSISSIPPI

Clarksdale—The Madeira Shop
Columbus—The Fashion Center
Greenville—J. B. Tonkel Shops, Inc.
Grenada—The Leader
Jackson—Fried's Shop for Women
Senatobia—Roseborough & Son
Vicksburg—J. B. Tonkel Shops, Inc.

MISSOURI

Booneville—Sunny Day Stores
Brookfield Vogue Shop
Chillicothe—Lewis Anderson, Inc
Hannibal—Reib's
Jefferson City—Peltason's
Joplin—Newman's
Kansas City—Geo. P. Peck
Kirksville—Herman's
Laplata—Tansil-Grantges
Mexico—Phillip's Ladies Shop
Moberly—Grand Fashion Shop
Sedalia—Cole's
St. Charles—Braufman's
St. Joseph—The Paris
Trenton—Ellis'
University City—Rubenstein's
Warrensburg—Foster's

MONTANA

Billings—Hart-Albin Co., Inc.
Chinock—Princess Pat Shoppe
Columbus—The Boston Shop
Great Falls—Stiles' Style Shop
Helena—Fischer Mill'y. Co.
Sidney—Yellowstone Merc. Co.

NEBRASKA

Beatrice—The Carman Co.
Columbus—Irene Shop
Fall City—Jenny's
Fremont—Marson's
Omaha—Goldstein-Chapman
Lincoln—Gold & Co.
Scottsbluff—The Hollywood Shop

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Claremont—Pelletier & Snowman
Concord—Betty Alden
Littleton—C. A. Libby Co.
Lebanon—Richardson & Langlois
Manchester—Rogers, Inc.

NEW JERSEY

Asbury Park—Dainty App. Shop.
Freehold—Pearlman's Dept. Store
Guttenberg—Florence Shoppe
Jersey City—State Gown Shop
Maplewood—Constance Harris
Newark—Kresge's
New Brunswick—Zarra's
Passaic—Charlotte Shop
Paterson—Anne Shop
Plainfield—Claire Shoppe
Trenton—Lillian Charm
West New York—Florence Shop

NEW YORK

Albany—Davids
Baldwinsville—D. Cooper
Binghamton—Sisson Bros.-Welden Co.
Buffalo—Adam, Meldrum & Anderson
Ithaca—Pritchard's Style Shop
Middletown—Carson & Towner
Newburgh—The Sonia
New York City—R. H. Macy Co.
Norwich—Rosalyn Spec. Shop
Ogdensburg—Nathan Frank's Sons
Oneonta—Rosalyn Spec. Shop
Rochester—David's
Saranac Lake—Altman's
Sidney—Rosalyn Spec. Shop
Staten Island, St. George—Irene Dress Shoppe
Syracuse—David's
Utica—Doyle-Knower Co., Inc.
Watertown—Frank A. Empsall Co.

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque—Mosler's Smart Shop

NORTH CAROLINA

Albemarle—G. M. Dry & Sons
Asheville—Brener's
Burlington—B. A. Sellars & Sons, Inc.
Canton—Hudson's Dept. Store
Charlotte—Darling Shop
Durham—R. L. Baldwin
Edenton—Preston
Elizabeth City—Hurdle's
Elkin—Snydner-Spainhour Co.
Forest City—Davis Shoppe
Goldsboro—Niel Joseph
Greensboro—Ellis Stone & Co.
Greenville—C. Heber Forbes
Hickory—L. Herman, Inc.
High Point—Beavans Quality Shop
Lenoir—The Corada Shop
North Wilkesboro—Spainhour-Snydner Co.
Raleigh—Brooks, Inc.
Red Springs—Graham Co.
Reidsville—The Hazel Shop
Waynesville— The Ladies Shop
Wilmington—The Julia
Wilson—Lucille's
Winston Salem—Arcade Fashion Shop
Rocky Mount—Rosenbloom-Levy Co.
Washington—Carter's Dress Shop

NORTH DAKOTA

Fargo—A. L. Moody
Grand Fork—Herberger, Inc.
Harvey—Fred's Store, Inc.
Jamestown—Robertson's, Inc.
Kenmore—Knudson's, Inc.
Minot—Sgutts Store for Women
New Rockford—Rodenberg & Schwoebel
Valley City—Fair Dept. Store
Williston—G. M. Hedderick & Co.

OHIO

Ashland—Max H. Zola
Athens—Slingluff's
Cincinnati—Mabley & Carew Co.
Cleveland—Halle Bros. Co. Budget Shop
Cleveland Heights—Polly Style Shop
Dayton—Elder-Johnson Co.
E. Liverpool—Stein D. G. Co.
Findlay—Simon's
Hillsboro—Rothman's
Kenton—F. W. Uhlman
Lakewood—Bailey's Lakewood Store
Lorain—Smith & Gerhart
Mansfield—The R. B. Maxwell Co.
Marion—Uhler Phillips Co.
Massilon—Van Horn's
Painesville—Jeanette Julyan
Portsmouth—Atlas Fashion
Toledo—Lasalle & Koch Co.
Wilmington—Lacy's
Youngstown—Strouss-Hirshberg Co.

OKLAHOMA

Ada—Katz Dept. Store
Altus—The Vogue
Blackwell—Pollyanna Shop
Bristow—The Globe Store
Chickasha—The Eagle Merc. Co.
Duncan—Hollywood Shop
Enid—Garfield's
Frederick—Mark's
Guthrie—Davenport's
Lawton—The Parisian
Miama—Rose Bud Shoppe
McAlester—Krone Bros.
Ponca City—Frances Shop
Sapula—Katz Dept. Store
Shawnee—Blaine's Fashion Shop
Stillwater—G. & G. Store Co.
Vinita—Zimmerman's
Wewoka—J. M. Davidson

OREGON

Medford—Adriennes
Portland—Meier & Frank

The number of stores carrying Tower Star Fashions was so great that all of them could not be listed on this page. See page 63 for additional stores.

Chain the Sword



Do you recall the story of Damocles at the banquet, a sword over his head suspended by a single hair? Over the heads of men, women and children who have diabetes hangs a figurative sword—but it can be safely chained by the use of insulin.

BEFORE insulin was discovered, practically the only hope for grown-up diabetics was to adhere to a rigid, almost starvation, diet. For children stricken with diabetes there was hardly any hope at all.

Today, diabetics are permitted diets which would have been suicidal in pre-insulin days. The majority of children protected by insulin are enabled to study and play and live like normal children.

A healthy body makes its own insulin—the hormone supplied by the pancreas. Diabetes results when there is a deficiency of insulin. When the disease is apparent, the proper amount of injected insulin supplies a substitute for this essential element.

Injection of insulin is a simple matter. Most doctors show their patients, young and old, how to make the injections themselves. Insulin now costs less than formerly and it can be had everywhere.

There is no reason why those who need it should not enjoy its life-saving benefits.

Though diabetes is neither infectious nor contagious, it frequently occurs in families predisposed to it, and is common among overweight, middle-aged persons. Those inclined to be fat, particularly if related to a diabetic, should be especially careful of their diet.

In its early stages, diabetes causes little or no physical discomfort, but its presence can be detected by a doctor's examination and laboratory tests.

The Metropolitan will be glad to send, without cost, the booklet "Diabetes" which tells how to guard against the disease, describes its signs and causes, and gives information about diet. Address Booklet Department 635-B.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

© 1935 M. L. I. CO.

Don't choose your laxative *blindly!*



BLIND Man's Buff is no game to play . . . in any matter pertaining to your health. When you need a laxative, you must know *beforehand* how it will act on you.

Harsh laxatives will cause stomach pains, upset you, leave you weak. Laxatives whose sole virtue is gentleness may fail to be thorough.

You must have *both* thoroughness and gentleness . . . you must have pleasant, painless, complete relief from constipation. Never be satisfied with less from a laxative.

Why America uses more Ex-Lax than any other laxative

Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you can take. Yet its action is so gentle . . . so completely without stomach pains. Ex-Lax doesn't leave you feeling weak, doesn't upset you. Ex-Lax is not habit-forming—you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And Ex-Lax is not a punishment—it's a pleasure to take. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. Ex-Lax has no unpleasant after-taste and no bad after-effects.

Millions of people have found this out. And last year alone, 46 million boxes of Ex-Lax were bought!

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. Or mail the coupon below for a free sample.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

B65 Please send me free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Leisure Loveliness

Lily Pons, who will lend her golden voice and vivacious beauty to the screen, suggests a new way to enduring loveliness



LILY PONS, chic young Metropolitan Opera star, is soon to make her screen debut. Her glorious voice, her brunette beauty, her lovely slender figure have helped make Pons one of the most glamorous and popular opera stars of today.

She's a tremendously vital person, and the secret of her amazing vitality is her ability to relax completely.

"There are times in every woman's life when the pressure of modern living is apt to have a telling effect on her nerves and appearance," says Miss Pons. "Whether she has a career, or whether she's a wife and mother, makes little difference. The demands on her time and energy are equally heavy.

"Of course I cannot postpone performances, rehearsals, radio broadcasts or costume fittings when I am overtired. Neither can the schoolgirl postpone her studies, nor the housewife her daily tasks of running a household and caring for her children.

"But I do make it a point, when overtired, to set aside one evening for myself. One evening when I see no one, when I do not even answer the telephone.

"First, of course, I remove my make-up with cleansing cream and facial tissues and scrub my face energetically with soap and water until it is pink and glowing. Then comes the deluge! Cold, cold water dashed on my face and neck. And I usually give a little attention to my eyes, too. Bathing the eyes with a mild solution in an eye-cup is so soothing to tired eyes.

"I draw a warm bath and empty into it great quantities of pine essence of which I am so fond. It softens the bath water and the pine scent does so much to soothe jumpy nerves. I stay in my bath, inhaling the pungent pine odor, until I have thoroughly relaxed.

"Then I slip into a very lovely tea gown or lounging pajamas. I believe every woman ought to have at least one such garment in her closet—one which makes her feel alluring and beautiful. It's good feminine psychology, you know.

"A light evening meal is brought to my bedside on a tray. Supper on a tray in bed is just as much fun as breakfast in bed. Not everyone can indulge herself in that delightful pastime very often, but surely an evening meal on a tray should not be too difficult to achieve. When one is overtired, the digestive system should not be overtaxed. So I have a crisp green salad, perhaps some stewed fruit, and a glass of milk. As I dine leisurely, I reflect on the comforting thought that there are twelve long hours of sleep before me—twelve peaceful, quiet hours in which to rest and relax and slumber.

"The expense of a little treatment of this kind is only the time it takes. And the reward? A feeling of physical fitness and a quiet and serene mental attitude toward the problems of tomorrow!"

"I make it a point, when I feel fatigued, to set aside one evening for rest and relaxation," says Lily Pons.

Pictured at home, the charming opera star wears an attractive tailored tea gown during her few leisure moments.

TO AVOID THESE SKIN *FAULTS*

Keep your UNDER SKIN active



Not a line, not a pore, not a blemish—You can make your skin as clear and radiant—as enchanting as this!

Beauty's Workshop is under your Skin

Underneath your outer skin is the true skin, or *corium*. Here tiny glands are busy producing the oils to keep your outer skin clear, smooth and supple. Blood vessels are carrying nourishment to cells and tissue. Nerve and muscle fibres keep lines away, contours firm—*If* you keep them all vigorous and active!

PRACTICALLY every fault that mars the skin you see in your mirror had its start in the under layers of your skin! . . . *Surprising, but true.*

Blackheads come when pores are clogged by secretions *from within*. Lines form outside when *under* tissues begin to grow thin. Dryness comes when oil glands fail. Tissues sag when nerve and muscle fibres lose their snap.

Beauty's workshop is there in those deep layers of the *underskin* where tiny blood vessels and glands are busily carrying nourishment to cells and tissue all the time.

To keep that satiny skin of youth, you must keep your underskin active as it was in your teens.

How to wake up a Slowing Underskin

When skin faults begin to spoil your looks, try the Pond's way of bringing back the under tissues to vigorous action.

Pond's Cold Cream, with its specially processed light oils, goes right down into your underskin and gives it instant aid. First, it floats out of your pores every particle of lingering grime and make-up. As you pat it on briskly, it stirs the lazy circulation . . . Stimulates laggard glands . . . Invigorates failing tissues.



DONNA DEGNA MARCONI

who inherits on her father's side a distinguished name, and on her mother's side is descended from ancient Irish Royalty, is extraordinarily beautiful. She says: "Pond's Cold Cream wipes away little lines. I've never had a blemish since I began to use it."

One application alone will prove to you how effective this cream is in cleansing and stimulating your skin. As you continue to use it, you will actually be able to watch your skin improve from day to day. Little lines will soften—even disappear. Blemishes and blackheads will go. Coarseness—dryness will be relieved. Soon your skin will feel as smooth as satin. A new freshness, a clear, radiant bloom will glow in your skin. You will look years younger.

Your Skin needs this Deep Treatment

Use Pond's Cold Cream ***every night*** to flush your pores clean of every single impurity, and stimulate your underskin. Blackheads, blemishes and other skin faults won't even have a chance to start.

In the morning—often during the day—repeat this treatment. It will make your skin so smooth that your make-up will go on more evenly than ever before.

Pond's Cold Cream is absolutely pure, germ-free. It actually promotes the natural functioning of the underskin. Just send in the coupon below with only 10¢ and we will rush your supply right off to you. See what this wonderful cream will do for you.

Mail this coupon—FOR GENEROUS PACKAGE

See this Cream bring Beauty to Your Skin

POND'S, Dept. F48, Clinton, Conn.

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company

KOOL
MILDLY MENTHOLATED
Cigarettes
CORK-TIPPED



LIGHT UP...
and feel pleasant

Watch a fellow light his first KOOL. See the mild surprise turn to the good old grin that shows he's found something. The smoke feels refreshingly cool. The throat relaxes. And best of all, the coolness of KOOLS doesn't interfere with the fine tobacco flavor—it's fully preserved. So try KOOLS for your throat and for pleasure's sake. And save the B & W coupon in each pack for handsome nationally advertised merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Write today for FREE copy of illustrated premium booklet.

SAVE COUPONS *for* HANDSOME PREMIUMS



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

JUNIOR HOLLYWOOD

This month the studios are giving the younger players a real chance!

By HENRY WILLSON

HOLLYWOOD wants new talent—that's not news. But the news scoop of the month is that the studios are actually signing up new players right and left. Four of the industry's largest companies have fortified their cry for new faces with entrusting important roles to several newcomers.

The most outstanding "new talent" casting of the month was the signing of Rosalind Keith by Paramount. The studio awarded Rosalind the feminine lead opposite George Raft in "The Glass Key." Every starlet in Hollywood, practically, was mentioned for that role at one time or another. But don't think for a moment it was not without campaign tactics (though the campaign had nothing to do with Rosalind landing this job). Rebuffed by casting directors in her early attempts to crash the movies, Rosalind went to San Francisco, bleached her hair, thinned her eyebrows, took dramatic lessons and topped it all by walking around her hotel room an hour a day, practicing. Practicing what? Practicing a swinging walk which is indescribable, but imaginable. Then, when Henry Duffy gave Miss Keith the role of the little usherette in his stage production of "Small Miracle," she decided to descend upon Hollywood with much glamour.

Two days before Paramount appeared on the scene our heroine spent $10 on a coyote—object: to walk along the Boulevard and get the local folks all agog. But the local folks were too much for the coyote—he died. That did not stop our little gal—no, sir. She ups and buys a South American ocelot—but Paramount (darn them!) signed up Rosalind before the pair got a chance to strut down the Boulevard. So we can tell you now where to get an ocelot for sale cheap.



A coyote, an ocelot, and a strange, new walk all helped to land Rosalind Keith with George Raft in "The Glass Key." Nan Gray (insert), a sixteen-year-old beauty from Texas, crashed the studio gates through a yen to see Tom Brown.

BETTY FURNESS differs with some of our other young stars in claiming that a girl can live a perfectly normal life in Hollywood. Film tradition tries to teach us that Betty is wrong, but you don't know Betty. When she thinks she's right she's right. "A normal girl can lead a normal life for her age in Hollywood—if she's not completely daffy—and does let brain cells occupy a part of the space usually given over to a marcel." Betty (who comes from an intelligent, high-class Eastern family) sets ten principal rules for herself which should turn the trick:

Don't make friends with people not connected with the picture business, because you are liable to go insane trying to explain why you don't see them for weeks and why you have to break engagements often.

Don't try to be seen at the best places for the sake of appearances.

Don't make dates while working in a picture.

Visit your home town at least once a year in order to remember that Hollywood isn't the whole world.

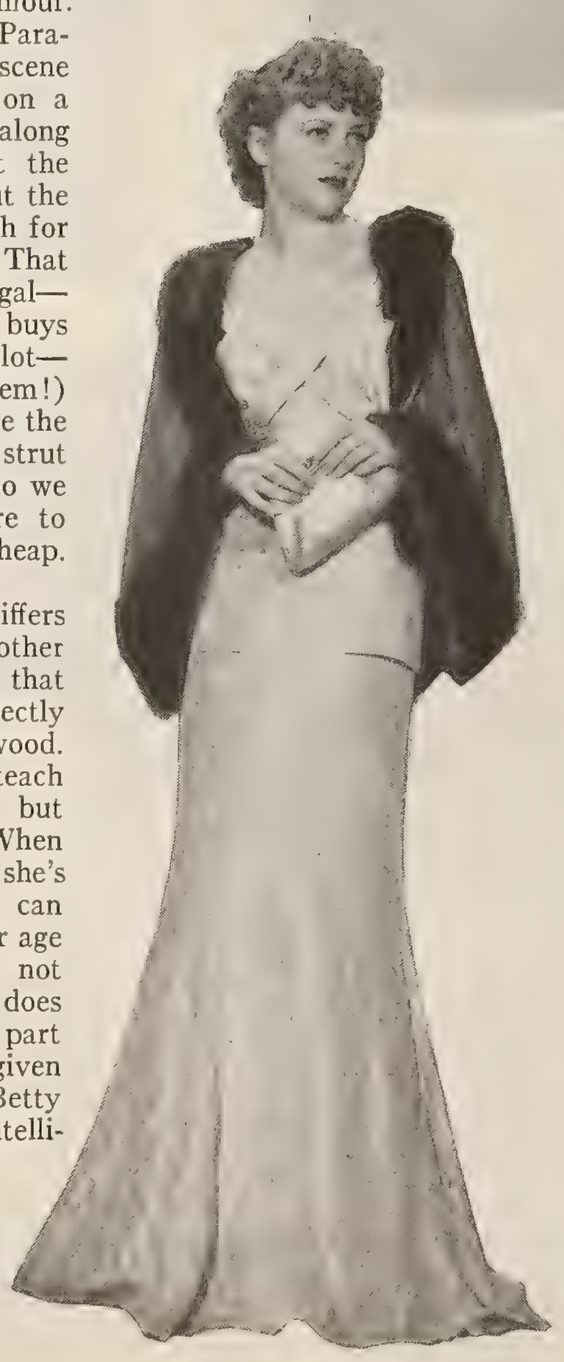
Don't make a practice of going out with actors for the sole purpose of getting your name and picture in the paper.

Don't talk shop all the time or you'll acquire a one-track mind and become a bore.

Take your work seriously but don't get arty.

Don't leave yourself open for punishment by feeling that one bad notice or a questionable story means that you'll never amount to anything on the screen. And last but not least, Betty gives the important rule of marriage by saying:

Don't make a rule about marriage. Just wait till the right man comes along.



Betty Furness is a sensible youngster who sets up rules for living in Hollywood.

FOUND: On the Warner Brothers' lot—Nan Gray—sixteen-year-old Texas girl—five feet, four inches tall—blue eyes—chestnut brown hair—and rumor has it she's going to be good. The first day after Nan signed her contract, Max Arnow, casting director, took Miss Gray on a personally conducted tour of the Warner lot. (*Please turn to page* 48)

"A young woman writes me... I am thankful for its satisfying comfort... its greater security"

CAN'T CHAFE · CAN'T FAIL · CAN'T SHOW!

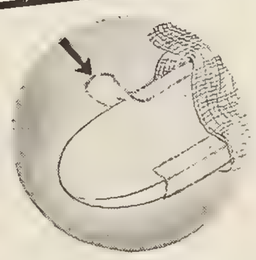
Mary Pauline Callender

Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"



How 3 improvements in Kotex solve 3 of women's most annoying problems

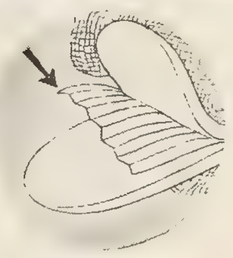




CAN'T CHAFE

See how the Kotex sides are cushioned in downy cotton. Millions call this the greatest comfort invention ever, to completely end chafing—Wondersoft comfort! If we put cotton all over it wouldn't leave the center free to absorb, and the special Kotex filler is actually *5 times* as absorbent as cotton!





CAN'T FAIL

If moisture is allowed to concentrate it may lead to accidents. So see how the center layer of Kotex is channeled? That's called the "Equalizer." The channels draw moisture away from one spot, distribute it evenly along the length of the pad. That's why Kotex gives longer-lasting security.

ABOVE everything else, women want three things in a sanitary pad!

They made that very plain to me as confidante to millions of women on hygienic matters.

So we designed this new Wondersoft Kotex to meet their demands.

Never in my life have I seen such gratitude as that displayed after my introductory lectures on this amazing new napkin. Women thanked me, from the bottom of their hearts.

Here is what interested them most

In the new Kotex, "chafing" is virtually ended because of a downy edging of cotton along the sides. That's why we call it the Wondersoft Kotex.

The new Kotex can't fail because of the channeled center layer. Thus moisture is distributed evenly along the entire length of the pad. Thus we increase the pad's efficiency, to avoid accident, without adding to its bulk.

We keep Kotex from showing by flattening the ends—now they conform to the lines of your body. No gown however tight, can reveal it.

Super Kotex for extra protection

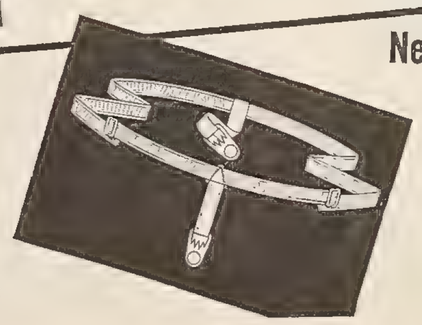
If you require extra protection, you will find Super Kotex ideal. For emergency, Kotex is available in West Cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.





CAN'T SHOW

You've often been self-conscious about tell-tale wrinkles when wearing clinging gowns. Here you see how Kotex prevents them. At first, Kotex ends were rounded. Experience proved that wasn't enough, yet it's all that many napkins offer. Now Kotex ends are tapered and compressed by an exclusive patented method. This gets rid of bulky ends that show.



New Adjustable Belt Requires No Pins!

No wonder thousands are buying this truly remarkable Kotex sanitary belt! It's conveniently narrow . . . easily adjustable to fit the figure. And the patented clasp does away with pins entirely. You'll be pleased with the comfort . . . and the low price.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

Try the New Deodorant Powder Discovery . . . QUEST, *for Personal Daintiness.* Available wherever Kotex is sold. Sponsored by makers of Kotex

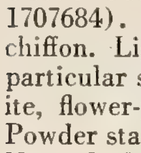
Bright

SUNNY DAYS AHEAD!



Can your complexion stand the

DAYLIGHT TEST?



Nothing's so flattering to a woman's complexion as the soft glow of electric lights. But the *sunlight* isn't so kind! Soon you'll be out more during the day. Then, what about your makeup?

In all fairness to yourself, make this Daylight Test: Go to the window and tilt your head up to the sun. Bring your mirror *close* to your face. Now, honestly, what do you see? . . . Rough patches? Powder "caked" around your nose? Spotty rouge? Smeared lipstick?

Don't despair! OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* Beauty Aids will correct these makeup faults . . . keep your complexion smooth, distractingly lovely, even under the glare of the sun.



Take the powder, for instance. OUTDOOR GIRL is the *only* face powder made on a base of pure Olive Oil. (U. S. Pat. No. 1707684). Between your fingers it's sheerest chiffon. Light. Fluffy. On your face, in *your* particular shade, it gives your skin an exquisite, flower-petal finish. OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder stays on for hours. Yet it never cakes. Never looks "pasty."



OUTDOOR GIRL Rouge and Lipstick go on smoothly . . . spread evenly. They bring out the skin's *natural* living tones. Add a radiant, youthful bloom to your complexion.

Because all three . . . the powder, rouge and lipstick . . . are made with soothing olive oil, OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Aids do more than create a glamorous, lasting makeup. They *protect* your skin—keep it supple, soft and youthful . . . guard it against the damaging effects of sun and wind.

Try OUTDOOR GIRL *today!* You can get these lovely preparations in large, economical sizes at your drug or department store for only 55c. Or in handy, purse-size packages at the leading 10-cent counters.

TUNE IN — SATURDAYS, 7:30 P. M., E. D. S. T.

"The Outdoor Girl Beauty Parade"

Over the Columbia Broadcasting System

OUTDOOR GIRL
OLIVE OIL BEAUTY AIDS

CRYSTAL CORPORATION, DEPT. 2-F
Willis Avenue, New York City

I enclose 10c. Please send me liberal trial packages of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. My complexion is Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark ☐.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

MUSIC in the MOVIES



Ruby Keeler suits action to title in "Go Into Your Dance."

A regular flood of good tunes comes out of Hollywood this month for dance lovers

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

LOVERS of music in the movies will find several of the new musical pictures much to their liking. Warner Brothers' "Go Into Your Dance," starring Al Jolson and his talented wife, Ruby Keeler, looms as the most important. As if to make certain of a superb musical score for Jolson, Warners assigned the ace team of Dubin and Warren to the task. These boys have given us such popular numbers as "Forty-Second Street," "Shuffle Off to Buffalo," and more recently the songs from the "Gold Diggers of 1935." For the Jolson picture they have written among others "She's a Latin from Manhattan" and "It's the Little Things," both of which are reviewed by this department.

Then, too, RKO is readying "Top Hat," starring Fred Astaire, in which you will hear several songs written by that most prolific of all song writers, Irving Berlin. To mention the hits Berlin has written would entail pages, since he has been turning them out for more than twenty years. However, two of his greatest and best remembered songs of the last decade were "Always" and "All Alone." In "Top Hat" you will hear "Cheek to Cheek" and "I'm Wild About You," both of which are destined to become big hits.

Paramount is also releasing Mae West's newest picture; and those of you who like to hear The Belle of the Nineties vocalizing should be pleased to hear her sing "Now I'm a Lady," "He's a Bad Man," and "Love Is Love in Any Woman's Heart," all of which will be included in our next issue's review.

BUT let's look at the records: "She's a Latin from Manhattan," from "Go Into Your Dance," is played by Enric Madriguera and his orchestra. This is a lilting tune treated interestingly by the Spanish maestro and his boys. Three fiddles lend charm throughout. Tony Sacco handles the vocal in his usual splendid style.

"It's the Little Things," from the same picture, is heard on the other side; a melodic fox trot with an old lyrical theme. The Madriguera band deals out a smart arrangement with just enough dressing. The lovely melody is dominant throughout and the brass section furnishes some clever harmonic effects. The vocal is sung by Tony Sacco. (Victor.)

"ROBERTA" revives several of the tunes from the original stage show. Outstanding among these is the popular "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" which Rudy Vallee and other leaders contend was last year's best popular song. The selection was recorded by Paul Whiteman, who treats it most interestingly with a splendid arrangement. A trombone interlude falls pleasantly on the ears, as do the efforts of his renowned sax section. Bob Lawrence sings the vocal in a full, rich baritone voice.

The opposite side carries "Something Had to Happen," also carried over from the stage show. Whiteman is again heard in a very modern dance arrangement. This time the brass section stands out, as well as two pianos. The appealing voice of Ramona is heard in the vocal chorus. (Victor.)

HIT OF THE MONTH

"LULLABY OF BROADWAY." Played by Little Jack Little and his orchestra. (Columbia)

Also Recommended

"SHE'S A LATIN FROM MANHATTAN." Played by Eric Madriguera and his orchestra. (Victor)

"I WON'T DANCE." Played by Eddie Duchin and his orchestra. (Victor)

"SINGING A HAPPY SONG." Played by Abe Lyman and his orchestra. (Brunswick)

"BLUE MOON." Played by Benny Goodman and his orchestra. (Columbia)

"I WAS TAKEN BY STORM," from "Dizzy Dames," is played by Hal Kemp's orchestra. As the Kemp fans can imagine, Hal employs one of his tricky arrangements. Unquestionably this band is one of the best in ultra modern arrangements, but sometimes we wonder if it isn't a little over-ambitious. In this case we believe he obscures the melody in parts. However, musically it is cleverly executed for dancing, and probably Kemp plays more to the feet than the ear, and probably that is all many will care about. The voice of Maxine Gray is heard in the vocal rendition.

The opposite presents "Love Serenade," also played by Hal Kemp's band. This one is less rhythmic and more sulky. It is not so heavily arranged and the clarinet harmonic effects are superb. Bob Allen sings a grand vocal refrain. (Brunswick.)

ALTHOUGH about every name band in the business has recorded "Lullaby of Broadway," from the "Gold Diggers of 1935," we think that Little Jack Little has turned out just about the best platter. This tune is best when played to a slow tempo, but so few orchestra leaders realize it that it isn't even funny. Little, however, strikes a fairly happy medium and the result is pleasant. The vocal is by Little Jack and will no doubt be appreciated by his host of followers.

Another number from the same film is on the opposite side and is heard as Little Jack Little and his orchestra play, "I'm Goin' Shoppin' with You." Snappier stuff, with staccato brass and trick sax figures. Little is again the vocalist. (Columbia.)

FROM the film version of "Roberta," Eddie Duchin and his orchestra play "I Won't Dance," a Jerome Kern melody with a Duchin arrangement that is a treat for anyone. Eddie is up to par. The piano bits by the maestro are very entertaining and the whole thing is rounded out in fine fashion.

Another number from the same picture is included as Eddie plays the coupling. "Lovely to Look At"

(*Please turn to page* 50)



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THE ORIGINAL "LIPSTICK" DEODORANT

Why the Stars Can't Stay Married

(*Continued from page* 16)

born that way and they cannot, for the life of them, be anything different.

Therefore, also, since they pretend love so much while at work, they also pretend love after they get home. Indeed, steeped in pretense as much as they are, most actors almost lose the ability of determining whether the feelings they themselves experience—those that are their very own—are true or false.

Small wonder, then, that so many love unions in the acting profession end upon the rocks. If you are continually pretending love, if you are forever acting it instead of feeling it, how can you ever be sure that the love you experience for anyone is of the genuine, hot-blooded, human variety or a pasteboard imitation of the real thing?

ACTORS are what science calls "introverts." An introvert is a person who turns his emotional stream inward instead of outward. Such an individual is imaginative, given to phantasy; sometimes he is unduly elated, then again unreasonably depressed. Always is such a person impractical, seldom is he or she good at business details. The introvert gets more fun out of playing with his own thoughts, all by himself, than out of contacting with the world outside—with reality. All artists present such introvert characteristics. And being moody, more or less shut-in and impractical, all artists are mighty hard to live with.

It must be remembered, also, that actors, as a whole, are clannish and that they soon lose contact with the outside world. It is surprising, for instance, how frequently they are disinterested in world affairs, politics, current events and the like.

The result of this clannishness is, however, that they too frequently marry other actors, other persons too much like themselves. It is inevitable that such similar natures, especially similar natures that are rather unique, should clash. The average actor would undoubtedly do better if married to someone who is as different from his own nature as day and night. The feminine screen star should marry a hard-boiled, unemotional business man or a strong, practical, unimaginative boiler-maker. The male screen star should marry a woman who is *not* stage struck, who wants to be a cook and a mother, and who knows how to hide away the dollars in the savings bank.

To be sure, not all actors, whether male or female, are unstable. There are a few who stay married and seem to be as happy as other folks. Lionel Barrymore is a case in point, so is Fredric March and Harold Lloyd. These screen celebrities are, nevertheless, the exceptions that prove the rule.

WE must not forget, too, that the actor's job is a mighty hard one. Studio work is nerve-racking in the extreme. Again and again is the same scene "shot" until it is perfect. Pretending to be somebody else takes it out of one more than being oneself. Nor do the hot, glaring lights and the hush-hush that must be observed for the best sound effects help the nerves.

Thus, when the actor gets home he or she is more or less "all in." *Irritability* is likely to reveal itself at the slightest provocation, if not anger, harsh words and possibly violence. To be sure, all this is as dynamite for domestic bliss.

The *sensitiveness* of the actor should likewise be stressed in this connection. It is his work again that makes him so. After all, the actor must possess a finely attuned and high-strung nervous system if he is to respond to the changing feelings that his various roles demand of him. An actor or actress must be a fine musical instrument, as it were, to be good, with the strings all taut in order to catch the every subtlety of feeling. But of what advantage is such a nervous mechanism when the maid fails to put in an appearance, Junior has broken a neighbor's window, or some other thing somehow goes wrong.

AT the slightest sign of hostility from from any source, animate or inanimate, the actor will flare up like a skyrocket. Oversensitiveness will at once overwhelm his reasoning, his judgment and his peace of mind. Indeed, this one trait alone is responsible for many of the Hollywood divorces.

As far as the males are concerned, actors usually do not make specially satisfactory lovers in reality, despite the ability shown on the screen. This is because—and their general introvert tendencies are responsible—they are not aggressive enough, nor do they possess the spirit of the conqueror where love is concerned. Too much adoration is bestowed upon the masculine screen stars by their multitudinous and admiring fans. That is, too much adoration for their own good. After all, why should a man bother when millions of women behold him in flattering and heroic parts on the screen while thousands of others write such worshipful letters? Is it any wonder such stars become conceited?

A conceited man isn't much of a lover. He doesn't feel that it is necessary to *make* love; he rather expects the woman to pursue *him*. Which, of course, is all wrong. A woman wants a man to conquer her, overwhelm her with his affection, break down her resistance with which she fortifies herself in order to feel the thrill of surrender. Surely if a man makes a poor lover he is not likely to hold a woman long, marriage or no marriage.

Lastly, the frequency of divorce in the film colony is somewhat motivated, at least by *suggestibility*.

Have you ever noticed how you tend to repeat an act that you hear has been performed several times — in other words, how you tend to imitate others? If it were not for the suggestibility streak in all of us there would be no such thing as styles, social customs, travel and the like. And just as you feel a stronger desire to marry, let us say—assuming you, my dear reader, are not married—when your best friend or two or three of your friends have married, so also do the movie people feel a stronger urge to separate or be divorced when all around them, in their own intimate circle, so many "split-ups" are taking place. Indeed, suggestibility can be so strong, even without our consciously realizing it, that we may be impelled to do things even without actually desiring so to do.

Why the stars find it so difficult to tell whether they are in love or not, after which they seem to find it even more difficult to hold on to their love, presents many interesting angles.

These and their psychological explanation should prove of practical value not only to the actors themselves, but to us as well who are not in the movie field. In the last analysis, the actor folk are human the same as we. What is true of them—that is, what is true of the motivations that make them the way they are—likewise is true of us all!



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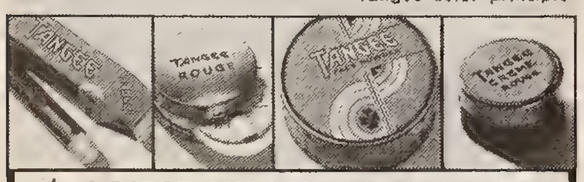
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Carole Lombard Says "Yes"

(*Continued from page 6*)

who is weak-sister enough not to be able to stand the truth about himself now and then would be a perfectly fine thing to have around, now wouldn't he?

"I expect great things of the one I care for and expect to give as much in return. What is friendship after all but just that? And why should a fine friendship be belittled and clouded up by half-lies?

"After all, truth, if delivered from a sincere heart, should help, not ruin romance. If I'm not doing my share in my married partnership with my husband I want to know about it, not be kept in the dark. How can evils be remedied that way? Remember, too, that if one doesn't start out a romance by being truthful, there'll be an awful job on his or her hands to keep up the pace. Remember that everyone has weak moments now and then when the truth is apt to leak out. Then your little cardboard romance, built of flattery, is very apt to come tumbling down.

"Flattery really has no place today between men and women. An old-fashioned prop, it went out with the ruffles and hoopskirts of yesterday. Flattery and petty prejudices as well are false friends of the past. Men don't have to flatter women the way they used to. Reason, not pretty nothings, rules today. If men have taken women off a pedestal, it's just as well. It's much nicer and more practical being down on the floor beside them, ready to help. Men and women are becoming more and more alike. Women *know* the truth today and men know they know it. Men are franker than ever before with women and in return expect that self-same type of honesty, not flattery, from them.

"The most important thing to remember in this friendly little argument," Carole smiled, "is that *appreciation* and compliments should be differentiated from flattery. *Everyone* likes to be appreciated. No one living despises hearing nice things about himself. Love would be pretty barren, rather would not be love at all, without encouraging pats on the back. The battle's too tough to face without encouragement and appreciation from others.

"But flattery is not these things. Flattery is false and foolish because it hasn't to do with *truth*. The dictionary say to flatter is 'to court, fawn upon and overpraise'. So the girl who wins her man by flattery will have to reconcile herself to a lifetime of fawning upon and overpraising him.

"As for me, I'd rather tell him the truth at the outset. Of course I'd run a risk of losing him, you might say, but if he could 'take it' (and I wouldn't want him if he couldn't) what I finally got would be A MAN."

And a very determined Carole Lombard banged the table for emphasis, to allow for no doubt that *that* was precisely the way she felt about it.

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Alice Faye Says "No"

(*Continued from page 6*)

"*He* knows where his shortcomings lie. Nobody has to tell him. To carp on the truth, to belabor him continually with his limitations would be stupid and dull and unkind. Why not brighten his picture a little with encouragement, a pat on the back, an untruth or two (if you will) to the effect that he is doing nobly, that he's a pretty swell guy and that everything is going to come out all right? If he's worth his salt, and he must have been for you to love him, he'll react to your treatment of him and rise to the occasion. He'll try to be as good as you've painted him.

"If flattery is a half-lie it is a white, inoffensive lie, doing no one harm and very apt to do a world of good. Remember, too, that there are several kinds of flattery. There is that which comes from the heart and the cheap kind; the sincere and the fawning kinds. I'm speaking of only the heart-felt, sincere flattery. The other isn't worth considering. I'm speaking of flattery that is born of love.

"It's all very easy for us to say we don't want flattery. But it isn't true. When someone says to me 'Alice, I'm going to tell you something about yourself I don't think you'll like' I answer, 'Oh, go head—the truth never hurt anyone.' Yet I know from experience that's not always true. Sometimes 'the truth' can hurt deeply and irreparably. Many times 'the truth' has been given to me when what I needed most at the time was a kind, white lie—a pat on the back and encouragement.

"Men are babies. They *need* flattery. Certainly they need it far more than women who, after all and in spite of all the talk, are more mature than men. It's up to women to flatter and otherwise take care of the men they love. And if the love is sincere, this turns out to be a genuine pleasure.

"If a man is married to a woman who tells him only the bare, stark, uninteresting truth, he is very apt to leave that woman for one who, fully as intelligent and aware of the man's shortcomings, will gloss over that truth with a little kindness and sympathy. That, perhaps after all, is the trouble with truth. It's so darned dull and uninteresting. And, so many times, so unnecessary! Truth should be treated with intelligence—woman's type of intelligence—and dished up with the proper garnishing of thoughtfulness. Presented plainly and matter-of-fact it might make men lose that confidence which is so necessary to success and happiness in married life. *Anyone* can tear down. It takes a real help-mate to build up—to gild the lily with the heart-born white lies and flattery, if necessary. I honestly think that those who won't go out of their way to help through stretching the truth now and then are guilty of selfishness and are self-centered. It takes two to make a romance and each party of that romance should be willing to give as well as take and to give a little more, in fact, than actual truth might imply.

"Yet, at the same time, I've found it hasn't hurt a bit to stretch the truth a few times in a man's direction—to 'play down' actual facts and add a wee bit of flattery occasionally. He very likely knows at the time that I'm 'putting it on' a little for him—painting the picture of him quite a little brighter than it actually is. But does he mind? Does he resent it or does he like it?"

(Alice leaned over and whispered, "Does he like it? He *loves* it!")

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COLORLESS



BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES

*Ben Jonson

Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Hollywood Is Dangerous to Youth

(*Continued from page* 21)

walk and talk in a wholly different way. He puts them into pictures he wants them to be in, not the ones they want to be in. Maybe these are pictures they're not even suited for. Maybe they're not good pictures, not pictures of a young actor, with achievement behind him, can really feel proud of.

"Immediately, in other words, the young newcomer to Hollywood gets two shocks which can ruin him for life as an artist. He finds that the producer didn't want his true personality at all, and he is shoved into pictures which neither suit his talents nor enable him to maintain his integrity and self-respect as a performer. Those two disillusionments alone can ruin a whole career. You have to have super mental strength to overcome them."

"It's only because he has strength of this nature that Clark Gable has managed to keep his head, the way he has. When Clark came to Hollywood he wanted to do light comedy. The producers turned him into a tough guy. Those tough characterizations—not Clark's real personality at all—made him a star, so the producers forced him to go on with them, against his will. His being cast for 'It Happened One Night' was pure accident. It took an accident, after four years, to show them that Clark himself knew what he was talking about! How many other men could have lasted out these four years?

"Now, suppose the young man or woman we're talking about makes a terrific success. Then what happens?

"There's that nice, fat salary check every week. Personally, he knows that first picture wasn't so good. It doesn't come within a thousand miles of living up to the ideals he has set for himself. It's just box-office hokum. He hopes the second picture will be better, will have some artistic truth and beauty in it. It isn't. Neither is the third. Neither is the fourth.

"A young actor with pride in his profession, and some spunk, will fight. He goes to the producer and says, 'Give me a chance to act. Give me a picture I can be proud of!'

"The producer pats him on the back and says, 'Now, now, everything will be all right."

But the fifth picture is just some more hokum. Box-office is box-office. The youngster is a success, and, because he's a success, he's trapped. He has only two choices. He can either go on, hoping that things will change, or he can quit, walk out on his contract, and go back on the stage. But, every week, that nice, fat salary check is rolling in! It's more money than he ever saw before; more than he may ever see again. The little black devils whisper in his ear, 'Get the money while the getting's good.' How many people—particularly young people—have the moral courage to turn their backs on a fine salary and go back and begin all over again? So they stay in Hollywood, turning in box-office pictures the producers want, and one more fine young actor, capable of really fine things, has turned into a 'ham.'

"Go up to them, after two or three years of Hollywood success, and ask them why they stay, and they'll tell you, 'Oh, I like the California sunshine.' Sure. They've got a car, and a valet, and silk pajamas. Why shouldn't they like the California sunshine? And, in two years, they've lost every bit of ambition they ever had. Artistically, they're ruined.

"My hat is off to the brave few who walk out on such picture contracts, go back to New York, and take a $50.00 salary with a smile where they have grown used to $500.00. They've got what I call 'stuff.' But my complaint is—how many young people, inexperienced in the ways of the world, can be expected to have that much moral stamina? Is it fair to ask so much of them?

"So much for the experienced players and the successes. If their contact with Hollywood can be such a brutal disillusionment to them, what can it be for the inexperienced and the failures? You read a lot of stories about inexperienced people, winners of beauty contests, department store girls, farm boys, college students, and so on, coming out to Hollywood with nice long contracts. Bunk! What good does it do you to get a contract if your option is allowed to lapse, six weeks later, and they drop you? You'll notice few of these 'discoveries' ever actually get into a picture. And the figures prove that the greatest number of failures are among these very same inexperienced ones, as might be expected. Now, if success is dangerous, in Hollywood, what does failure do to a boy or girl?

"There is no place in the world in which failure can be as bitter as it is in Hollywood. Nobody is intentionally cruel to the failures. They just ignore them. But how being ignored can hurt you! In Hollywood, if you're not Somebody, you're Nobody. There's no in-between place. Suppose the department store girl gets a contract. In six weeks, or three months at the most, she's dropped. Can she go back home, after those exciting letters she's written to her girl friends, telling them what a great star she's going to be? If she has terrific mental courage, yes. Otherwise she'll stay in Hollywood, watching her little pile of savings grow smaller and smaller—hoping for the break that never comes. Maybe she becomes an extra, never sure where her next meal is coming from. Maybe she gets a job as a waitress in the Brown Derby. And maybe—

"Well, there was the little girl whose name was in the papers not so long ago. Option dropped. A failure. Ignored. She stood it as long as she could, and then, one dark night, she went up into the Hollywood hills, walked along until the road ended at the edge of a cliff, and jumped. They found her body days later.

"Personally, though, I believe success is ever more dangerous for the inexperienced person than failure. Say the little department store girl or college boy gets to be a smash hit in the first picture. It comes overnight. Therein lies the danger. There's no working up to it, no preparation for it. Suddenly they have money, suddenly they are in the public eye with reporters coming to them for newspaper stories, magazines wanting interviews, autograph hunters wanting them to sign their books, people pointing them out on the street—all that overnight. It's too big a change, coming so abruptly. They can't adjust to it, because their sense of values don't get time to function. They go a little crazy. They buy four cars where they only need one, they hire servants, they buy more clothes than they can ever wear, they throw their money away because they can't realize it isn't going on forever.

"Their work suffers at once. They never knew much about acting to begin with. What they ought to do is settle down and learn. But, would you—with everybody telling you how marvel-

(*Please turn to page* 48)

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Canvas
Buck
Elk
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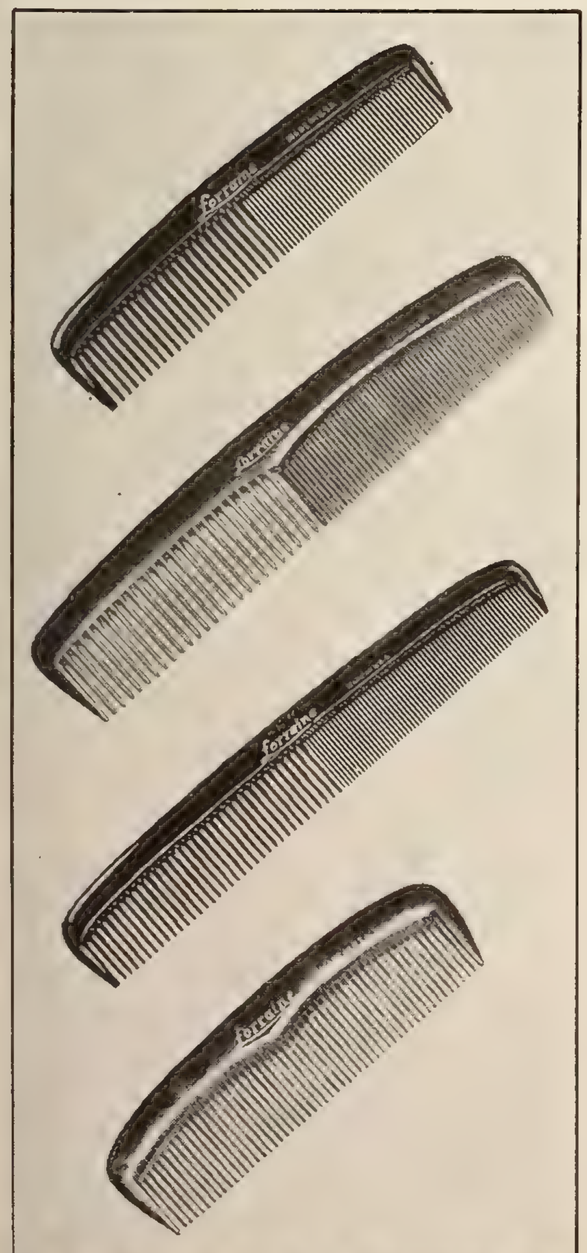




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Hollywood Is Dangerous to Youth

(*Continued from page* 46)

ous you were already? No. They get careless in front of the camera, their second picture isn't so good, their third is worse, and then they're done.

"Socially they go crazy, too. Yesterday they were nobody. Today they're asked to dinner at the homes of famous executives, writers, and stars. When they take a trip to New York they find themselves in the homes of people whose names are in the Social Register. They see so many glasses of champagne that they forget what water tastes like, some of them. They've been living on pot-roast and cabbage all their lives, and suddenly they're having lobsters. Their heads can't stand it and neither can their stomachs or their nerves. Equilibrium is impossible for them. They were caught off balance, and they can't get back. The old-timers know that pictures demand such a terrific amount of energy that it's impossible to keep up such a pace, but the youngsters don't. They go the pace, and it wrecks them inside of two years. Sometimes inside of two months!

"And that brings me to Health. I'm a bug on health, myself, so I'm particularly interested in studying the effect Hollywood has on people from this angle, and the reports I have to give are anything but encouraging. The greater the success you make, in Hollywood, the more your health suffers. Take someone like Claudette Colbert, who is so popular that she rarely gets a week's rest between pictures, and has to read the script for one while she's finishing another. A couple of months ago she went down with pneumonia. About the same time, Miriam Hopkins was in the hospital with bronchial pneumonia. Ann Harding had to take a long trip to the Orient, ill from overwork. Clark Gable, for a while, was so sick that I wondered how he worked at all, although he never let on. I've just named a few, but go down the list and you'll be appalled how often stars go into the hospital. I've seen magnificent specimens of health turned into physical wrecks by two years of studio strain. It's the same answer in every case—nervous strain, overwork, then lessened resistance and inability to fight off the first germ that comes your way.

"My point is—if it's so tough for experienced stars, who realize what a strain picture-making is and take constant steps to safeguard their health, what is it for youngsters new to the game, who don't realize what they're up against?

"What we call morals are really mental health, and the same danger is present there. A newcomer, brought up with conventional folks, suddenly finds himself in a town, where, last year, there were more divorces than marriages. All his old moral notions go by the board, and, if he is young, he has no sense of balance with which to make up for them.

"Spiritually, mentally, morally, artistically, physically, intellectually—in almost every way, Hollywood is dangerous to anyone in the twenties. Any article like this can only be one man's opinion, but mine is an honest opinion, at least, and I give it for what it's worth. If anyone of my own age or less comes to me and asks, "Shall I go to Hollywood?" my answer is: "The benefits you may get out of it are no match for the grave dangers you'll run."

JEAN HARLOW, *Starring in M-G-M's "Reckless"*



Is Make-Up in Color Harmony Jean Harlow's *Secret of Attraction?*

Florence Vondelle Interviews JEAN HARLOW

"Color in make-up must mean color harmony," says Jean Harlow. "And, of course, Max Factor, who creates all the make-up used by stars and studios, has the perfect answer in powder, rouge and lipstick harmonized in color for each type."



1. "To harmonize with my complexion colorings . . . platinum blonde hair, very fair skin and blue eyes . . . Max Factor's Flesh Powder is perfect. So soft and fine in texture, it blends naturally with the skin, creating a satin-smooth make-up that I know will cling for hours."



2. "Rouge should impart a lifelike, delicate flush of color, and I find Max Factor's Flame Rouge the correct color harmony for my type. Creamy-smooth in texture, it blends easily and clings perfectly. And here's a hint . . . pat it on lightly; blend with fingertips to gain an added softness of coloring."



3. "Lip make-up is so important . . . it must be moisture-proof; it must be permanent in color; it must harmonize with your colorings, your powder and your rouge. So I use Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick . . . Flame is my color harmony tone. I make up the upper lip first, press my lips together, and then fill in the natural contour."

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SEND Purse-Size Box of Powder in my color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose 10 cents for postage and handling.

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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	*LASHES (Color)*	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	*AGE*	

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

Junior Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 38)

"Nan, you can see anything you want to see, and meet any of the stars you wish."

"Well, to tell the truth, Mr. Arnow, the one person I really want to meet is Tom Brown."

"Oh, sure—Tommy's a swell fellow, but you see, he's not under contract to Warners."

"That's O.K.," said Nan. "But I like him best of all."

"That's very fine, Nan—but I think you just better meet Dick Powell and let it go at that."

But the old proverb, "Things come to those who wait," proved its value, 'cause Nan, two months later, not only met Tom Brown, but got to play the love interest opposite him in the new Kibbe-McMahon picture, "Mary Jane's Pa." Boy! Was she grinnin' from thar to thar—and Tom thinks she has possibilities, too—on the screen that is, of course.

Warners, after seeing the excellent reception Paramount's "Car 99" received at the preview with a cast of practically complete unknowns, have decided to put out some similar junior cast features. Besides Frank Craven, William Frawley, Sir Guy Standing and Russell Hopton, "Car 99" was engineered with new talent—and the audiences seemed to love it. Hollywood preview audiences go in for boosting the newcomers more and more each month—and even the theater managers are beginning to feature new names on the marquees along with one or two of the established stars. If you are really interested in helping put over some of these new young players, persuade the manager of your neighborhood movie house to bill these new ones and help in that way to get the new names established.

AND now that that's over, I want to tell you about Mary Bovard, who is a sixteen-year-old girl who never says "die." Five months ago Mary got the idea, in the middle of a history lesson back in school in Bloomington, Illinois, that she'd like to go in the movies. The three o'clock bell rang; Mary tore home, as only Mary can tear, picked up the telephone and put through a long-distance call to Bob Palmer, assistant casting director at RKO.

"I'm Mary Bovard. I live in Bloomington, Illinois. This is Mr. Palmer, the assistant casting director, isn't it? Well, I just wanted to be sure. Yes, Mary B-o-v-a-r-d . . . and I want to come out there and be in 'Anne of Green Gables' and 'Laddie' and some of those pictures you're making. I just know that I will photograph well, and I love to act . . ."

"I'm sorry, but I can't promise you anything. I've never even seen you."

"But if I come out there, won't you please give me a chance?"

Operator: "Your three minutes are up."

"Well, all right. Good-bye, Mr. Palmer——I'm coming out there."

And before he could say "don't," Mary and her mother were on the front doorstep of Hollywood—or, I should say, at the RKO studio. Yes, you guessed it. The unusual happened and Mary was given a bit in "Anne of Green Gables," followed by bits in "Laddie" and "Grand Old Girl." And now Mary has just finished a nice part in a short at Universal with Henry Armetta and Arthur Lake. Mr. Von Runkel and Mr. Horn, producer and director, believe Miss Bovard has more than the usual possibilities.

Nerve, huh?

Connie Should Have Been a Boy

(*Continued from page 29*)

Even as a child, Connie could not stomach affectation. People who "put on a front" have always disgusted her—and she finds a perverse delight in stripping off their masks. Pretence and insincerity being a vogue in Hollywood, it is easy to understand why many poseurs in the picture colony fear and dislike her.

One of her worst faults is intolerance. Most issues, to her, are clear-cut, and she lacks the patience to seek excuses for other people's actions and beliefs. Above all else, she is intolerant of stupidity. An unintelligent person bores her insufferably—and, again, she lacks the patience to disguise her boredom.

She resents bitterly and volubly, anything which she considers an "insult to my intelligence" (the phrase is hers). In that resentment lies the cause of many of her quarrels with the press. I remember a story published several years ago, which asserted that she spends $250,000 annually on her clothes. It threw her into a rage.

"I don't care what they write about me so long as they don't insult my intelligence like this!" she stormed.

Characteristically, her anger burned until she had answered. Constance can never be content until she has had an eye for an eye. Step on her toes, and she will treasure the injury jealously until it is repaid, with interest.

To continue with her faults; she is, I think, too egotistic, too determined to have her own way, no matter what or who must be over-ridden in obtaining it. Life has been prodigal in its treatment of her. True, she has unusual intelligence, unusual ability, unusual capacity for work, unusual force of character—but she has also been extraordinarily lucky. She has no conception of the meaning of poverty. She has never been forced to impose upon her own inclinations the restraints mothered by Necessity. As a consequence, she is apt to be—and sometimes is—to be inconsiderate of others who have been less fortunate.

Again, her psychology is that of a man . . . and, in a man it would be more generally understood. She takes what she wants!

Yet, paradoxically, she wants to be kind and helpful to every creature less fortunate than herself. I know of many things which she has done for unfortunates—and I know better than to recount them here, for I would only invite a quarrel with Connie. She has been criticized, and she is proud—consequently, she disdains to cite in her own behalf any of the countless good deeds which might confound her critics.

Her sympathies are quickly and deeply touched—if she considers the object worthy of sympathy. If not, she can be quite merciless.

She has always been too quick to judge people. Even as a child, she either liked, or disliked—and there were no half-tones in her appraisals. Maturity has strengthened, rather than weakened, that trait. But it is amazing how correct her judgments usually are.

To those whom she loves, Constance is loyal, almost to a fault. Despite her independence, she is intensely loyal to her family—to "the Bennetts." During his recent illness, she sacrificed all her own interests to be with Father, night and day. Time and again, she has rushed half-way around the earth to "stand-by" when some member of the family needed her.

She is proud, I believe, of the theatrical traditions of the family—although I have never heard her express that feeling in so many words. As a matter of fact, she prefers to talk about acting, stardom and everything else pertaining to her profession from the standpoint of hard-boiled business. But I remember the eagerness she invariably displayed when she and Barbara and I, as kids, played theater. When she married Philip Plant, it was with the avowed intention of never acting again, but, even so, I think she was unable to shake the conviction that her real career remained before the cameras.

THAT she has been able to achieve so much has always been a source of amazement to me, for, physically, she has never been strong. In her case, ambition and nervous energy have combined to drive her body far beyond its natural powers. Physicians have often warned her to "take it easy," but they have advised the impossible. Constance is a dynamo. Idleness, in her estimation, is stagnation, and stagnation she cannot stand. She must be forever on the move, driving forward, picking up new experiences, new stimuli. And, characteristically, she drives others.

She lives now—and always has lived—with regal magnificence. She denies herself nothing that she wants, yet, surprisingly, her wants are comparatively simple. In many things, she is extravagant, in others she is very saving.

Brilliant, yet logical; intolerant, yet sympathetic; combative, yet quick to admit an error; poised, yet unaffected—Constance has as many facets as a well-cut diamond.

But I like best to think of her as I—and few others—have seen her in the privacy of her home with Peter Plant, her son. I like to see the eagerness with which he runs to her on her entrance and the unfailing patience with which she shares all of his troubles and his joys.

And like all the Bennetts, I'm very proud of Constance, who is neither perfect—nor wants to be considered so!

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KATE: "Look, Ida. That wash of Mrs. Palmer's is full of *tattle-tale gray*."

JOAN: "And how! That dingy color almost shouts that her soap didn't get out *all* the dirt."



IDA: "You know, Kate—my clothes look terrible—but what can I do?"

KATE: "Just change to Fels-Naptha—*and dirt can't stay* behind. Smell!—that *golden* soap holds *lots* of naptha."



ERNIE: "Wh-e-e! All dolled up for Dad."
IDA: "It's an old dress—but it looks so nice and white now—you'd think it was new. I could hug Kate for making me change to Fels-Naptha Soap."



IDA: "Hey, you little rascal! Don't you muss up Mother's silk things. Those are my best stockings and undies—and Fels-Naptha is the only thing that's gentle enough for them."

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"WH-E-E-E!"—that's what you'll say yourself—the first time you try Fels-Naptha Soap!

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And what a cinch the wash is! For Fels-Naptha is *two* dirt-looseners instead of one. *Richer golden soap* and *plenty of naptha* added! Fels-Naptha doesn't skip over dirt like "trick" soaps do. It gets ALL the dirt—even the deep-down, stuck-fast kind.

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★ *Properly applied, Shinola White does not rub off on clothes or furniture.*



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AT ALL STORES

★ **Shinola White Cleaner dries quickly. After drying, the shoe should be rubbed or brushed. Shinola cleans and whitens; removes all stains and will not discolor shoes.**

THE *Make-up Box*

RED AND RIGHT: For years, they've been dinning into our ears the cosmetic truth that lipstick and rouge must match. Yet it took an astute manicure specialist to add lipsticks to manicure preparations so we need no longer wince at the sight of coral-tipped fingertips placing a cigarette between purple-red lips. The lipsticks in slim black cases are nice, permanent and creamy and come in ruby, cardinal, coral and natural shades. Each has its polish twin. So! Another vexing beauty problem is solved.



BERRY NICE: They look like strawberries. They smell like strawberries. And, believe it or not, Mrs. Ripley, they are strawberries! Real, plump berries all blended into a satin-smooth cream and fragrant lotion. You spread the pink cream liberally over your face and neck and whisk it away with tissues. Then with a pad saturated with the strawberry lotion, you pat and pat. Soon the strawberry tone fades and your skin is bright and glowing.



HODGE-PODGE: A maker of a mustache wax for men tells me that women have tried it on their eyelashes. Says it makes their lashes dark, curly and glossy. . . . And there's a toilet water which can be slapped on in handfuls for a rubdown, patted on the face or sprayed on the hair to give you the elusive fragrance of fresh clusters of lilacs drenched with dew. . . . A funny little gadget which is a cross between manicure scissors and tweezers to pluck stray hair perfectly and painlessly.

There's never a dull moment for the beauty-conscious, so send your stamped envelope for up-to-date news and views from your wise little shop-trotter—

Marilyn

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Take a movie star's beauty advice



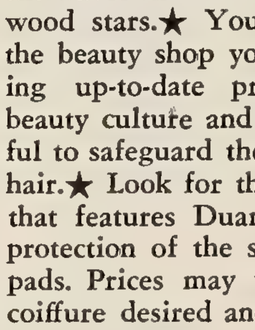
JOAN BLONDELL, Warner Bros.' Star, see her now in TRAVELING SALESLADY

IMAGINE that you are in a beauty shop now, getting a **DUART PERMANENT WAVE.** It is time to place the pads on your curls. You will see the operator break open a **SEALED** individual package of Duart Pads, and you will know without question that they are **GENUINE DUART,** and have never before been used.★ You have the positive and pleasing assurance that your hair will be waved with exactly the same kind of materials used to create the most beautiful, most popular permanent waves in America—worn by the Hollywood stars.★ You can be sure also, that the beauty shop you are patronizing is using up-to-date professional methods of beauty culture and will be extremely careful to safeguard the natural beauty of your hair.★ Look for the beauty shop near you that features Duart Waves. Get the vital protection of the sealed package of Duart pads. Prices may vary with the style of coiffure desired and the artistic reputation of the operator.

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☐ Henna ☐ Golden Brown ☐ Ash Blonde ☐ Golden Blonde
☐ Titian Reddish Brown ☐ Titian Reddish Blonde ☐ Black ☐ Light Golden Blonde

Music in the Movies

(*Continued from page* 40)

is the title, and we may add that it is also lovely to listen to. (Victor.)

FROM the "Folies Bergere," Abe Lyman and his California orchestra play "Singing a Happy Song." Lyman gives us a smart interpretation, although slightly on the heavy side. Abe has done so much stage work that the flashy introductions are getting to be second nature with him. Nice stuff withal, and Phil Neely is featured as vocalist.

"Au Revoir, L'Amour," is the tune on the reverse side, affording us another chance to listen to Abe Lyman and his California orchestra. Phil Neely is again the vocal artist. (Brunswick.)

BENNY GOODMAN and his orchestra have prepared an entertaining bit as they play "Blue Moon." Goodman's popularity increases daily, and we are sure that this record will bring him a host of new friends. Helen Ward sings the vocal chorus.

An altogether different type of tune is on the reverse side, and it's "Throwin' Stones at the Sun." Plenty of swing to this, and lots of Benny's well-known clarinet work. Again the vocal is by Helen Ward. (Columbia.)

RAY NOBLE is responsible for this next bit of entertainment. Any record with Noble's name attached is bound to be entertaining. "Dreaming a Dream" is the name of the melody, and it's one that Ray recorded in England before he left for the States.

The number on the other side is called "Sitting Beside o' You" and is played by Jack Johnson and his orchestra. This is the band that, in our estimation, will take Noble's place while Ray is in this country. (Victor.)

ANOTHER record of another tune from "Folies Bergere" is heard as Abe Lyman and his California orchestra play, "I Was Lucky." A slow, ballad type of number with sax organ effects and nice brass figures. Louis Rapp does the vocal chorus.

"Rhythm of the Rain" is the tune on the reverse side, also from the Folies and also played by Abe Lyman. A slow tempo number, too, but played with considerably more rhythm and swing. The vocal chorus is sung by Phil Neely. (Brunswick.)

BACK again to the "Gold Diggers of 1935" as we listen to Hal Kemp and his orchestra play "The Words Are in My Heart." A waltz it is, this time, and a very pleasing one too. Excellent muted trumpet work and a swell vocal by Bob Allen.

On the other side it's the "Lullaby of Broadway" that Hal Kemp plays. It's okay, but just a shade or so under Little Jack Little's bit in our estimation. However, Bob Allen's vocal work is a bit more inspired than Little Jack's. (Brunswick.)

FROM good to better as we listen to another Hal Kemp record. This time it's "A Little White Gardenia," that nifty tune by Sam Coslow, from "All the King's Horses." Again it's the muted trumpet that stands out and Skinny Ennis is the featured vocalist.

"I'm Goin' Shoppin' with You" is the coupling, so you'll have a choice between Hal Kemp and Little Jack Little. (Brunswick.)

See you next month.

Shopping with Joan

(*Continued from page 25*)

"It was in 'Forsaking All Others,' that I began wearing a ribbon to hold the long locks on the left side of my head in place because of camera angles. I've found it such a becoming style and so comfortable that I'm surprised I didn't think of it before."

With two new frocks, the next half hour was spent in selecting accessories to wear with them. Among these was a lovely shallow jeweled evening bag with an emerald clasp.

Suddenly she spied some cunningly contrived hair clips of brilliants and pounced on them with glee, exclaiming, as she selected the design, "Look, this will take the place of my velvet bow for evening wear!"

Delighted with her discovery, Joan however, flatly refused to listen to the argument that she should have two clips, insisting that one suited her better.

I was discovering that Joan is a good shopper. She knows what she wants, is definite in her tastes and not influenced into buying what she doesn't like.

I don't think Joan is especially clothes-conscious. I'm sure the subject doesn't absorb her as it does many stars. She enjoys being well dressed because it is part of the nicer aspects of life and her career demands it. She likes to wear beautiful costumes on the screen when they belong to her role. Otherwise, she feels she is being presented as a clothes model rather than an actress and this doesn't please her.

She's an individualist but not an extremist. While she likes new, unusual things and can wear them with a distinctive flair, she avoids all eccentricities. The gayest laugh of our tour came when she mischievously tried on one of the new shiny straw hats with a grotesque crown for she became hilariously amused at the picture of herself reflected in the long mirror. Which also shows she can laugh at herself.

"Hats are so important for they frame the face," said Joan. "I consider a hat the keynote of my entire ensemble. The first consideration is becomingness. If it doesn't accentuate my best features, in other words 'do' something for me, I pass it by. It is very important to learn what not to wear."

And speaking of lingerie! Or wasn't I? But I must rave over Joan's!

She has it made especially for her out of the loveliest satin—white, too, mind you, not pink or blue, and they are strictly tailored with an occasional bit of very fine embroidery worked on them. Her little short panties, her slips and her nightgowns, which always have long sleeves because she says her arms get cold, haven't a lacy ruffle in sight. Her negligees and pajamas, which she wears at home are usually white and they, too, favor tailored lines. She adores mules and declares her bill for these comfy foot frivolities is greater than for her shoes. She has monograms on her linens, her bags and handkerchiefs but they must be small, graceful letters.

She likes to dress for dinner and has a number of simple white dinner gowns, with an ocasional blue one for a change. She never wears pink, purples or lavenders for she thinks they do not suit her.

Joan looks forward all week to Saturday afternoon for it is then she dons a blue and white gingham dress and arranges the flowers for every room in her big house in Brentwood Heights. She gets peevish if anyone tries to assist her. When she has a few free days she delights in rearranging her dresser drawers and looking through her closets. She has no personal maid except at the studio for she likes to wait on herself. She confesses she's a bit fussy about her own things and has old-maidish ideas. Her bill at the cleaners must be huge for she insists on having her frocks, coats and sports clothes cleaned after only a few wearings.

Joan is five feet, four inches tall, and weighs one hundred and thirty-one pounds. She uses blood-red nail polish and a deep lip rouge but otherwise uses no make-up and her skin is marvelously smooth and lovely. Her hair is its natural light brown.

She is really prettier off the screen than on and for some reason, the camera has never captured her full quota of charm. She is more girlish, more spontaneous and softer, than in her picture roles.

During our shopping there were always people hovering around us watching Joan and there was no more privacy for her than the proverbial goldfish.

I asked her how she kept her poise.

"It isn't easy but I've grown a little used to it," she confessed. "I think we of the screen should never forget that we depend on the public's favor for our success and we should never be discourteous nor rude. One thoughtless act may have far reaching effects."

At last, wearying of clothes, we stopped to admire some novel tomato and orange juice glasses. Next, she was attracted to a French blue coffee set but with a sigh, she turned resolutely away.

"Let's have luncheon," she suddenly exclaimed. "I'm starved, aren't you?"

So we made our way to the French dining-room at the Ambassador, where the headwaiter had Joan's favorite table overlooking the patio gardens, ready for her.

After ordering we spent the time admiring Dolores Costello Barrymore, who with her little girl, was sitting at the next table. We agreed she never looked lovelier.

Our waiter came with a tray of relishes and within the next few minutes I witnessed a bit of drama that was a visible explanation of why Joan Crawford is so popular with everyone whose life she touches.

Accidentally, as he placed the relishes on the table, the waiter touched her glass, turning it over, the water filling her plate and splashing down onto her skirt.

Miserable, he stood rooted with embarrassment. Quick as a flash, Joan's laugh rang out. "We don't mind a little thing like that," she said, cheerily. "Why such things happen to all of us. Anyway, I was out in the rain yesterday and that was much, much worse."

Then, as I began wiping the water from her skirt, she said, with a merry grin, "Napkins, bring us a bunch of napkins."

"I'll change the cloth," ventured the waiter, but Joan gaily interrupted, "Nonsense, that isn't necessary. A few napkins and we'll be as good as new."

As the man, still agitated, started to remove her plate and glass, Joan picked up a small creamer and with utter nonchalance, tipped it over.

"Oh look what I've done!" came her surprised exclamation. "Now, that's a lot worse than spilling water."

For a full second the waiter looked at her. His face held comprehension, with several emotions racing over it. Then he said quietly, "I'll bring some cream," and walked away.

Neither Joan nor I spoke. I couldn't. I had been given a quick flash of an understanding soul.

■ **Miss Helen Mitchell Stedman, of New York, of exquisitely fragile blonde beauty, says: "Pond's Rose Brunette Powder gives my skin the loveliest glow!"**



Blonde looked Pale... Faded

The Color Analyst advised a Brunette Powder!

■ **Over 200 girls' skin color-analyzed—to find the hidden beauty tints in skin, now blended *invisibly* in Pond's new powder shades.**

SHE WAS A PRETTY GIRL—that is, she would have been if her skin weren't so dull and washed-out looking. It made even her hair and eyes look faded. She was using a *flesh* powder of a popular make. It made her skin look positively chalky! "You are deadening your skin with that powder," the Color Analyst said. "See what this will do." He put on Pond's Rose Brunette. She looked at herself in amazement. "Why it's lovely!" she said breathlessly. Her skin glowed enchantingly. Her hair looked like spun gold. Her eyes sparkled like jewels!

TO FIND OUT just what hidden tints gave beautiful blonde skin its enchanting transparency—what gave brunette skin its glamorous warmth—Pond's color-analyzed the skin of over 200 girls.

They found the answer in the most surprising tints hidden in skin—*bright blue* in blonde skin, *brilliant green* in brunette. These tints they blended *invisibly* in Pond's new powder shades. Now no one need have dull, faded skin.

These entirely different shades bring to your skin just the color note it lacks. They will tone florid skin to a creamy hue . . . make dull brunette skin glow . . . bring to faded blonde skin a lovely brilliance. And this powder goes on smoothly—clings. It keeps your skin looking its best for hours. And it never clogs your pores or cakes!

If your present powder is not helping you, try these new Pond's shades—

Rose Cream—gives a faint flush and clear blonde coloring

Natural—a delicate flesh tint

Brunette—a velvety, creamy tone becoming to many blondes

Rose Brunette—warms pale, faded skins

Light Cream—for those to whom an ivory tone is becoming

You can try them without expense—just send in the coupon below. See how much better you like this powder than any you ever used before.

5 DIFFERENT SHADES—FREE!

... mail coupon today

(THIS OFFER EXPIRES AUGUST 1, 1935)

POND'S, Dept. F92, Clinton, Conn.

Please send me free 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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Now
AN IMPROVED MASCARA

New Emollient Winx Widely Welcomed. Gives Your Eyes Alluring Beauty

MY final achievement in cake mascara, my *new* emollient Winx is a nation-wide sensation. It brings women everywhere the finest lash beautifier my experience can produce—one with a new, soothing effect that solves old-time problems.

It has three virtues, this new emollient Winx, which I can prove:

(1) It has a greater spreading capacity, overcoming the artificial look of an ordinary mascara.

(2) Its soothing, emollient oils keep lashes soft and silky with no danger of brittleness.

(3) It cannot smart or sting or cause discomfort. It is tear-proof, smudge-proof, absolutely harmless.

I'm so confident that I've won leadership in eye make-up that I can afford this offer—your money back, without question, if you don't agree that I can beautify your eyes.

Give your lashes a long, silky effect with my Winx Cake Mascara. Shape your brows with a Winx pencil. Shadow your lids with Winx Eye Shadow. The result will delight you, giving your face new charm.

Buy any or all of my Winx eye beautifiers. Make a trial. If you are not pleased, *for any reason,* return the box to me and I'll refund your full price, no questions asked.

Louise Ross



I Owe a Lot to Will Rogers

(*Continued from page* 18)

America from coast to coast, and took me into small towns where most of the stars I imitated had not been seen, I never had to worry with "Will" and the lariat tucked away in my box of imitative tricks.

HAVING, I hope, explained the title of this effusion, which so far reads like a rush of I's to the typewriter, we will turn to Will Rogers, the man. Where there's a will there's a way, but where there's a Will Rogers there's a flock of ways, most of them winning—all of them lucrative. Whoever said "Jack of all trades, master of none" reckoned without a guy who would one day come trotting out of Oklahoma on a cow pony and grind that well worn quotation in the dust under his restless feet. If he's not in the air, he's on it. When he's not in pictures, he's on the stage. When he is not writing for a paper, he's being quoted by one, and when in doubt, he's playing for a benefit. If I could be sure that he would ever stand still, I would say that he stands alone as a master of all trades, at least of all the six or seven he has roped and hog-tied for his own personal round-up.

A lot of stars have combined radio and pictures. Stage stars "Air" themselves successfully now and then. Writers broadcast and still hang on to their newspaper jobs. But where, and you don't need to try to answer, is there another personality in America who is shooting for public approval from as many angles as Will Rogers, and hitting the bull's eye every time? In dragging the bull in by the horns, I don't mean to link Will with "bull" because of all the clear thinking, free speaking so and so's who ever got paid to tell the world just how to spin on its axis, Will Rogers is that "sucha."

I knew him some time before he started to contribute to my support. We played together in vaudeville. He had a horse and a lariat. There was nothing he couldn't do with the rope, but he was so shy that he wouldn't even talk to the horse. Today he thinks nothing of telling a king that his crown is not on straight.

Will often seems to make a slip and say something he didn't mean to say. Listen, folks, the only thing that one will ever slip on is a banana peel, and being part Indian he always has one ear to the ground. So don't think he can't see the banana peel before it sees him. Behind that cascade of chuckles and gurgles which is ever flowing over his barbed observations, there runs a cool stream of thought down which the Oklahoma Oracle paddles his own canoe. Every time it looks as if he might be going over the verbal falls, Will grabs on to what looks like a willow tree, and suddenly it becomes a sturdy oak. If you ask me why, and even if you don't, I'd say it's because the guy has a heart of gold. I can say that with safety since the decision of the supreme court. Mind you, I'm not saying that there isn't some platinum evident now and then.

Rogers, the cowboy, has become an international big shot, so he couldn't be expected to remain entirely "get-atable." Naturally there are secretaries stalling off the flotsam and jetsam who, although starving, are always able to get hold of a pen and some ink to request that the mortgage be paid at once, and who usually manage to obtain special delivery stamps or the price to register a letter. Ask the gal who gets them by hundreds and worries about them. What I'm getting at via a mental detour, is that if I should play a benefit and not find Will participating, I would know he was ill, or that Mrs. Rogers (who is a peach) had finally said, "Fun's fun—and you will stay home one night!"

You may have read in his column a few weeks ago, of how he and Mrs. Rogers came to New York from Washington. Incidentally Washington is a great help to Will. When he gets a bit low on comedy material he goes to the capital and listens to the Senators talking seriously. Anyway, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers came to New York for one of his *broadblasts*—pardon, broadcasts. No sooner had Will arrived than the benefit "giver-outers" grabbed him. He played two that Sunday night, besides his own Arial-Oil appearance. Just as he can be in Moscow sopping up Soviet data one week, and be in America handing out Rogers Rudism the next, so he was that night leaping from radio network to theater, and back to the opposition network in a space of two hours. Who else but Rogers can make Columbia Broadcasting Company (who pay him) and National Broadcasting Company (who, I'm sure, would like to pay him) in one night? Between the two he breezed into the Actors Fund Benefit, and believe me, breezed is the only word for it.

There I saw him. A rather chic Will sartorially speaking. A tremendously sentimental Will really. There were lots of old-timers on the program and it was the New Amsterdam Theatre. I saw the tears in Will's eyes. I knew he was thinking of the old days and of Ziegfeld, but I didn't think he would shoot his entire Sunday column about it, risking criticism of the younger generation who don't give a half a whoop about what happened twenty years ago, or a quarter of a whoop about what is going to happen twenty years from now. But he did it, and it isn't because he said nice things about me that I say, "Atta Will!" It's because he is one guy who says what he darn well feels, in print, on the very precious and censored air, and won't play a part on the screen or stage that he doesn't feel. "Ain't that *'sumthin'?"* Well, if you don't think it is, I'll take a few days off some time and tell you about the big shots I know who are scared of the press, the executives, the fans and—the camera.

Of course, Will doesn't have to worry about the camera. He cracked that long ago. The press, he has it all over like the stratosphere, because he has been writing for one paper for over five years, and with that one paper goes a syndication that resembles a chain of five and ten emporiums. Executives—I'm sure if you said to Will, "How do you feel about executives?" he would grin and say, "Adjectives I juggle round with, superlatives I kinda dally with, but executives, well, all I know is what I read in the papers." He would probably add sheepishly, "Papers are contracts, ain't they?"

Which means that Will doesn't have to worry, and yet he does. Worries about Russia despite all the gags he pulls about it. He can't overlook all the tragedy he saw there. Worries about the extras in Hollywood who are not getting a break. Worries about his attractive young daughter, Mary, who is destined to be a swell actress according to reports, but he is interested enough to fly to Maine to look her over as she plays in a summer stock company. Worries probably about the crops and live stock on his wonderful ranch which skirts the waistline of Beverly Hills. But what can he do about it?



"WHEN I first saw Clopay 15c Window Shades, it was hard to believe they could possibly cost so little. They actually look many times their price."

Dainty chintz-like patterns by leading American designers will win you instantly and you'll find the plain colors also exceptionally attractive. No wonder they are used daily in over a million homes!

Clopays are amazingly durable, too. Cannot crack, pinhole or ravel on the edges. Their patented creped texture not only adds to their beauty but also makes them hang straight, roll straight and wear longer. Attach to old rollers in a jiffy without tacks or tools. See CLOPAYS at your favorite "5 and 10" or neighborhood store. Send 3c for color samples to the

CLOPAY CORPORATION
1419 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio



New **FABRAY**
Out does Oilcloth

"As much as the saving on CLOPAY Shades amazed me—I am even more astonished by value in FABRAY! It looks and feels like the most expensive oilcloth, yet costs ⅓ to ½ less. It wears as well as oilcloth, too, and, better still, will not crack or peel. The many designs are simply stunning and the colors and patterns in extremely good taste."

FABRAY is an entirely new and revolutionary product. It has the same surface as oilcloth, yet it can be creased or folded without cracking or peeling because its backing is solid, tough fibre instead of scrim. As easy to wash as tile. You will find FABRAY in all standard table and shelf widths at your favorite "5 and 10" or neighborhood store. Send 10c for 2½-yard roll of shelving—state color preference.

CLOPAY CORPORATION
1425 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

I Owe a Lot to Will Rogers

He is definitely our ace humorist. He must discuss funny things, and so editorially, or on the air, he turns to politics and we all laugh. If Will ever takes up the serious problems of our day, we are in for it. The laugh is definitely married to the tear, and Rogers could be the presiding parson any time he wants to.

Meanwhile there he is. Well, here and there he is. Gulliver was a stationary washstand compared to Rogers and his travels. It's a cinch he is not running away from anything, and I should hate to see him settle down, unless it were in some spot where as a representative American he might prove how perfectly that description suits him. I'm so sorry we didn't enter the World Court, because I was all set to advise sending Rogers to sit in the international game of "strip politics." He would have taken their shirts, mentally.

I have no idea of Will's age. If those laughing lines mean anything he's well past Half Way House, which means to me, looking backward and saying, "It's been swell so far." Then looking forward and saying, "Is that a hill ahead? Well, lead me to it!" To see that crinkled buzzard playing polo out in California with the kids and cleaning up, I can't even believe that he is the same fellow I knew twenty-five years ago. Then suddenly onto the polo field gallops Rogers Junior and rides Papa off like no one's business, least of all mine. So I just have to say, "What the heck! I'm not trying to hide my own age, why should I try to conceal Will's?"

Goodness knows he doesn't conceal anybody's or anything. Whatever his age may be it's certainly his age—this age.

You know the greatest compliment we can pay anyone is to admit that he or she doesn't remind us of anyone. I'm not particularly bent on paying Will compliments—he's being paid enough of everything already—but you must admit that you can't say Rogers reminds me of George Whosit or Pete Whatnot who was so famous years ago. He couldn't have happened years ago. The years couldn't have taken it, to say nothing of the year bearers. The only thing he can remind you of is to be glad you are not a public character who deserves a razzing. You'd get it from Will. On the other hand, you might be reminded that if you are not a public character and are in need of a lift, you don't have to smoke the cigarette which guarantees same. Read Rogers! Listen to Rogers! See Rogers! But please, as a favor to me, don't write Rogers. So far he thinks I'm a nice gal, so don't let him in on our secret.

If Garbo Wears a Hat

(*Continued from page* 18)

covered with them, literally, in "Shanghai Express." Travis Banton, who designs all the costumes seen in Paramount pictures, executed her outfit to be in keeping with the character she portrayed . . . and was amazed when he discovered he had popularized feathers and boas once more.

One of the best-known designers in motion pictures, Banton designs gowns, slippers, hats, et al, not with an eye to their setting new styles, but for the sole purpose of the stars' being atmospherically correct when they wear his creations in a picture. He received a shock the first time he ever saw one of his gowns reproduced in the mode of the day . . . and it is a never-ending source of astonishment to him to know that his fashions are constantly setting new trends in feminine attire.

The flowing draperies of the new gowns, jeweled collars, sandals, negligees, feathered turbans . . . these fineries of the moment are directly traceable to the costuming of Claudette Colbert in "Cleopatra."

Mae West set a new style—or should I say a revamp of the old?—in her wearing of the hour-glass costume in "She Done Him Wrong." The effervescent Mae also brought curves back into popularity.

Kay Francis' bare-back gown in "Jewel Robbery" established that vogue, since found modified in many ways . . . and the tunic dress Jean Harlow wore in "The Blonde Bombshell" has been widely copied by designers the country over.

REMEMBER the silly little pill-box hat Garbo donned for "As You Desire Me"? It immediately created a demand for hats of this order. Shirley Temple and Baby Jane dresses have been on the market for some time, each a copy of a little dress seen on these starlets in one or another of their films. And, believe it or not, four of the dresses designed for "Little Women" are featured this season by a famous Paris gown shop, exact replicas of those old-fashioned styles. For the first time in history, the smart women's magazines are offering their readers elaborate layouts of new styles glimpsed on the screen.

The influence of motion pictures on fashions may thus be clearly seen. Fashion experts throughout the East acknowledge this without hesitation, and even from far-off London assenting voices may be heard.

Victor Stiebel, whose styles now are the rage of the English capital, on a recent visit to Hollywood confided that his journey to the cinema center meant at least ten thousand dollars additional each month to him. More women than ever would patronize him, he said, when he announced that he had made a personal study of some of the best-dressed women on the screen. Conclusive evidence, this, of the truth of the above paragraph.

And before we continue . . . Lily Dache, noted millinery creator of Paris and New York, while she, too, was spending several weeks in Hollywood studying the fashions of the studios, became so intrigued with the clothes worn by Miss Dietrich in "The Devil Is a Woman," latest picture of the German star, that she told Travis Banton she planned copying some of the hats that will be viewed in that film. High praise, again, for Hollywood and its fashions.

WHENEVER a feminine star changes her hair-dress, immediately thousands of inquiries pour into the studio, asking for news on this new style of coiffure.

(*Please turn to page* 54)



Dr. Alban Girault, the French expert, says:
"Almost unbelievable how well it works."
Dr. Girault, lately chief of clinic, Paris Faculty of Medicine, member of leading medical societies, says: "I was amazed. Instead of acting harshly as cathartics do, it restores bowel action naturally . . . *A notable discovery.*"

Almost unheard of . . . these results in a noted U. S. hospital

IN Hospitals in this country, astonishing results are being obtained with the new Fleischmann's Yeast: 93% of constipation cases corrected in one clinic; 83% of indigestion cases relieved in another; 89% of skin cases of digestive origin in another! Typical cases from one hospital's records are:

CASE OF T.E. MAN. AGE 30.

Suffered from chronic constipation. *Used strong cathartics habitually.* Tongue coated. Showed obvious symptoms of autointoxication from bowel wastes.

Eating three cakes of the new Fleischmann's Yeast daily gave improvement by end of first week of the treatment. *Easier bowel movements daily without laxatives.* Felt better.

CASE OF K. M. MAN. AGE 62.

Had used strong cathartics and enemas for chronic constipation for 10 years. Discomfort from gas. Pale, weak. Was on a special diet.

Treatment with Fleischmann's new Yeast improved his digestion. *Patient was able to discontinue cathartics and enemas as a result.* Feels better. No discomfort from gas. Now has natural daily bowel evacuations.

CASE OF K. Q. WOMAN. AGE 51.

Had used strong cathartics for chronic constipation for years. Appetite poor. Frequent headaches. Very nervous. Complained of abdominal heaviness.

After eating Fleischmann's new Yeast, appetite improved. *After one week, had daily evacuations without cathartics.* Feels very well, no headaches. Nervousness relieved, no more discomfort from gas.

Completely corrected by this new discovery...

CHRONIC CASES OF CONSTIPATION

A new food supplies "Protective Substances" your stomach, bowels need. No ordinary food, even fruits and vegetables, supplies enough!

HOSPITALS are now correcting even stubborn cases of constipation—simply by adding *one food* to the diet!

For some time it has been known that "protective substances" were needed in the diet for the stomach and bowels to work properly. When these "protective substances" are undersupplied—people become constipated.

Ordinary foods—even fruits and green vegetables—do not supply enough of these substances.

Richest Known Source

But *one food* now supplies them in abundance . . . is *their richest source!*

This food is the new Fleischmann's Yeast. This new fresh yeast starts an increased flow of stomach juices—tones and strengthens nerves and muscles all through your stomach and intestinal tract.

Then digestion improves. Bowels work better. The skin clears. Energy increases. You don't tire so easily.

Begin to eat the new Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly!* Don't stop when you begin to feel better, but go on eating it! Follow the simple rules below.

Eat three or more cakes of this new Fleischmann's Yeast each day. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in a little water . . . or in milk or fruit juices—or spread on a cracker.

Eat it one-half hour before each meal. This gives it a chance to start your digestive juices flowing before other food enters your stomach.

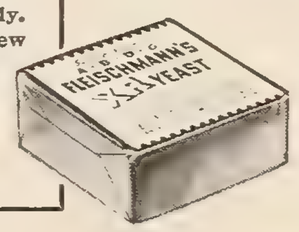
If you're taking cathartics, discontinue them gradually. As this new yeast strengthens your bowels, you can stop using laxatives entirely.

You can get the new Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, soda fountains and restaurants—in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label.

TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

In recent tests, Fleischmann's new Yeast increased peptic activity up to 30%; speeded up stomach's "emptying time" 34%; increased gastric secretion and motility measurably.

The most important substance in this new yeast resembles a *digestive hormone.* It also supplies *four vitamins:* Vitamin A, for the health of epithelial tissue, B for proper nerve functioning, G for growth, and D to aid in the assimilation of lime.



THE NEW FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST is a food—not a medicine. It can give complete bowel regularity . . . help you to *keep* free from constipation and the many ailments it causes.

Constipation may be serious. To be sure, see a doctor.

NRA CODE

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YOUR SKIN
IS SO LOVELY, DEAR!



TO END SKIN TROUBLES

***Try This Improved Pasteurized Yeast That's* EASY TO EAT**

IN case after case, pimples and blotches, like muddiness and lack of color in the skin, are caused by a sluggish system. That is why external treatments bring you so little lasting relief.

Thousands have found in Yeast Foam Tablets a pleasant, easy way to correct the skin troubles caused by digestive sluggishness.

Science now knows that very often slow, imperfect elimination of body wastes is brought on by insufficient vitamin B complex. The stomach and intestines, deprived of this essential element, no longer function properly. Your digestion slows up. Poisons, accumulating in your system, cause ugly eruptions and bad color.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin B complex needed to correct this condition. These tablets are pure pasteurized yeast—and yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. This improved yeast should strengthen and tone up your intestinal nerves and muscles. It should quickly restore your digestive and eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, pimples and other common skin troubles disappear. And your whole system benefits so that you *feel* better as well as *look* better.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets have a pleasant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy. Pasteurization makes Yeast Foam Tablets utterly safe for everyone to eat. *They cannot cause fermentation in the body,* and they contain nothing to put on fat.



Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Refuse substitutes. Begin now to let these pleasant little tablets clear your skin and build up your health!

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

FREE MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
You may paste this on a penny post card

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. *TG 6-35*
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

If Garbo Wears a Hat

(Continued from page 53)

The effect of Jean Harlow's platinum-blonde hair is well known. Many have attempted to emulate her. And, in days gone by, Colleen Moore's Dutch bob set a style for thousands of women and girls.

More recently, the "frou-frou" bangs assumed by Katharine Hepburn for her part of Jo in "Little Women" caught the fancy of the so-called "weaker sex" all over the world. To mention a single instance of their popularity, a hairdresser in a Kansas City beauty shop was obliged to cut out a picture of Miss Hepburn wearing the bangs and paste it on her mirror, so that she might study the full details, so many were the requests from her customers for that style of hair-dress.

Joan Crawford and Carole Lombard both have been important factors in setting new styles in hair, and each regularly receives a vast amount of fan mail from girls and women requesting advice on how to fix their tresses. Not infrequently stars are asked by beauty parlors to sponsor a new haircut, or some way of wearing the hair, and every smart shop religiously keeps up with the styles of coiffure as worn by the stars.

In furniture and house-furnishings, particularly, is seen the weight of the films. "Our Dancing Daughters," one of Joan Crawford's first successes, will be recalled as having introduced modernistic furniture to the American film public.

Later productions utilized this type of room decoration still more, and ere long the pulse of the furniture-buying populace was touched to the degree that thousands, and possibly millions, of homes now are furnished along modern lines. To Cedric Gibbons, head of the art department of Metro-Goldwyn and husband of Dolores Del Rio, goes the credit for the inception of this type of furniture on the screen.

Almost unbelievable are the number of requests from designers and manufacturers for new ideas in design. The point has been reached whereby a studio finds it nearly impossible to purchase furniture to dress any modern set, so marked is the influence of previous pictures on the pieces in the stores and in the factories. For this reason every studio has its own art department, which designs all modern furniture used in its productions.

Among recent pictures, "The Gay Divorcee" stands as an excellent example of a film play influencing the art decoration of the day. As you may recall, ultra-modern sets and furnishings featured every scene. The chromium fixtures especially intrigued the attention of the nation, and since the release of that hit, public and decorators alike have become "fixture-conscious." From all over this country and Europe, as well, there have been a large number of requests regarding new lighting effects.

Entire sets, too, prove a lure for the public to write to the studios. A wealthy surgeon of Boston, for instance, asked Paramount to send him a detailed plan of the Revolutionary-period living-room used in "Pursuit of Happiness," since he was building a summer home at Cape Cod and wished to construct his house about such a room.

A LARGE majority of the pieces played by orchestras were first heard on the screen. Particularly noteworthy is the fact that since "Stingaree" and "One Night of Love" the public has turned to grand opera in surprising numbers. Since those films reached the theaters, each with operatic scores, studios have been deluged with requests for more singing. "One Night of Love" in particular awakened for the first time the interest of many in grand opera. It produced a new appreciation of classical music.

Dancing, also, has been influenced largely by the films. Radio Pictures receive on an average 12,000 letters a month, asking how to dance the Carioca (seen in "Flying Down to Rio") and the Continental (from "The Gay Divorcee"). The national association of dancing teachers even has suggested that the studios ease up on their dances as presented on the screen . . . make them less difficult for the average couple.

When Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen directed their celebrated "Oh, yeah" bombardment upon one another, in their various pictures, they immediately popularized that expression, and Jack Oakie's "Skip it," in "From Hell to Heaven," likewise exercised its sway over the speech of the land. "Nuts," of course, has been heard in even the most conservative circles since "The Big Parade," some years ago.

WITH the age of sophistication on the screen manners have changed. Nearly every fan has some favorite after whom he patterns himself, either consciously or unconsciously, and many a one goes far out of his way in an attempt to be like his idol of the films.

By the same token, love-making has become more subtle, less a declamatory contest than formerly. Young swains, through having witnessed a picture lover woo his maid in a style which they admire, set out to win their lady-loves in much the same fashion.

Ronald Colman's reserve, Robert Montgomery's breeziness, Clark Gable's virility . . . all find their devotees among the young men of today. Gone are the days when the man bends his knee in proposal . . . the mode now is to sweep the girl off her feet. John Gilbert had a hand in this. Greater facility in speech and expression on these occasions may be credited to the potency of the screen.

In well-nigh every field, every branch of life, the movies exert influence. There can be little doubt but that the screen is one of the greatest forces for good, for advancement, known to present-day civilization . . . and Hollywood may well be proud of its effect upon the modes and manners of the day.

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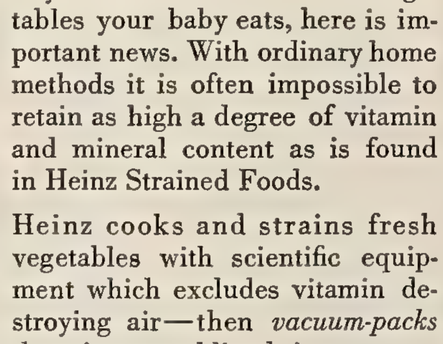
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57

MAKE YOUR OWN BEAUTY MASK

Learn how to make and apply your own facial mask at home. Masks made from honey, or yeast, or oatmeal, or sweet cream, are only a few of the many described in the new circular, MASKS FOR BEAUTY. Facial masks tend to tighten flabby muscles, stimulate circulation, and give a smooth, clear complexion. For your copy of MASKS FOR BEAUTY, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to the Beauty Editor, New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Diary of a Hollywood News Hound

(*Continued from page* 4)

company. Boss 'sleep. Boss get married las' night!' Shut door firmly.

"Rang door bell for half an hour. No results. Left Frank in the car and went around to back. Gate to kitchen yard locked. Skinned shins trying to climb wall. Bread wagon arrived and gate was unlocked. Rode inside in state amid whole-wheat loaves, doughnuts and pies. Went in kitchen to consternation of more Filipino boys. Carried on one-sided conversation. Reconnoitered. Located house phone system in hall. Watched chance and rang 'Master Bedroom.' Filipino boys horrified.

"Gilbert said 'Hello.' Told him who I was and where. Told him not to blame Filipino boys because this wasn't their fault. Told him I had to have pictures of him and Ina. He was nice. Said they would be out in an hour. I said an hour was too long to wait. He said they would make it half an hour.

"Let Frank in front door. Filipino boys helped me set table in patio. John and Ina appeared. Ina elegant in pink sports dress, simple and smart. Yellow hair brushed off forehead. John in flannels and shirt open at collar.

"They were jovial and happy. Posed as we wanted. Joked between themselves and razzed me in a nice way about butting in on honeymoon. Weren't even peeved when I asked how about Gene Markey and Greta Garbo—wouldn't they feel badly about this? Just told me they hadn't a thing to say about Gene and Greta.

"Back in the office at 9:30. Scooped the town with story and pictures. City editor pleased for once. Gave Frank and me tomorrow off."

MAYFAIR parties, when all the stars gather for dinner and dancing, are fun for a reporter, if you don't have to work too hard. This one was, anyway. But haven't times changed since this night of——

"October 31, 1930. Covered Mayfair party at Biltmore. Quite a time. Happiest couple there were Sally Eilers and Husband Hoot Gibson. Danced every dance together. Hoot's hair white as snow, incidentally. Photographers snapped Gloria Swanson with strange man, name of Farmer. Prettiest girl there, Jeanette MacDonald."

Gloria broke into print soon after this when she got her divorce from the Marquis de la Falaise. Here's about it—

"November 8, 1930. Gloria Swanson slipped into court during noon hour today to get divorce on the q.t. Nothing doing. Press got wise. Gloria wouldn't pose for picture so photogs. grabbed shots. Frank Bentley and I chased her out of courthouse into the street. She ran in front of a street car and tripped, losing her slipper but saving herself. Frank tripped, fell down and broke his camera. Gloria jumped into a taxi and left. No pictures. City editor very mad."

It always seemed to me too bad that Ina Claire and Jack Gilbert couldn't make a go of their marriage. They seemed so sure of happiness that May morning in 1929. But here is the second and last chapter of their saga. Incidentally, here is also, I think, proof that a "news hound" is sometimes willing to let a story go by the boards for the sake of that intangible something called "ethics"——

"February 14, 1931. Went out to Beverly Wilshire Hotel to see if Ina Claire would talk about her separation from John Gilbert. She was nice (she always is) and let me in, but wouldn't talk about Jack. In lieu, we discussed her picture work and Hollywood in general. She ordered coffee. I stayed quite a while.

"Finally, led subject up to John, again. Ina less reserved by now. Said these are troublous times in Hollywood with talkies coming in and everything. Said love doesn't have a chance in Hollywood. Said she and Jack had been having bad time trying to adjust themselves to new order of things in pictures and hadn't had time even to try to make their marriage go. Then she said in confidential way a woman has, talking to a pal: 'Anyway, Jack didn't know how to be a husband, really. He is sweet, but is only, after all, a naïve little boy——'

"Guess she saw the gleam in my eye as I visualized headline, to wit: 'Great Lover Naïve Little Boy Says Ina.' She clapped hand over her mouth and started crying. Told me she hadn't meant to say that. Said such a thing would make Jack laughing-stock of Hollywood, when he was having trouble in pictures, anyway. Said she always talked too much—would never forgive herself—please keep it out of the paper.

"Didn't know what to do. Story is a story and that one in class by itself. Sorry for Ina if I did print it and sorry for myself if I didn't. Left her at last, still undecided.

"Telephoned the city desk and was told to dictate what I had. Thought about those thousands of headlines, blazing today, forgotten tomorrow except by those they hurt. . . . Dictated flat story with nothing in it about 'naïve little boy.' City editor came on the line and said was that the best I could do. Told him yes. . . . Just a sap, me. A chicken-hearted sap. . . ."

THERE was a time when Hollywood waxed extremely interested in Los Angeles' famous David Clark murder trial. Every day a call or two would come from the drama editor asking those of us covering the trial to get some celebrity into the court room, past the crowds that waited in line outside for a seat, sometimes all day long. Here's more about it——

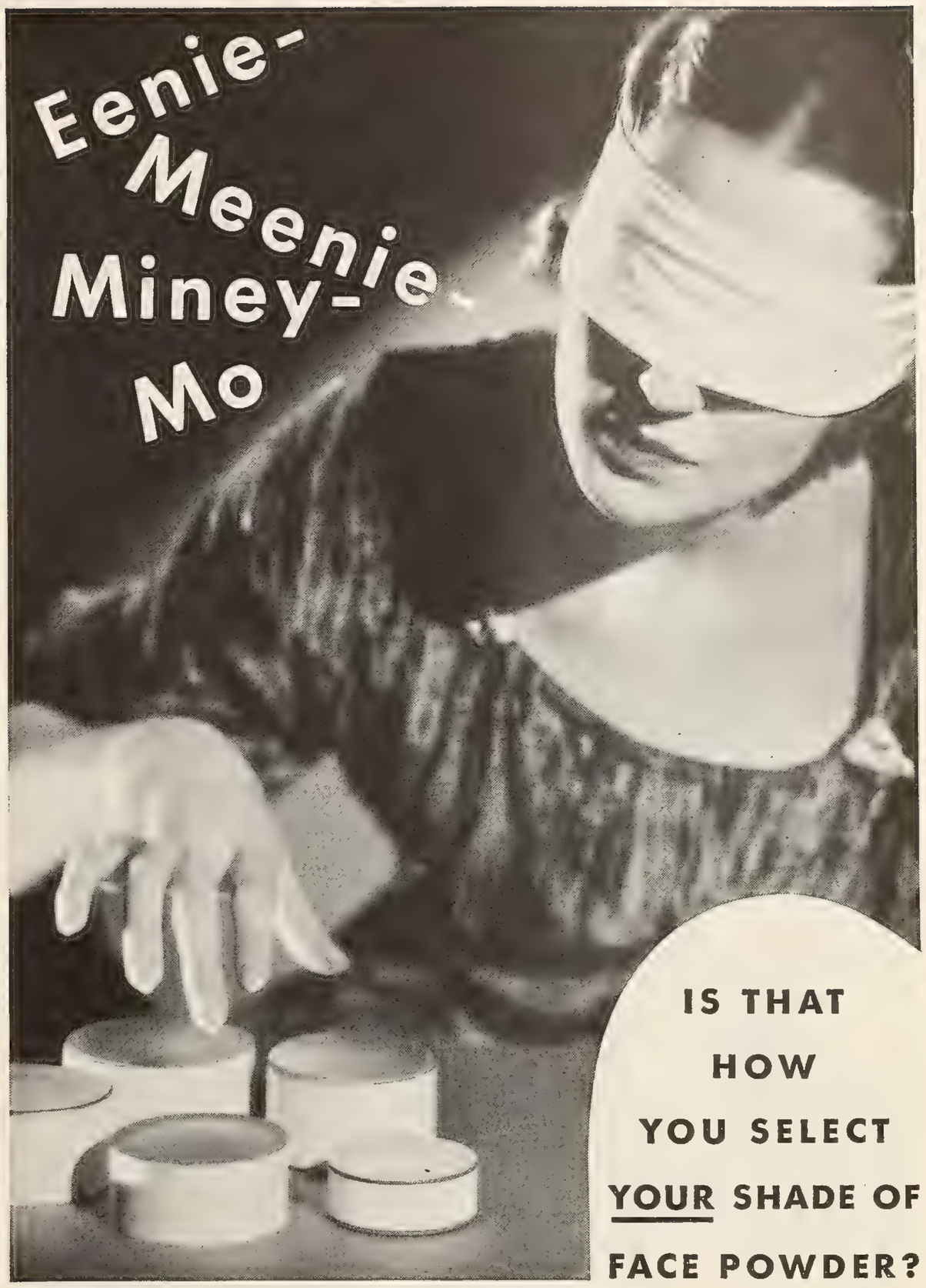
"August 5, 1931. Working on Dave Clark trial. Quite the fad for Hollywood to come a-visiting. Up to reporters to get the big shots in. Drama department's order. Gave my seat in the press row to Jetta Goudal today. Sat on the window sill.

"August 7, 1931. More Clark trial. More visitors from Hollywood. John Boles had my seat today. I sat on radiator.

"August 12, 1931. Still more Clark trial. Drama editor phoned and said Olga Baclanova would be down and could I get her in. She brought five others, including husband. Couldn't get them all past bailiff at the door, so took them up to the jail, then down in jail elevator and through prisoner's room to the court room. Olga had my seat and rest sat on folding chairs. I sat on our photographer's camera case.

"August 18, 1931. Clark trial. Gave my seat to Eric von Stroheim. Stood up all day."

(*Please turn to page* 56)



IS THAT HOW YOU SELECT YOUR SHADE OF FACE POWDER?

The Wrong Color Can Make You Look 5 to 10 Years Older!

By *Lady Esther*

If there's one thing you want to "try on", it's your face powder shades. You may not realize it, but it's a known fact among artists and make-up experts that the wrong shade of face powder can make you look older than you really are.

Many a woman's age is unjustly placed at 5 to 10 years more than it actually is simply on account of the color of face powder she uses. There is no greater error than to choose your face powder color on the basis of "type" or coloring. Matching isn't what you want at all, but flattery—enhancing of your natural gifts.

Seek to Flatter—Not to Match!

Many a brunette who uses a brunette or dark rachel powder wants another shade altogether. The same with blondes. Many a blonde who uses a light rachel or a beige really requires a darker tint. You must remember that the color of your hair doesn't govern the color of your skin. A brunette may have a very light skin, while a blonde may have quite a dark one, and vice versa.

The only sensible and practical way to choose your face powder shade is to "try on" all the five basic shades which colorists agree are sufficient to take care of all tones of skin. And this is the opportunity I give you, *at no cost to you!*

My Service to the Women of America

In order to help you solve the all important question of which shade of face powder for *you*, I will send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder absolutely free of cost. When you try on all five shades, as you must, you will discover whether you have been right or wrong in your shade of face powder and whether you have been benefiting or suffering as a result.

Many times it's the woman who is most sure of her shade of face powder that is most astonished with the results of this test. Many times it is the shade that a woman would never suspect that proves to be most youthifying and flattering.

Mail the coupon or a postcard today and learn for yourself whether you are doing yourself justice or injustice in the shade of face powder you are using.

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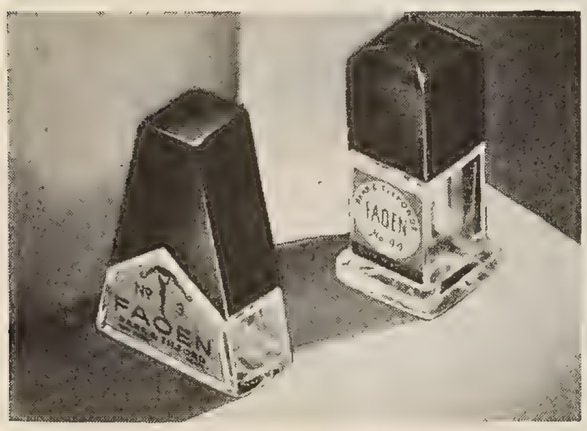
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PARK & TILFORD'S

FAOEN

(FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids

Diary of a Hollywood News Hound

(*Continued from page 55*)

AND here is where I get put out of one of Hollywood's very best homes. You wouldn't think it of Gloria, would you? Well, it was the butler who did it, anyway——

"November 7, 1931. Big news from New York. Gloria Swanson reported married to Michael Farmer. City editor sent me out to see her about it. 'Ask her if it is true,' he told me. I told him okay but the thing was, seeing her. It was only 7:30 A.M. but the maid said she had gone to studio. I went to studio. They said Gloria was home. Went back to Gloria's. Maid said she was at studio. Sat on porch for while. Went around to the side where porch chairs more comfortable. Rang bell. Maid said Gloria not back yet. Phoned studio. They said Gloria home. Kept this up all day.

"November 8, 1931. City editor thought maybe I could see Gloria today. Drove to her home 7 A.M. Maid said she had gone to studio. Phoned studio. They said she was home and so on until noon when butler, very hostile, said I couldn't sit on porch any more. Asked him why and he said never mind. I said all I wanted was to know whether Gloria was married to Farmer or not. He slammed door. Kept on porch—sitting until 2 o'clock when butler came out again. Said for me to leave. I asked him who said so and he told me: "Miss Swanson."

"I said, 'Ah, ha! Then she IS at home!' and he said: 'Young lady, you leave right now or else——' Decided he wasn't joking.

"November 9, 1931. City editor said never mind about trying to see Gloria today because we had a swell murder."

AND here are a couple of happy little entries connected with another famous Los Angeles trial—telling how Hollywood again came a-visiting and the result——

"November 12, 1931. Managed to get seats in court room for Florence Eldridge and Mrs. Ralph Bellamy. Florence especially chic. Nice, friendly manner. Reporters impressed.

"December 27, 1931. Florence Eldridge's secretary called today and said tickets for Florence's stage show, 'Private Lives' would be waiting at box office tonight. Arrived with boy friend to find SIX tickets, second row, center. Assembled four other pals. Swell show. Florence outstanding. Laurels to Fredric March for marrying her."

Now comes tragedy, centering about the platinum-haired Jean Harlow, with a lot of water under the bridge since she modelled that white satin dress——

"Labor Day, 1932. Great excitement over Paul Bern suicide. Jean Harlow woman of sorrow. Pictures. Headlines. Mystery. City editor told me to go out and see Jean. Said to get inside story. Explained she was supposed to be seeing no one but told me to see her anyway. 'Don't antagonize her,' he instructed. 'Just get in with a photographer and take her picture.' . . . We didn't antagonize her. . . . We didn't get in. There are some things——"

More divorces! Kathryn Carver's from Adolphe Menjou.

"August 5, 1933. Kathryn Carver appeared in court today. Object: divorce from Menjou. But nothing doing because case hadn't been properly set. Kathryn wouldn't pose for pictures, so photogs. tried grab shots. She got hysterical. Called the press uncomplimentary names. Left in tears."

Finally, however, Kathryn did manage to get her decree, to wit——

"August 14, 1933. Kathryn C. got her divorce today. Very decorative in blue dress, red belt."

HERE'S still another entry about Jean Harlow, with still more water under the bridge——

"Jean Harlow eloped with Cameraman Hal Rosson last night. Excitement at Jean's home today. Press there in full force. Congregated on back lawn with Step-papa Mario Bello very affable. Jean in white sports dress, girlish, but not so very bridal. Rosson looked tired and nervous. Business of taking pictures. Jean wouldn't pose with arm around new husband. Beer and sandwiches after it was all over. Somehow, I don't think that marriage is going to work. No reason to think it. . . . Just a hunch. . . ."

Maybe you remember Los Angeles' William Gettle kidnaping a year ago? Here's a sidelight——

"Sunday, May 13, 1934. No late sleeping today. Working on Gettle case, assigned to stake home, Beverly Hills. Camped all day in backyard with other reporters, photogs., etc. Mysterious figure suddenly climbed over back fence, landing with a thud in geranium bed. It was Neighbor Winnie Lightner. Said she was lonesome."

Bing Crosby's voice may be soft and sweet on the radio, but when it says "No," it is a pain in the neck to a reporter. This is a two-installment report concerning his new babies and the picture he wouldn't allow taken——

"June 27, 1934.

"It was twins at the Bing Crosbys today. 'Marian,' the C. E. instructed, 'take a camera man, go out to the hospital and——,' I interrupted him, '—get pictures of the Crosby twins. . . .' 'Yeh,' he said.

"But that wasn't what happened. The twins were in incubators and the incubators attached to the far wall of the nursery. No one but nurses could go into the nursery. So all we got was a picture of Bing arriving with a radio in one hand and an electric fan in the other for Wife Dixie Lee.

"August 18, 1934.

"The Crosby twins came out of the incubator today and went home, not without some commotion. The city editor sent our new photog., Perry Fowler, and me out to get those long-anticipated pictures. The idea was to photograph Bing and the kids as they were leaving, but it wasn't so simple. Bing, arriving in sweater and slacks, preparatory to escorting the babies home in state, said nothing doing. He wasn't crooning, either. Said Dixie had told him not to let anybody take their picture. Said she would give him the devil if he didn't mind her. Perry and I disgruntled but not discouraged. Descended to the basement where the Crosby limousine waited. I hid in the receiving room and Perry in the laundry. When Bing arrived with two nurses, each carrying a baby, Perry stepped out and boomed his flash gun. Bing jumped in front of the babies and nurses and shooed them into the car. Perry shot again, catching Bing all scrooged down inside. The city editor swore when he saw the picture and ran a bathing beauty instead."

MARY PICKFORD has long been America's sweetheart. After the following recounted visit to Pickfair, I came away agreeing with America's taste in stars. She's swell——

"August 21, 1934.

"Drove to Pickfair at 7 A.M. Object: Interview with Mary Pickford about



Diary of a Hollywood News Hound

how she and Douglas Fairbanks will make it up, now he's back from Europe. City editor excited about the idea. Mary not. Sent word by butler to come back next week. Phoned the paper and was told to go back right away. Went back and parked in front. Butler came out and said would I please go away. I said I couldn't. He said Miss Pickford thought my car looked funny parked out in front of her house. I told him it looked funny anywhere.

"Rang door-bell at thirty-minute intervals. No luck. City editor irate. By 5 P.M. so was butler. Mary still sent down word she was "sorry." So was I. Stayed until 7 P.M.

"August 22, 1934.

"Pickfair at 7 A.M. Rang door-bell at thirty-minute intervals. Mary obdurate about interview. Douglas drove up in automobile and dashed inside. Rang door-bell at five-minute intervals. No one would admit he was there. City editor profane and impolite. Decreased door-bell ringing to former thirty-minute intervals. Butler still polite but with effort.

"At 3 o'clock butler came out and said Mary would see me. Said she felt sorry for me, sitting out there. Went inside, up long, green-carpeted stairs, through spacious salon to pretty little sitting-room overlooking garden. Mary very cordial and apologetic over my car-sitting marathon. Talked about the weather, books, pictures, various things having nothing to do with Douglas.

"Pinned her down about him and she said she couldn't talk about him. Said it was like wearing her heart on her sleeve to do that. I asked her if she was glad Doug was back and she said: 'Of course. One always is glad to see an old friend. But please don't ask me to discuss him because I just can't.'

"She was dressed in blue and looked sweet and tired and wistful. I liked her a lot. She wore a lovely string of tiny pearls and a big, square-cut sapphire on her engagement finger. When she looked at the ring, hurt would come into her eyes. I asked her about it, but she shook her head.

" 'There are so many things I cannot bring myself to speak of,' she said.

"She said a person never knows how much she can stand until she has to. Said life was a pattern, and heartbreak and loneliness are pieces in that pattern, mixed up like a jig-saw puzzle that maybe will make sense some day.

"The butler (his name is Joseph) served us wine and little cakes. I think Douglas was in the house all the time, but Mary wouldn't say so. When I left, she walked downstairs with me and shook hands three times. Thought I had a pretty good story, but the city editor was mad because she wouldn't say whether or not she would make up with Douglas. Cut me off at three hundred words. Life is like that."

Tragedy here for the lovely Carole Lombard and a thousand others, and maybe a smile, too, at the trials and tribulations of a harassed reporter——

"September 6, 1934. Covered Russ Columbo's funeral today. Terrible mob. Carole Lombard there in black and crying, with elderly woman comforting her. Our photog. took their picture as they were leaving. When I tried to find out name of the woman for caption some officious bystander jerked me back announcing: 'No autographs today, young lady!' By the time I got loose, Carole and the woman had gone. NOTE: Stick such oafs with a pin next time."

And I think tragedy is here, too——

"January 10, 1935. Kind of hate to make this entry. . . . Mary Pickford got her divorce from Douglas today. Came up to Judge Ben Lindsey's court and said just three words, all told—'Yes' when clerk asked her if she lived in Los Angeles County; 'Yes' when the judge asked her if a property settlement had been agreed upon, and 'Yes' when he asked her if the charges in her complaint were true.

"She wore gray. Looked tired and sad and almost old. Posed for pictures, but I had feeling she scarcely knew photographers were shooting. Our cameraman got another picture as she was walking down city hall steps, just at sunset. She stopped and looked out toward the red horizon. This was sunset, too, for Hollywood's most glamorous romance. I wanted to cry. Guess she did, too. But she didn't. She held her head high and smiled a little as her car drove away. But I can't forget her eyes. . . ."

Troubadour ob de Lawd

(*Continued from page 32*)

said he was asking every girl to marry him.

"Ah wouldn't marry him," Nina said disdainfully. "When Ah marry Ah want somebody up head of me. He throw his money away. He say de Virgin goin' take care of him. Ah say, boy, some day de Virgin goin' turn on yuh."

NINA was decidedly worldly for her years, sixteen. Her expressed ambition was to wear gowns like Miss Gloria Swanson's and have diamonds dribblin' all over her physique. The screen was but her stepping stone, she vowed. Her goal was Europe where she intended to challenge the supremacy of Josephine Baker, world's wealthiest colored entertainer and a Countess by marriage. Nina went to Europe a year or two later. While she did not exactly drag the throne from under Countess Baker, she did wriggle in the best night clubs of London, and recently returned to Hollywood, physique triumphantly adorned.

During the seven years that have elapsed since those merry Apex hours, Stepin's affairs have undergone tumultuous revolution. His spiritual and artistic conscience got to acting up violently. There were detonations in his love life, too, that all but brought the Marines. The flesh and the devil seemed to have a scissors hold. As if these personal commotions were not enough, the talkies came along to bust his career wide open by displacing the medium of his silent art. Only the world depression failed to affect him. He was depressed way ahead of that.

When I went to see the tempest-tossed soul the other night at the

(*Please turn to page 58*)



"Oh darn! Darn! Double-darn! Every time I get him part way up, he falls down again! I'd like to break his old ladder in a trillion pieces! I will not be quiet—and I won't be good! I'm mad!"

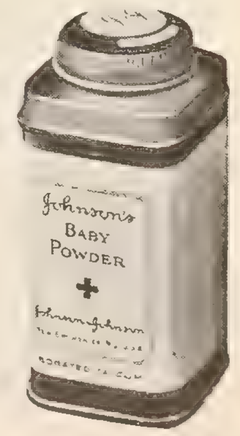


"Bath-time? . . . Oh . . . Well, that's different. Will you let me spank the water—and poke a hole in the soap? And do I get some soft, smooth Johnson's Baby Powder all over me afterward?"

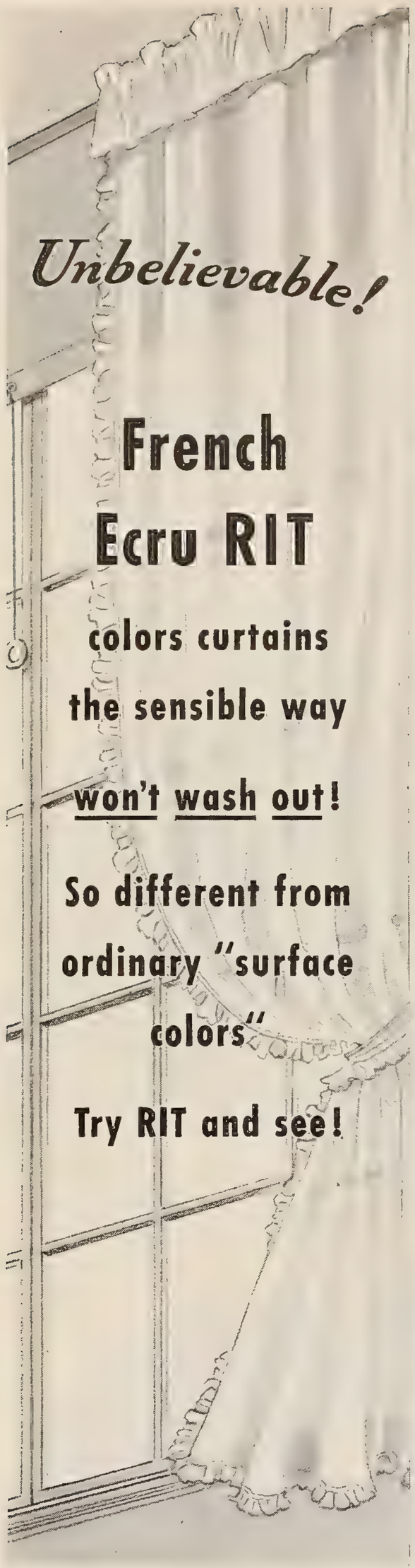


"Hurray! When I'm under that dandy powder shower I could just squeal for joy. And I never have a rash or a prickle or a chafe, do I? What do I care if things go wrong in my work!"

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder . . . and wherever I go, babies forget their troubles! For I keep their skins smooth and soft as satin—I'm satin-soft myself! I'm made of finest Italian talc—no gritty particles as in some powders. No zinc stearate or orris-root either. Your baby will appreciate Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too!"



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Troubadour ob de Lawd

(*Continued from page 57*)

Albee Theatre in Brooklyn where he was dragging himself on to the stage five times a day I was prepared to commiserate on his failure to achieve his exalted destiny, little guessing that through him the screen had been cleansed.

I knew he had sought refuge in wedlock with disastrous results. I was under the impression there had been a divorce. No, it seems his wife did suggest it soon after nuptials but the idea struck horror to Stepin's orthodox soul.

"It would make terrible scandal, me gittin' a divorce," said Stepin. "Scandal not fo' me only. Scandal fo' mah religion. Scandal all ovah de world foh mah religion."

The horror of it made Stepin writhe almost upright. His vehemence conveyed the idea the Church would have been rocked worse than by Henry Eighth's divorce.

"We jis separated," he said. "She was a good lil gul but she wasn't a showman. She didn't understan'. She finally git sick. Ah sent her to Arizona." He paused and his eyes glowed with glory. "She died a beautiful death."

She left him a four-year-old son.

BY this time his movie career had blown up due to his internal seethings. He couldn't get a job in pictures. Studios had him down as a problem child. Theaters refused to book him for personal appearances. In this, his hour of travail, he conceived a daring evangelical plan. He went back to New Orleans. He made a novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help. Then he courageously set forth to wangle his way into legitimate theaters closed to negro entertainers. Managers refused to consider him. One night he went to a small theater with a poster he had had printed.

"Ah ax de manager could Ah please put it up in the lobby. Ah says, 'Jis let me stick it way back where nobody see it. Den if nobody git mad Ah will move it out jis lil bit every day til it's out front.' De poster say, 'Stepin Fetchit Coming.' Well, the manager he let me. He was good, cause like Ah say there is a law. Police can stop colored folks appearin' at legitimate theatahs in legitimate hours. Understan'? At other hours it's all right but not at regular legitimate hours. Well, nobody git mad. De police pay no attention. Folks want to see me cause day had seed me in pictures. Ah plays all de lil theatahs in N'Orlns."

After Stepin's southern crusade he went to New York. He dumbfounded managers of the big movie theaters by showing them the route he had opened up. Winnie Sheehan, Fox film producer, was in the city at the time.

"When Ah sees him he ax first thing, jis like yuh, 'Stepin is yuh still goin' toh mass?' He didn't ax cause mah religion mattered tuh him pusnlly, understan'. Ah doan know if he is religious. Yit Ah does know he is cause he live religion, allus doin' good fo' folks. He ax 'bout me cause he want to know am Ah steady. Am Ah stickin' by mah beliefs. So he take me back. Ah go back tuh de Fox studio. Ah nevah complains no moh. Dey aint no reason for complainin'. Nobody want nobody to speak impurities. Cause why? Cause de Legion of Decency. See how it all works out? Ah starts de power rollin' —unhunh—an' de power bring me back,"

When I told him some of his admirers complained that his vocal delivery was not as distinct as it might be, he became more animated. He said that in transferring his art from silent pictures to sound he was confronted with the same problem as Chaplin, only difference being he solved it.

"Ah solved the problem whereas Chaplin he couldn't. Ah solved it like dis. Ah make sounds but Ah make sounds what you can't understan'. Dat way, see, Ah don't destroy de illusion. Ah calls it audible pantomime. Da's right, audible pantomime."

Stepin added that he intended to become intelligible little by little until, I gathered, he would be enunciating with the clarity of Mr. George Arliss.

MR. STEPIN FETCHIT is not the mumbling sloth you see on the screen. His screen character is as much pure creation as Miss Mae West's. He strives to maintain the illusion in person but when the subject of religion is switched on he is electrified. He is slender, wiry, youthful and good looking. While his diction is negroid, spurning the elegance affected by many of his brethren, and his education has come mostly from "absolving," he is honest in saying he is bright. He has the intuitive precociousness of so many of his race. He has especially the racial gift of rapture. His religion, like that of St. Francis of Assisi who called himself a troubadour of Christ, is not incompatible with humor and gayety. With all respect, Stepin might be called the troubadour of de Lawd.

"Ah is thuty-three dis yeah," he said significantly. "Ah feels dis is mah big yeah. It is foh every man. Know why?"

"The crucial year," I said. "The year of the crucifixion."

His mother died when he was a child, a no good little darky, he says, allus shootin' crap an' stealin' an' crazy 'bout race horses, from one of which he eventually took his name. His mother was a seamstress in the employ of a southern lady. When she passed away the southern mistress took the young desperado into her home and gave him a mother's care. She sent him to school in Montgomery, Alabama. There he became a convert to the Catholic faith.

Grace did not instantly descend upon the young colored sport. He flew school one night and joined a carnival. His career had the breathless ups and downs of a roller coaster. Jails yawned for him. Once the law laid hands on him, took off his pants and found missing valuables sewed in his belt. He managed to fly the coop with a thirteen-year-old girl who had been implicated with him. They struggled through swamps all night. After seeing her to safety and admonishing her to say her prayers regularly he hurried on his versatile way. He didn't forget her. When he came into Hollywood affluence he purchased a trunkful of dresses and sent them to her down Mississippi way.

He never forgot the southern lady who mothered him. The wheel of fortune spun round. His benefactress lost all she possessed. Recently he found her working in a New York department store for fifteen dollars a week. Today she is in Hollywood with a home, fifty dollars a week, tending the four-year-old son of the no-good little darky she mothered.

"Yuh see how everythin' works out?" said Stepin softly, erect and luminous with exaltation. "It's all so beautiful. Seek ye the Kingdom of Heaven and all things thereof will be given unto yuh."

His eyes shone like Easter shrines, De troubadour ob de Lawd was seeing the Green Pastures.



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"I wonder if it would end all regular pain for me, and end it for all time?"

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And speaking of boxes, you'll appreciate the slim aluminum case in which you get Midol. It's so thin and light — and dainty — you can give it a permanent place in your purse and always be prepared. It is a tremendous relief, mental and physical, to be able to approach this time without any misgivings, and to pass serenely through it.

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When it has given you back those days once given over to suffering, will you do this? If you know someone who still suffers, tell her of your discovery — that Midol does bring definite and decided relief from "regular" pain.

MIDOL

Maureen O'Sullivan Gives a Bridge Party

(*Continued from page 33*)

amount of fullness as you go. When you get to the end you turn in the edges, and then sew on down the other side, joining the two loose edges. Then before rounding up and coming back on the top you slip the covering over one end of the hanger. The handle usually drops down through the hanger so you can fit it through the center hole. Then, still gathering, you sew up the top edge. And presto! that is all there is to it. Then you take the small narrow ribbon, and beginning at the top of the handle, wind it closely, to cover it completely. When you reach the wooden part, tie it securely in a small bow. Making a tiny pouch-like bag for the sachet is so simple that I do not need to give you directions for that, I'm sure. When you have finished it, tie it with a bit of the narrow ribbon to the hanger—and that is all there is to it. You can always add to the attractiveness of a present, of course, by boxing it artistically and neatly.

As for your actual bridge equipment you can buy such cute, inexpensive little score cards, with pencils attached, that there is no sense, really, in making them. You should not have to pay more than five cents apiece for them, which adds forty cents to our budget. Then you must have new cards. Two decks for each table at twenty cents apiece, or eighty cents for the four.

I don't think any kind of party is a party at all without flowers. They add an attractive air to any occasion. At this time of year a great many of you will probably have flowers in your own garden. But even if you haven't, there will be money enough for you to buy at least a few. Here is a fashion for using flowers, which I have observed recently, which is as practical as it is effective. Long-stemmed flowers, as you know, are usually more expensive than the short-stemmed ones. So we will count them *out* for our $5.00 bridge party. As a matter of fact, the new way of using flowers is to float just the heads of the flowers in a low, flat bowl filled with water. And a few flowers seem like many more fixed this way.

But regardless of what flower decorations you use, I think it would be nice also to give each of your guests a tiny flower corsage. When you have finished playing bridge and are setting the bridge table for tea, place a tiny nosegay at each guest's plate. Your friends will love them and wear them home. You can make these little corsages yourself. It'll take ingenuity, but you can do it on $1.00.

All this leaves $1.60 for tea. But I have some surprises up my sleeve for you on this, too, so don't be alarmed.

Remember that tea-time is, essentially, an informal hour. Casual and friendly. Therefore, this meal need not be elaborate. The tea itself, since it is one of the most important items (though it is too often neglected), may be either hot or cold, according to the season. If you are serving hot tea you will have the most success with it if you brew it in the room where you serve it. For you can't make tea carelessly or allow it to stand too long. For that reason I usually use little silver tea balls, which can be easily filled with fresh tea from the tea-caddy. Or you can buy tea-balls already put up in muslin. Remember this, too! Not only should the water for making the tea be boiling hot, but you should also heat your tea-pot with boiling water before making your tea.

One of the nicest things you can serve with tea—and probably it is a novelty to you and your friends—is Irish bread. Few people know about it, so you will have a "scoop"—and it is quite a change from the ordinary bread. Here is my own recipe—a recipe which my grandmother, incidentally, handed down to me.

First take one cup of white flour and two cups of graham flour and a pinch of salt, and sift them together. This measurement of the two flours, incidentally, will make a dark bread. If you prefer a light bread, you just reverse the measurements, and use two cups of the white to one of the graham. Then mix with this a half teaspoon of baking soda and a little sour milk, adding the milk slowly until you arrive at the same consistency you use in making baking powder biscuits. Then when you mold the loaf in its greased pan, mark a cross on the top of it—Irish bread just isn't Irish bread without that cross. Then bake the loaf slowly for about an hour, until it stands the "straw test."

This bread is such a delicacy, to me at least, that it may be served in thin slices with just butter . . . or you may make an even greater hit by serving it with honey.

At this time of the year the nicest tea-time sandwiches that I know—and unusual, too—are those made with watercress. They are very simply made by creaming the watercress with butter, and then spreading it on the bread. Pimento creamed with butter also makes a very tasty and colorful-looking sandwich. Try serving a few of each, making them just as small and dainty as you can.

Then of course you must have some kind of small sweet cakes or cookies. The cookies will be the least expensive, so let's try them. How about this recipe for ice-box cookies which takes only one egg? Cream one-half cup of butter with one cup of brown sugar; add one well-beaten egg, two cups of flour, sifted with one-half teaspoon soda, one-fourth teaspoon each of cinnamon and cloves; add three-fourths cup chopped nuts. Mix well together, make in oblong roll, place in ice box for 24 hours; slice thin and bake in oven, 350 degrees heat.

Oh, and I promised you a candy, too, all out of $5.00. Well, here is a confection which is about as greaseless and non-sticky as anything could be—and it's delicious. Not strictly a candy, it nevertheless takes the place of it—and it's so easy to do. Marshmallows with a half walnut inside! I don't know what else to call it—since I originated it myself, and it has no special name.

First you make your marshmallows by dissolving ½ box of gelatine in ⅔ cup of cold water. Cook 2 cups of granulated sugar and 1 cup water till it forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water and flavor with vanilla. Then beat syrup into gelatine and beat from 15 to 30 minutes. Cut into squares and roll into powdered sugar. Then after that is done "push" (yes, literally) one half of a walnut meat into each square. They are grand!

I haven't broken down the cost of each of these refreshments, but you can get them out of what you have left of the $5.00—because I tried it for you!

Have a good time at your party! I wish I could be there with you!

Recipe for Romance



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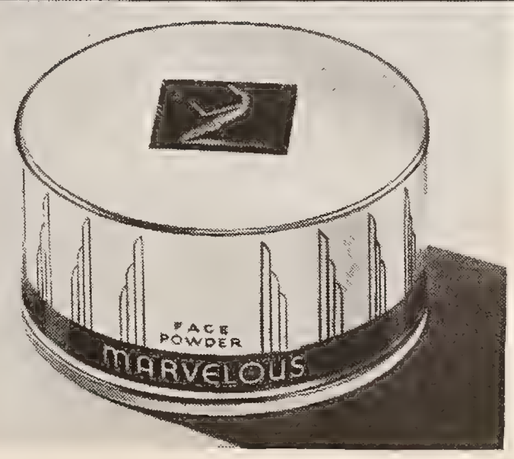
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Golden Peacock *Face Powder*

Don't Forget the Girls

(Continued from page 20)

I HAD imagined a dance director to be a fluttery, "artistic" fellow given to tantrums and hysterical fits,—a sort of harem keeper who needed a kick in the pants. But believe me, I was more interested in Prinz than in the cuties he drilled! He is the kind of man a portable-whammer likes to run into. I began my soul-digging with him.

He is a small man, but powerfully built, and my first impression of him was that of a happy-go-lucky football player, or perhaps of a cheer leader, whom everybody on the campus hails with a cheery "Hi!" He carries a silver plate in his skull, and when he smiles, you notice his cracked jaw, acquired during his incredible adventures over the trenches in France, where he served as a hell-diver in the Lafayette Escadrille and Eddie Rickenbacker's "Hat-in-the-Ring" squadron. He has survived twenty-four crashes, and has been decorated with the French War Cross and six other medals. It's a far cry indeed from a legionnaire in Algeria, a balloon buster in France, a soldier of fortune in Latin American republics, going about his secret missions in stolen or borrowed planes, to a dance director in one of the major studios of Hollywood, teaching the secrets of leg-appeal to throngs of semi-nude chorines.

He is very strong for the Hollywood crop of chorines, and believes they surpass the beauties of the Follies, the Vanities, or the Scandals, not only in pulchritude, but also in dancing ability.

"Most of the New York show girls who flocked to Hollywood returned to Broadway in despair, so keen was the competition they met," said Prinz. "I gave tryouts to 800 girls for 'College Rhythm,' and of the 100 I selected only a few had had Broadway experience.

"There are times when almost every registered dancer in Hollywood is employed, as it happened while we were filming 'College Rhythm,' and there are times when the lot of chorus girls is no better than that of the extras who are used only for atmospheric work. It all depends on the number of musicals being produced. But on the whole, chorus girls fare much better than other extras, and the easiest way to crash the studios is via the dancing route.

"I am always on the lookout for girls who can qualify for my choruses. I like new faces. There are about 1,500 registered dancers in Hollywood available for studio work, but I do my picking from a selected 800. I have them all classified in my files as to looks, background, dancing specialty—whether tap, toe, acrobatic, ballet, etc.—and personality.

"When I choose girls for a chorus ensemble, I look for personality first of all. God save me from the chorus girl who is beautiful but dumb. Naturally, it takes a smart girl to be a good dancer but if it so happened that the world's greatest dancer was a stupid person, she would be a total flop in pictures. It requires an alert mind to grasp and remember the intricate routines of modern screen work."

So spoke the director. Now let me tell you about the girls themselves.

For the past several days I have been interviewing many of the Hollywood chorines. I could fill this whole magazine with their stories, but have to be satisfied by giving a few typical cases.

MEET Alma Ross, whose personality enables her to do occasional bits before the camera. She spoke a few lines in "Rumba," as a cigarette girl in a honky-tonk. She trotted in "College Rhythm," and will dance also in "The Big Broadcast" (tentative title) with Bing Crosby.

She is 19, has smiling blue eyes and light brown hair, is five feet four inches tall, and weighs 112 pounds. But these physical measurements cannot give you an idea of her school-girl charm. That a girl of her experience should be so wholesome and unspoiled is one of the pleasant surprises I received during this investigation.

Alma was born in Minnesota, the daughter of a Lutheran minister, and came to California when but a little girl. She is a graduate of the Fairfax High School in Hollywood, and lives with her mother and two sisters.

As a dancer she makes just enough to live on, averaging about $100 a month. When not working in pictures, she dances in night clubs or in theaters along the coast. She is an expert in tap dancing, the hula hula, and the tango.

Reading is her main hobby, and Edgar Allen Poe is her favorite author. "On the nights I don't go out," she said, "I like nothing better than reading an interesting book, having a package of cigarettes and an apple or some candy by my side."

She smokes, drinks on occasion, loves ballroom dancing, and is an ardent football fan. She thinks chorines are in no way different from other girls. "Before I went into vaudeville," she said, "I thought dancing girls were a tough, hot-cha crowd. But I found most of them extremely decent. You would be surprised to know how many chorus girls go to church regularly."

"What's your great ambition in life?" I asked her.

"I first wanted to be a dancer. But there are so many dancers, that I'd rather be an actress. I believe I can, if given the opportunity. But what I'd like to do most of all, is to marry and settle down. Marriage, after all, is really the greatest career a girl can pursue."

She prefers intellectual men, who are not jealous, and will trust her always. She likes caveman tactics. "I hate to be bowed down to and permitted to have my way all the time. I like rough treatment, provided it isn't abusive. My husband need not be rich, but he must be able to support me, and take me to Honolulu for our honeymoon trip. You see, I'm very romantic. Oh well," she exclaimed, checking herself, "what's the use of my raving like this? We chorus girls don't meet the kind of men we like, and the ones we like, turn out to be already married. To tell the truth, I don't believe I'll ever fall in love again. I did once, and it cured me. It's hell when the man doesn't love you as much as you love him. Love must be fully and absolutely mutual in order to give real happiness."

There, you have the eternal feminine protest from the lips of this lovely chorine.

THE Gold Diggers of 1935 are a select group of show girls, and pack a lot of class and pulchritude in their numbers.

Caryl Lincoln traces her family back directly to Abraham Lincoln. She was a Wampas Baby Star in 1929, and is considered to have the most beautiful legs in Hollywood. She is five feet five inches tall, has black hair and brown eyes, and weighs 120 pounds. Born in Oakland, she was educated in St. Mary's Convent in Portland, Ore. She quit pictures to marry, but it didn't prove a successful venture, and she is now staging a screen comeback.

Ruth Moody is a niece of Albert H. Wiggins of the Chase National

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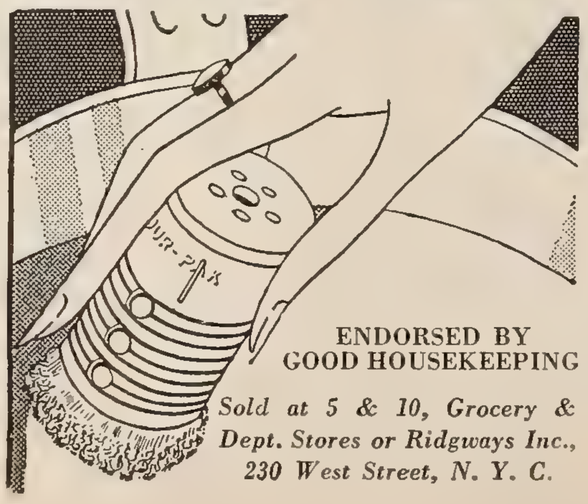
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Don't Forget the Girls

Bank. She is five feet six inches tall, weighs 118 pounds, has blond hair and blue eyes. Born in Denver, she was educated at the Los Angeles High School. Trotted in "Dames."

EMILY LA RUE is Jack La Rue's sister. She is five feet four and a half inches tall, weighs 112 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes. Born in New York City, and educated in New Utrecht High School. Came to Hollywood in 1933. Trotted in "College Rhythm."

MARIE MARKS was Miss Missouri in 1933. She is five feet four inches tall, weighs 119 pounds, has blond hair and blue eyes. Her father is a radio announcer. Hails from San Antonio, Texas, the state that has sent a very notable contingent of beauties to Hollywood. Trotted in "Wonder Bar," "Fashions," "Midnight Alibi," and "Dames."

MILDRED REHN is the daughter of a wealthy importer and exporter of London, England. She is five feet five and a half inches tall, weighs 120 pounds, has blond hair and gray eyes. Has been a stage dancer in London, Berlin, Vienna, and Paris. Edu cated under private tutors, is a fluent linguist. Trotted in "Dames."

DE DAN DLUNIER was born on a ship and has traveled all her life. Came to America in 1930, from France. She is five feet four and a half inches tall, weighs 118 pounds, has blond hair and blue eyes. Educated in various schools in Germany, France, Switzerland, and Italy. Another fluent linguist, and with many strong ideas on the problems of the modern world. Was under contract to Earl Carroll for three years. Trotted in "Dames."

VICTORIA VINTON was Miss Los Angeles in 1934. She is five feet one and a half inches tall, weighs an even 100 pounds, has blond hair and blue eyes. Born in New York City, and educated in Hollywood High School. Trotted in "Fashion Follies," "Footlight Parade," "Wonder Bar," and "Dames."

PATRICIA HARPER has been a scenario writer and has had considerable journalistic experience. She is five feet three inches tall, weighs 112 pounds, has blond hair and gray eyes. Born in Indianapolis, and educated in the University of Oklahoma, where she was a member of Chi Omega sorority. Trotted in "Kid From Spain" and "Dames."

AVIS ADAIRE has appeared in musical and dramatic productions in New York City for Earl Carroll, the Shuberts, Ziegfeld, and Arch Selwyn. She is five feet five and a half inches tall, weighs 117 pounds, has red hair and blue eyes. Born in Chicago. Came to Hollywood in 1932, and has trotted in "Wonder Bar," "Footlight Parade," "Fashion Follies," and "Dames."

MIREILLE DE MARTELLY has a French title in her own right as the daughter of Count and Countess de Martelly.

ADA FORD attended the Ohio State University two years and is a graduate of Akron University. She is five feet four and a half inches tall, weighs 128 pounds, has blond hair and brown eyes. Came to Hollywood in 1932. Has trotted in "Dancing Lady," "Going Hollywood," "Hollywood Party," and "Dames."

I MUST end this partial list of Busby Berkeley's Gold Diggers of 1935 with the more detailed story of Ula Love. Her case should prove an inspiration, and perhaps a warning, to girls in small towns all over the country who have had some dramatic and dancing experience and will have to shift for themselves in the mad scramble for studio calls if they risk their all and come to Hollywood with the supreme courage and undying hope of youth.

Ula came to Hollywood in the Spring of 1933, just another movie struck girl, to whom all the discouraging statistics issued by the film capital meant nothing. She was determined to make good, and has gone a long way on her route toward that goal, with more pictures to her record than perhaps any other girl can boast of, for a similar period of time. She appeared in over 50 pictures during the past year!

All she needs now is that "big break" extra players hope and pray for. So far, her greatest handicap has been her striking resemblance to Constance Bennett. Such resemblances do not spell happiness in Hollywood.

"I'll lick this town yet," she said, "in spite of everything I have to overcome. I am from Tennessee, and they call me a Volunteer. You can't keep us Volunteers down. There have been times when I ate only one meal in 24 hours, lived on 25 cents a day.

"I never say 'no', I never admit I can't do anything. My father taught me never to say 'I can't', or 'I don't care'."

She is a gal of buoyant spirit all right, and the clown and philosopher on every set on which she works. She speaks her racy vernacular in a soft southern drawl. And if you think chorus girls are beautiful but dumb, you should meet her. She is sophisticated and looks stunning during the day in her slinky, fur-trimmed gowns and is positively ravishing at nights in her dark velvet ensembles and wide-brimmed chapeaux, but is not hard-boiled. She neither smokes nor drinks, not that she disapproves of smoking and drinking by girls; she is no goody-goody. But she simply does not care to indulge in those now so popular pastimes of women. She loves to skate, dance, swim, and ride horseback, but admits she is a "flat tire" on "wild" parties.

She does not consider herself beautiful, but is in reality one of the most gorgeous gals that ever kicked her legs in a musical; five feet five and a half inches in height, she weighs 120 pounds, and has great starry eyes and a crown of honey-colored hair. And her grace is the pure grace of a flame.

She was born in Paris, Tenn., daughter of a dental surgeon (deceased), and a direct descendant of Gen. Thomas Love, who fought under Andrew Jackson in the Florida war. She graduated from the E. W. Grove School and attended the University of Tennessee for a few months. She came to Hollywood in a day coach, when the banks were closed, and she was "just another victim of the depression." She rented a room for $12 a month in the home of a dressmaker, where she still lives.

She hoped to crash the studios, but meanwhile she had to make a living. She registered at every department store in Los Angeles, and that includes Hollywood. As she had some wealthy friends here, and did not want them to feel themselves obligated to help her, she went under the name of Charlotte Jones.

(*Please turn to page* 62)



It's Never TOO LATE
FOR A WIFE TO LEARN

THE world is full of women who say to themselves, "My marriage was a mistake." No scandal. No open break. Just submission to a life without joy, without hope.

Many women give up hope too soon. These cases are sad. They are doubly sad because the woman has largely herself to blame. No wife should let herself become faint-hearted about marriage. She should go right after the real facts.

Times have changed. The days when a woman was compelled to use a poisonous antiseptic, or none at all, have fortunately passed. The trouble is that some married women have not yet learned this.

The truth about antiseptics

Of course women do not *want* to use poisons. Those who *do* take the risks of such a practice are simply living in a past age before modern improvements in antiseptics had been announced by the medical profession. Any excuse for using these poisons disappeared when *Zonite* was first offered in drug stores.

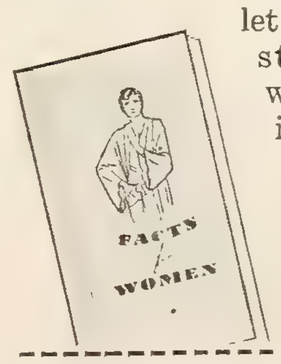
Doctors now, without reservation, recommend the practice of feminine hygiene. They know that the tragedies are over. They are confident that delicate tissues will not be burned or desensitized. No lives will be ruined by Zonite.

Zonite is *safe*, as safe as pure water. And Zonite is *powerful*. Taking carbolic acid as the standard for comparison, *Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may safely be used on the human body.*

Also Zonite Suppositories

Besides the liquid Zonite (three sizes, 30c, 60c, $1.00) there is a newer form, Zonite Suppositories. These are $1.00 a dozen or 35c a box of three. They are dainty, white, cone-like forms which provide continuing antiseptic action. Some women prefer the liquid and some the suppositories. Others use both.

Be sure to write for "Facts for Women." It is an up-to-date booklet giving a plain, clear statement on the whole subject of feminine hygiene. An actual education in marriage. All women can profit by its teaching. Just mail coupon.



ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION TM-56
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

( ) Facts for Women
( ) Use of Antiseptics in the Home

NAME.....
(Please print name)

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

STATE.....

(In Canada: Sainte Therese, P. Q.)

Good News FOR EVERY THOUGHTFUL PARENT

Announcing the Publication of

A Real Newspaper for Children

Parents Everywhere Have Enthusiastically Endorsed This Plan. Already 50,000 Boys and Girls Are Enjoying This Unusual Publication.

President Roosevelt Says:

"I am delighted to hear that a Boys' and Girls' Newspaper is to be launched in America. I hope the Boys' and Girls' Newspaper will fill a real need and will be welcomed by the young people of this country. I wish you success."



The BOYS' AND GIRLS' NEWSPAPER

AMERICA'S FIRST real newspaper for boys and girls! Parents everywhere have for years been waiting eagerly for this Boys' and Girls' Newspaper. It has been recognized as an urgent need wherever there are growing children. Children *want* a newspaper, they *need* one, and they *will read* one. If the only newspaper available is an adult paper unsuitable for a child, a great and harmful influence is unavoidable. Now, at last, The Boys' and Girls' Newspaper is here—a WEEKLY NEWSPAPER in tabloid size edited for children, giving everything they want in a newspaper.

EVERYTHING FOR YOUNG FOLKS 7 TO 17

More than 50,000 alert-minded young people are now absorbed in the fascinating pages of this newspaper made especially for them. Now they take a lively interest in the affairs of the World and the nation because these news stories are written for them instead of for adults. They are enjoying the thrilling adventure stories, news pictures, pages of sports, movies, radio, books, science and invention, how to make things, stamp collecting and the funnies that educate while they amuse. A junior housekeeping department and many other features keep girls interested and occupied as well as boys.

Angelo Patri Says:

"I am delighted to welcome America's first boys' and girls' newspaper. Its publication could not be in better hands."

Youthful-Minded Editors Make This Newspaper Entertaining, Wholesome, and Stimulating

Charles G. Muller, well-known to readers of sport stories, is the Editor. Among the advisers, associate editors, and contributors are Angelo Patri, Dorothy Canfield, Lowell Thomas, Ellis Parker Butler, Gene Tunney, Babe Ruth, Irving Crump, Earl Reed Silvers, Dunworth the Magician, and Lt. Myron Eddy, retired U. S. N. flyer. With such authorities guiding their reading, your children will not need or want adult newspapers until they are of proper age for them. Meanwhile a wholesome habit of reading only worthwhile news and features is established which is an aid to success throughout life. Educators are recommending this newspaper and are subscribing to it for their own children.

You, too, will want *your* child to have it because (1) It is a REAL newspaper, interesting and wholesome: (2) It eliminates undesirable news, harmful to a child's emotional training: (3) It makes adult newspapers unnecessary to the child, yet completely satisfies his natural desire for a newspaper: (4) It contains every desirable feature, presented in an interesting way especially for girls and boys: (5) It encourages children to keep informed: (6) It is edited by outstanding authorities in the youthful field.

EXPERIENCED PUBLISHERS. The Boys' and Girls' Newspaper is closely affiliated with The Parents' Magazine and has full use of the resources, experience, and organization of this outstanding magazine in the field of parent and child relations.

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The News of the Week in Word and Picture
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Picture Page of Boys and Girls in the World News
Illustrated News of the Sport World
A Fascinating Well-Written Short Story
Serial Story by a Well-Known Author
The Selected Best Humor from School Publications
A Home Making Page for Girls
Radio Personalities and Articles About Broadcasts for Young Folks
Movies—Illustrated Reviews of Recommended Pictures
Funnies—Seven Comic Strips of Clean Fun
Selected Cartoons of the Week
A Page of Science and Invention and Aviation
Puzzles and Prize Contests
Thought-Provoking Editorials
Interesting Interviews with Famous People
True Adventure Stories
Animal Club
Whose Birthday Is Today?
How Things Are Made
Magic Tricks and How to Do Them
What to Make and How for Boys and Girls
Letters to the Editor
Stamps and Their Story
Books That Boys and Girls Will Like

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You can enroll your child for a 15 weeks' subscription to The Boys' and Girls' Newspaper for only $1.00. Send no money now unless you wish to. Charter Subscriber's Bronze Button will be mailed promptly. If you are not thoroughly satisfied, we will cheerfully cancel all obligation. The Charter Subscriptions' Roll will soon be closed. Don't let your child miss this opportunity!

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Name of Donor.....
If the address is different from the one above, write it in the margin below: 2.

Don't Forget the Girls

(*Continued from page 61*)

"Otherwise, I put my pride in my pocket," she says. "I modeled in department stores and demonstrated a patented knot-on necktie. I could not help noticing that those who were most interested in me were fat, squatty people. Most of the people who passed by me seemed to be just drifting along as if they hadn't a place to go. I would get so interested in the crowds that I would forget my sales talk."

She was demonstrating exercising machines in a Hollywood department store when Sid Grauman saw her and offered her a job as an usherette at his Chinese Theatre. Meanwhile she got a few calls from studios, having succeeded in registering with Central Casting. She won the Constance Bennett double contest at RKO, and posed as the glamorous marquise in one of Sid Grauman's celebrated prologues.

Ula has a vibrant personality in addition to her beauty, and impresses one as a sure bet for featured roles. Talent scouts have been interested in her, but studio after studio has turned her down because she is a dead-ringer for La Bennett. Undoubtedly she would have done much better in pictures and come out of the extra and chorus ranks if she didn't look so much like the $30,000 per week star. She herself gets only $50 a week whenever she is put under contract for a musical, the contract lasting for only four or five weeks.

"One night I stopped in a shop on the Boulevard to buy a pair of gloves," she said. "It was closing time, but the clerks hopped around fast to show me their exclusive merchandise. I bought the gloves, and the clerk said: 'Shall I charge it, Miss Bennett?' 'I am Miss Love', I said. He would not believe me. 'I am afraid you are doing a Garbo', he laughed."

LIKE the other chorines I met, she spends her money very sensibly. She has to, so meager are her earnings, considering the lustre she has to keep. "I never buy anything until I can pay for it in full," she said. "I haven't been able yet to save enough money to buy a car. Keeping up my wardrobe keeps me constantly on the verge of bankruptcy. And yet, I am satisfied. I started from nothing. I don't owe anybody a nickel and always pay my rent in advance."

Her mother, who died recently, was the best friend she had. Her eyes filled with tears whenever she had to mention her. She went back to Paris to attend her funeral. The whole town seemed to be at the station to meet her; she was the home-town girl who had made good—a celebrity. Throngs of children begged for her autograph. Teachers asked her to make personal appearances before their classes. Their pupils would rather see her than Garbo, they said. A local theater ran a big ad in connection with its showing of Moulin Rouge, in which her name topped Constance Bennett's as the star of the picture. . . . There is local pride and loyalty to you!

"They looked on me as if I were a goddess, headed for stardom. I couldn't make them understand that I was a nobody; that there were thousands like me in Hollywood. You don't feel you can let down on people like that. I've got to make good!

"The trouble is they don't give us girls a chance to win the fight. So many of us are put under contract, and then placed on ice. I believe I should go to Broadway to get a real break in Hollywood."

Ula divides chorus girls into three classes:

1. Those who have drag.
2. Those who are beautiful.
3. And those who work hard.

"I am in the working class," she said. And quoted: "Early to bed, early to rise, makes the chorus girl healthy and wise."

But she hated to be called a chorus girl. They all do. "The name has been dragged in the mud," she said.

She wants to have six children when she marries. Like Alma Ross and nearly all the other chorines I interviewed for this article, she laments the fact that she has little opportunity to meet the really desirable prospects, the men who "will do" as husbands. She doesn't care to marry an actor. "I hate to have a man around me acting all the time," she said. And again, like all the other chorines I met, she despises the so called playboys, and would give her heart only to a man of intelligence and high principles.

She has learned to be tolerant toward men, and made the following pointed remark on the foibles of my sex: "You can't blame a man for trying."

She reads newspapers and magazines to find out what's happening in the world. And her favorite book is the Bible in Moffat's translation. It was the only book I saw in her room besides a treatise on palmistry, which she was going to take with her to the set at Warner Brothers Studio to tell the fortunes of her sister Gold Diggers. I myself had to submit to her analysis of my future as decreed in the lines of my palms.

I HOPE, by now you have changed your ideas on film chorines, as did I during the course of this investigation. I could not have interviewed a finer group of modern American girls anywhere.

These girls, favored as they are by the gods in a generous mood, are engaged, with very few exceptions, in a heroic struggle for a livelihood, and are fighting nobly precisely for the same thing that girls everywhere prize most.

Because of their beauty and special training as dancers, they are employed much more regularly than the extra girls who are used merely for background effects. Being employed more regularly, they escape the pitfalls and the terrible nervous tension that drive so many extra girls to rack and ruin, as they call Central Casting day after day, week after week, month after month, and get the stock reply: "No work" (which has recently been changed to "Try again.")

Chorus girls have another virtue that impressed me: they have not been spoiled by quickly-gained success and riches.

They have the humility and sweetness of common, struggling humanity, and lack the poses and caprices of those whom fortune has catapulted to starry grandeurs.

Yes, my friends, I have been reformed. I now see differently the luxuriant phantasies of harmonized movement executed by beauteous troupes of film chorines. Beneath those dazzling pageants of legs and arms and seductive smiles they weave before our eyes, I see patterns of a thousand hopes and dreams—the greater splendor of human souls in the full bloom of youth.

On-the-Set Reviews

(*Continued from page* 31)

him, begging him to go back to his music and regenerate himself. Several weeks later, she finds him directing the orchestra in a beer garden. Seeing her enter the place, Boyer plays the rhapsody she has composed on their honeymoon. And you just know that'll break the gal into ittsy bittsy pieces!

Well, so it goes. And, with the capable direction of Phillip Moeller, this ought to yank a few sobs out of you-all.

VILLAGE TALE
•
RKO

Kay Johnson is back in the fold! And all of you perturbed fans, who have been plaguing me with queries about the lady, can get back to your knitting until this picture (from the novel by Phil Stong) hits your local theaters.

It's the story of a small town. A lovely young woman, married to a stupid yokel. The wicked machinations of her jealous brother-in-law, who tries to turn the whole town against its leading citizen by sly insinuations of an affair between the man he hates and Kay.

And there is a fight between Randy Scott, the leading citizen, and Robert Barrat, the mean brother-in-law, that is second to none you've ever witnessed on the screen, even to that history-making brawl in the very first production of "The Spoilers," if you remember!

The shooting of Barrat's half of the battle was one of the most terrific things we've ever witnessed. Bruised, bleeding, and with his face apparently beaten to a pulp, Barrat stood before the camera. At the signal for "Action!" he threw himself backward against the barn door with a force that could only come from being on the receiving end of a Baer haymaker!

Sliding to the ground, he lies there, panting heavily for a moment. Then, as he pulls himself to his feet, his hand touches a wiffle-tree (part of a wagon, to you) that rests against the side of the barn. Raising it above his head, he hurls it with all the force of a madman toward the spot where Randy is supposed to be standing! But . . . Randy isn't there at all. He's over in the commissary, eating steak and potatoes and getting ready for the eighteenth round. You know, you can't do that kind of work on cream puffs.

THE INFORMER
•
RKO

Shure an' what would a lad by the name of Liam O'Flaherty write about, but the Irish Revolution? And who should be playing the leading role but that big-tough, Scotch-Irisher, Victor McLaglen? We're not sure about Director John Ford, but it does seem that there ought to be just a "tetch" of the blarney in him somewhere.

McLaglen, an expelled member of the Irish Revolutionary Army, needs money to keep in the good graces of his current girl friend, Margot Grahame; and, in order to get the reward, informs the police of the whereabouts of his pal, Wallace Ford, who is wanted for murder.

After Wally is cornered in his mother's home and killed, Vic magnanimously attends the "wake." Accidentally dropping some of the reward money, he figures that everyone will suspect him of being the informer, and, scared out of his wits, he bursts into a storm of unnecessary denials and dashes from the house.

Up until now, Vic has been as safe as a baby in its go-cart, but his excited outburst puts a bug in the authorities' good ear and right away they begin to figure on the best way to trap the rascal.

Very smoothly indeed they go to Vic and promise to reinstate him in the army if he will tell them who squealed on Wally. And Vic, big-heartedly, pins it on Donald Meek, an innocent bystander.

Meek, of course, has an air-tight alibi and, with the net of circumstance closing about him, Vic scrams away from there, hiding behind his girl friend's petticoats.

Slowly but surely the law sneaks up on him and, in another mad dash for freedom, Vic is shot and fatally wounded.

Dragging himself to the church where Wally's mother and sister are attending early mass, Vic begs the woman to forgive him. As the mother grants his last request, the misguided lad folds up and dies on the steps of the altar.

And let that be a lesson to you!

PEOPLE WILL TALK
•
PARAMOUNT

This is the result of a combination of two good stories, "Such a Lovely Couple," by Hugh Herbert, the actor, and "Kayo-Oke," by Sophie Kerr.

Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland, together again, appear as a model married couple (for a change), whose daughter, Leila Hyams, isn't doing a whole lot to keep her own matrimonial canoe off the rocks.

Figuring that her husband, Dean Jagger, is being a little too nice to another girl, Leila ups and moves in on Papa and Mama, vowing that she'll never return to her faithless husband (who really isn't faithless at all).

Thinking to show the kids how silly it all is, Charlie and Mary stage a battle royal of their own, with malice aforethought, certain that when they make up the kids will follow suit.

Leaving the house in a synthetic huff, Charlie bumps into the gal Dean is supposed to be palling around with and gives her a lift in his car. Well, a nosy neighbor catches the act and, by the time he's finished spreading the news, Charlie is in the dog house right! Even Leila thinks Dean has been innocent all the time, carrying on as he did just to protect her philandering dad.

To square things up, Dean hires some thugs to kidnap Charlie and Mary, blindfold them, and leave them tied together in front of their own house.

Charlie shuffles out of his blindfold first, and, when he sees where they are, puts up a fake battle with his imaginary assailants. Half a dozen innocent bystanders, thinking the guy absolutely nuts, take to their heels just as Mary gets her blindfold off.

Seeing the scramming crowd, she believes it to be on the up-and-up, and that Charlie has really routed them to protect her honor.

It's a happy ending, with all four of them in a clinch that looks as if it's for keeps.

We didn't catch much that was interesting on this set. The day we were there, Director Al Santell was putting a group of typical Ladies Aiders through their paces as they decorated a prize-fight ring (set up in the Ruggles drawing room) chattering all the while they worked.

(*Please turn to page* 64)

ADDITIONAL STORES CARRYING SMART TOWER STAR FASHIONS

(Continued from page 34)

Page 34 was set aside this month to list the department stores where you can buy Tower Star Fashions. But the list grew larger and larger as more and more stores wanted to carry these smart fashions for you. Result: the store listing had to be carried over to this page. Stores like Tower Star Fashions! You'll like them, too!

PENNSYLVANIA

Allentown—Zollinger-Harned Co.
Altoona—William F. Gable Co.
Braddock—Harry H. Levine
Bradford—Becky's
Brownsville—Goldstein's
Butler—Weiss's
Chambersburg—Worth's
Charleroi—Wayne's
Corry—The Nast Co.
Erie—Keefe & Johnson
Greensburg—S. W. Rose Co.
Harrisburg—Pomeroy's, Inc.
Homestead—Robbins Shop
Johnstown—Schwartz
Lancaster—Hagger & Bros.
Lansford—Bright's
Lewistown—Danks & Co.
Lock Haven—Grossman's
McKeesport—Cox's
New Castle—Strouss-Hirshberg Co.
Philadelphia—Gimbel Bros.
Pittsburgh—Kaufman's
Pottsville—Skelly's
Scranton—The Band Box
Shenandoah—Goldberg's
Reading—Pomeroy's
Upper Darby—Mayer's
Wilkes-Barre—Fowler Dick & Walker
York—P. Wiest's Sons

RHODE ISLAND

Woonsocket—McCarthy D. G. Co.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Anderson—G. H. Bailer
Camden—Fashion Shop
Clinton—Ladies Shoppe
Columbia—Haltiwanger's
Conway—Jerry Cox Co.
Greer—McHugh's
Kingstree—The Ladies Shop
Lancaster—Robinson Cloud Co.
Mullins—Razor Clardy Co.
Orangeburg—Mosley's Dept. Store

SOUTH DAKOTA

Aberdeen—Olwin-Angell
Huron—Erickson's
Watertown—Schaller's
Mitchell—Butterfields
Sioux Falls—Aaronson's

TENNESSEE

Bristol—The H. P. King Co.
Chattanooga—Miller Bros.
Dyersburg—Style Shop
Kingsport—J. Fred Johnson & Co., Inc.
Jackson—The Francis Shop
Knoxville—Miller's, Inc.
Morristown—J. W. Arnold
Memphis—J. Goldsmith & Sons Co.
Nashville—Cain-Sloan Co.
Paris—Hunt Bros. (Hollywood Dept.)
Union City—Hunt Bros. (Hollywood Dept.)

TEXAS

Abilene—Campbell's
Amarillo—Hollywood Dress Shop
Austin—Goodfriends
Bay City—The Hurley Shoppe
Beaumont—Worth's, Inc.
Beeville—The Parisian
Brady—Benham Style Shop
Breckenridge—The Belota Shop
Brownwood—Garner-Alvis Co.
Bryan—The Smart Shop
Cameron—Lyon D. G. Co.
Cisco—J. H. Garner's
Denison—Richie-Freels
Denton—H. M. Russell & Sons
El Paso—The White House
Gainesville—Teaque Co.
Galveston—Maison Myro
Greenville—R. E. King

TEXAS—(continued)

Houston—Hutton, Inc.
Kilgore—La Mode
Kingsville—J. B. Ragland Merc. Co.
Laredo—A. C. Richter, Inc.
Longview—Wolens Dept. Store
Lubbock—Freed's Women's Apparels
Lulling—O'Neill's
McAllen—The Fashion
Overton—The Model
Pampa—Mitchell's
Port Arthur—Worth, Inc.
Shamrock—B. & L. Store
Temple—W. P. Roddy
Texarkana—I. Schwartz Co.
Tyler—Miller
Vernon—Gold Feder's
Victoria—A. & S. Levy, Inc.
Yorktown—Goodfriend's

UTAH

Salt Lake City—Zion Co-operative Merc. Inst.

VERMONT

Burlington—Abernethy Clarkson-Wright, Inc.
Brattleboro—J. E. Mann
Rutland—The Vogue Shop
St. Johnsbury—The Gray Shop

VIRGINIA

Charlottesville—H. G. Eastham Shop, Inc.
Covington—The Quality Shop
Danville—L. Herman's Dept. Store
Galay—Claire's Fashion Shop
Harrisonburg—J. Ney & Son
Lynchburg—Baldwin's
Norton—The Ladies Shop
Richmond—Jonas Shop
Roanoke—Natalie Shop
Staunton—Helen G. Eastham
Suffolk—Ballard & Smith
Warrenton—The Fashion Shops
Waynesboro—Rosenthal's Style Shop
Winchester—The Smart Shop
Wytheville—Victory Mdse. Co.

WASHINGTON

Long View—Columbia River Merc. Co.
Pomeroy—H. H. Cardwell
Seattle—Jerome
Spokane—The Palace Store
Yakima—Barnes-Woodin Co.

WEST VIRGINIA

Alderson—J. M. Alderson
Beckley—The Women's Shop, Inc.
Bluefield—The Vogue
Charleston—The People's Store
Clarksburg—Parson-Souders
Fairmont—J. M. Hartley
Hinton—Campbell's Quality Shop
Lewisburg—Yarid's
Logan—Manning Clo. Co.
Morgantown—S. M. Whiteside
St. Mary's—Everly Sisters
Weston—Polly Primm Dress Shop
Wheeling—Geo. E. Stifel Co.
Williamson—National Dept. Store

WISCONSIN

Appleton—Greenen D. G. Co.
Ashland—Smith Style Shop
Beloit—McNeany D. G. Co.
Eau-Claire—Jos. E. Balderstein
Fond Du Lac—Hill Bros.
Madison—Cinderella Shop
Milwaukee—Reel's
Monroe—Link Store
Sheboygan—Hill Bros.

WYOMING

Cheyenne—Bon Marche
Douglas—Keller's
Lander—The Smart Shop
Laramie—Kepp-Boertsch

Stores from Alabama to Oregon listed on page 34

SAVAGE
FACE POWDER
CLINGS *Savagely!*



Here is something really new in face powder . . . something you are sure to welcome. A powder made on a very different kind of base, so fine, so soft, this powder hugs the skin as though actually a part of it. Try it. See for yourself, if ever you knew a powder to stay on so long . . . and smooth all the while it stays. There's *another* thrill in it too! The fineness that lets Savage cling so endlessly, also makes the skin appear more truly poreless, smoother, more inviting to the eyes. And the thrill that there is in touching a Savage powdered skin could be told you only by *someone else!* There are four lovely shades:

NATURAL (Flesh)
BEIGE · RACHEL
RACHEL
(Extra Dark)



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BASE BOARD
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(LAMPS AND RADIO)
A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords, 10c.
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QUICK
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FREE



THANK YOU

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Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

.....

.....

On-the-Set Reviews

(*Continued from page* 63)

One thrill we did get, however, and that was to find Frank Mayo, Big Moment of our high school days, standing in the background and looking as handsome as ever! Remember?

TYPEE
•
M-G-M

Taking Mala out of his Eskimo trappings, M-G-M hopped to Tahiti, land of warm sunshine and warmer romance, for the setting of this South Sea Island tale, from the novel by Herman Melville.

Twenty lovely Polynesian girls are disporting themselves beside a deep pool when the war canoe of a distant tribe approaches and the warriors, out for no good, pick themselves a beautiful number from one to twenty, and the chase is on!

Mala goes for Lotus Long, by far the most beautiful of the crowd, and, while she finds him not unattractive, still, it's in the order of things that she must run and pretend indifference.

Capturing her, at last, Mala retreats to his own village, where his Chief looks upon Lotus with a longing eye. But Mala reminds him of the tribal law, to wit: "That man who wins woman, keeps woman" . . . and that-a is that-a.

After a charming game of hide-and-seek, Lotus eventually confesses her love for the virile Mala, and they are happy as two moths in a suit of woollen underwear until white men visit the village, feed the teetotalling Mala a spot of hard liquor, and, while he's practically unconscious, sign him up for a five yard stretch in the phosphate mines in Patua.

For his bravery during a cave-in at the mines, Mala is told that Lotus will be brought to him. But, when the messenger arrives at Mala's old homestead, he finds Lotus married to the Chief, through no doing of her own, and, because the Chief's friendship means plenty to the white men, the messenger must return to Mala, empty-handed.

But Lotus has ideas of her own and, stowing away on the boat, she makes a neat get-away, landing happily in the arms of her mate.

To keep peace in the family, a South Sea gendarme drags the unwilling girl aboard an out-bound lugger, locking her in a cabin until sailing time.

A convenient hurricane perils the boat and, with the entire crew lamming to safety, Mala battles the storm, rescues his sweetie pie and a calm sea finds them floating to a distant island . . . and happiness.

Richard Thorpe directs the beautiful romance.

THE MYSTERY IN ROOM 309
•
M-G-M

Franchot Tone, a he-man from the wide open spaces, comes to the Big City to find himself a wife. All he has to go on is three telephone numbers of prospective candidates who might, or might not, work into the position of rancher's wife.

We caught Tone standing in the lobby, chatting with Una Merkel, the switchboard operator.

"You might try Regent 4-4278," he says.

She dials.

"How long since you've been in New York, Mr. Ridgeway?"

"Two years," he tells her.

Una turns her attention to the switchboard. "Regent 4-4278? . . . It has? . . . All right . . ." To Tone. "Sorry . . . that number has been disconnected."

Tone sighs. "You know, I'm beginning to think New York is darn lonely for a visitor."

"It can be darn lonely when you live here."

Una discovers that he hails from Wyoming. "H-mm-m," she says, "you don't look like as wild as all that. Do you live on a reservation?"

"Nope. I live on a ranch."

"With cows . . . and everything?"

"Say—if all my cows were lined up, nose to tail, they'd stretch from Columbus Circle to Albany!" He digs in a pocket and pulls out a snapshot. "Look . . . I won three blue ribbons at Cheyenne with that one!"

"Why, it's a calf, isn't it? What color it it?"

"She's an ash blond."

"Do you like blondes?" Una asks coyly.

"Yeh . . . if they're calves."

Which is just leading up to the beginning of a great romance.

After chasing down a murderer, uncovering the mysteriously missing body, returning a stolen bracelet to an innocent lady who might have been implicated in the murder on account of leaving it lying around in the corpus delicti's room, and generally having herself a lot of excitement, Tone tells Una to grab her hat, she's coming to Wyoming to take a crack at being a rancher's missus!

Jack Conway directs this original play, by Edward Childs Carpenter.

CASE OF THE CURIOUS BRIDE
•
WARNERS

What would you do if you were a widow and married a second time only to have husband Number One step into the picture again and demand a pretty penny, per annum, for staying "dead"?

Personally, we'd take the blackmailing so-and-such right down to the jail house and have him put in storage 'til he learned his manners. But, if Margaret Lindsay took our advice, there wouldn't be any picture and, as long as we've got to earn our salt, we'll just let her go to attorney Warren William for advice on how to get out of the mess with as many complications as possible.

Warren is a smart criminal lawyer who, after office hours, indulges a consuming passion to get into an apron and chef's cap and mess around with oil dressings, shrimp, crab meat, et cetera, just to see how it'll turn out.

Via the usual deductions, he discovers that Margaret's first husband has been engaged in a "marriage racket," wedding innocent women and then arranging his own "death" in order to blackmail them.

How the gal happened to make two mistakes in a row is something you-all will have to take up with the author, Erle Stanley Gardner, but the fact remains that husband Number Two isn't a whole lot ahead of the racketeer, inasmuch as he's a weakling son of a millionaire. And, when Margaret's first mistake is found, apparently dead, Number Two (Donald Woods) not only points (ill bred, eh?) an accusing finger at the little woman, but insinuates that she's had an affair with Phillip Reed, as well.

As to the denouement, complications and entanglements pile up as the mystery grows deeper and deeper. The cast includes such interesting personalities as Allen Jenkins, Warren Hymer, Olin Howland, Claire Dodd (Warren's secretary), and Winifred Shaw.

Then, too . . . there's Michael Curtiz directing.



Why spoil an otherwise flawless appearance by nails that show neglect. Brittle nails and delicate "Moons" respond rapidly to regular care. Wigder Manicure Aids—well balanced, keen-edged, scientifically designed instruments, turn an arduous task into a simple, pleasant duty. Wigder Nail Files have the new Improved Cleaner Point. Get a set of Wigder Manicure Aids today—your local 5 and 10¢ store has them.



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WORLD'S BIGGEST SELLING HAIR REMOVER
ZIP
THE PERFUMED DEPILATORY
ZIP EPILATOR—IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT
DESTROYS SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

ST. CHARLES HOTEL
Entire Block on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City
A hotel to be enjoyed in a sense of supreme satisfaction
Excellent Cuisine
Largest Sundeck on the Walk
MODERATE RATES
American and European Plans.



Freckles
Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles quickly and surely in the privacy of your own room. Your friends will wonder how you did it. Stillman's Freckle Cream removes them while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and smooth, the complexion fresh and clear. 50¢ *A Jar*

Stillman's
FRECKLE CREAM

Mail this Coupon to Box 101
THE STILLMAN CO., Aurora, Illinois
and receive a Free Booklet about Freckles.

Name .....
Address .....

Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 27)

HERE'S a snappy item! Jean Harlow's brand new bathing suit is made of cellophane, believe it or don't! It's a bright platinum color and is in one piece, no skirt!

'T ain't fair, we says . . . 't ain't fair a-tall!

And Dolores Del Rio has a new fad. It's the wearing of two rings, identically the same, on the third finger of each hand. She has a set for every costume she wears, jade, metal, wood, etc. for day time. And usually diamonds for evening wear.

NOTE to Ripley:
Cora Sue Collins has a kitten and a canary bird that play together . . . and no blood shed. In fact, the birdie's favorite perching place is right on top of kitty's head!

FROM the type of adventure pictures he has directed, it would seem likely that W. S. Van Dyke feared nothing in the world. Weren't we surprised, then, to discover that the fellow has an absolute horror of high places and white moths!

YOU should get a look at Clark Gable's brand new car. "It's a twelve-cylinder roadster, ultra-sports model, and a shade of gorgeous powder blue that is going to make Clark about as inconspicuous as Jimmy Durante's schnozzola!

JOAN CRAWFORD had her home decorated in a peculiar shade that is now officially known as "Crawford Blue" by interior decorators, architects and paint manufacturers.

Also, Joan's newly installed bay window is supposed to be scientifically correct on account of having it's light tested with a light meter—whatever that is!

LIONEL BARRYMORE knows a guy who is so stingy, that, says Barrymore, if he dreamed he spent a dollar, he'd wake up screaming!

W. C. FIELDS wasn't a bit interested when we tried to tell him about the new golf ball which will have a core of dry ice.

"It's unnecessary as far as I'm concerned," he drawled. "My game isn't that hot!"

SMOKING a cigarette between scenes, Mary Boland narrowly escaped being painfully burned when the couch on which she was sitting went up in flames!

A dropped ash fell between the cushions, landed on a piece of film left there accidently and as the flames leaped up, Mary made a neat dive for safety!

The blaze was extinguished before it could do much damage, but Mary won't be the same gal for a day or two.

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON is so weary of cluttering up his meals in the approved eating spots by having to stop every other bite and sign autograph books, that he hied himself to a drive-in sandwich stand the other day, to get away from it all.

But, what do you think? The girl who served him recognized him, told the other gals, and . . . in five minutes, Eddie was right back at the old racket, putting his monicker on napkins, bills of fare, and stuff, between bites of his hot dog!

WHEN Gene Markey's colored chauffeur took a day off for himself, the Japanese houseboy was, by some mischance, assigned to drive Joan Bennett to the studio.

Evidently in a driver's seat for the first time, the little Nipponese managed to gather up four traffic tickets in the first mile!

Standing the hectic goings on as long as she could, Joan was finally moved to take over the wheel, but, seeing as how she doesn't drive often herself, it would be hard to say which of the two of them was the more frightened by the time they finally reached the studio!

MIGOSH Department:
So Garbo had the courage to go shopping right on Hollywood Boulevard, and without her dark glasses!

WARREN WILLIAM has two adorable wire-haired terriers and some time ago we told you how they had killed seventeen chickens belonging to a neighboring rancher. Of course, Warren paid a good price for the fowls and was amply rewarded when the rancher graciously returned the birds, dressed and ready for the oven.

The other day, Warren discovered that some fiend had thrown acid in the dogs' eyes, burning them so badly that one of them has only partially regained its eyesight, while the other may never see again.

Because of his friendly attitude in regard to the demise of his blue ribbon chickens, we must absolve the rancher of any blame in the matter.

And as for the real culprit, the fiendishness of some so-called humans surpasses all understanding.

WE'VE known Ned Sparks to laugh only once since the first time we met him. That was when George White paid his lunch check the other day at the Fox cafe!

QUEENIE SMITH is finding Hollywood not quite as she expected it. After a lengthy conversation with W. C. Fields, she finally asked:

"Well, where are all these 'yes men' I've heard so much about?"

"Oh, that's easy," said Fields knowingly. "Since Ben Bernie's been on the lot, they've all learned to say 'Yawsah!'"

IF you can wangle an invitation to the Bill Gargans' on the cook's night out, you're going to taste such food as you've never eaten before.

Bill is the world's best chef, and it's too bad for the population that he decided to be an actor.

We were the lucky one, the other night, when Bill invited us over to sample his famous meat roll in a salt blanket, and, for you ladies who are trying to work your way to some guy's heart, via the stomach, here's a tip.

As far as we could find out, Bill takes the makin's for a regular meat loaf, pats it into a roll, and then, making a paste out of salt, he puts it all around the meat, at least an inch thick, and broils the whole thing.

When you take it out of the oven, it'll be so hard that you'll have to crack it open with a hammer, but . . . Mammy! what's inside will be well worth the trouble!

IN "Private Worlds," you'll see Claudette Colbert, sans the bangs she has worn for ever so long now. Banged or bangless, Claudette suits us right down to the ground, but—"I'm positively un-

(Please turn to page 68)

Secrets Of Success For All Women

How to Get and Hold Jobs, Friends, Beaux, Husbands

Success or failure in the most important events of a woman's life often depends on her appearance.
The French Woman's Art of Chic, Charm and Seductiveness—their alluring art of perfect "Make-up"—revealed by one of them.

Get this priceless knowledge from the unique and only

Paris Personal Fashion Correspondence

(La Marquise de C_____)

$1.00 so invested can save you MANY

Ask yourself these questions:

1. Do you make the most of your good points?
2. Do you know how to apply Fashions to your OWN personality?
3. Can you go anywhere with poise and confidence, *knowing* you are correctly dressed?
4. Are you a help to your husband's position by your Smartness and Charm?
5. Are you a pretty girl neglected while a plain girl has success?
6. Do you realize first impressions are as important as references when you apply for a job?
7. Have you Buying Mistakes hanging in your closet?
8. Are you in front line or side line of your social circle?
9. Are you expert in "MAKE-UP" to accentuate your beauty?

Mistakes in buying are expensive

French Women are the most Economical in the World, yet the Best Dressed. They know little tricks that change old clothes to Smart Clothes. For centuries they have regarded "CHIC" as an ART worth studying. They hold youth and defy age. French history records many such women.

Learn the French Woman's secrets from one of them

Charm and Chic with Economy!

Send this coupon today For expert advice for you —individually

Send details of your face and figure, income and environment—snapshot if you wish.

(All letters held in confidence)

ANSWERS will be Practical; the latest fashions from the fountain head, Paris; what YOU should buy from your OWN shops for Supreme Smartness and ECONOMY.

*Write today. State your need—be it One correct costume or a Wardrobe for a Season—Business—School—A Cruise—Week-end—Travel—Wedding,—Vacation.
OR
The French Woman's Technique of Make-up.
Enclose $1.00 and *this coupon* for either answer—$2.00 for both. (Send 20c additional to cover loss on dollar in foreign exchange). Put 5c (foreign postage) on your letter. If checks, etc. are used, make out as below. Address:

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No. 1 Rue Royale, Paris, France

**Expect answer in three weeks or less. Longer if you live far from European mail steamers.* T

YOU'RE TWICE AS PRETTY SINCE YOU GAINED 10 POUNDS



No need now to be SKINNY

When This Special Quick Way Puts On 10 to 15 lbs. *Fast*

EVEN if you never could gain an ounce before, remember thousands have gained solid attractive flesh this new easy way—*in just a few weeks!*

Doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now, with this new yeast discovery in pleasant little tablets, you can get far greater tonic results—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm flesh, enticing curves—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, glorious new energy and pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is now concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This rich yeast is *ironized* with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast tablets, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If not delighted with results of very first package, money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," by an authority. Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 876, Atlanta, Ga.



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"This Perfume seems to add a kind of charm to a woman"



Says

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The fragrance is *April Showers, the perfume of youth.* You can enjoy its luxury at low cost... in *April Showers Talc*, the world's most famous and best loved talcum powder. There is no finer.

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Use this COUPON for FREE SAMPLES



"RADIO GIRL", Saint Paul, Minn.
Send me FREE Regular Size Radio Girl Perfume and Trial Size Radio Girl Face Powder. I am enclosing 10c (coin or stamps) for cost of mailing. (Offer Good in U. S. only.) T-6

Name .....

Address .....

It's a Fake

(*Continued from page* 15)

shaped interior scene) representing a parlor or hotel lobby, dining-room, a bedroom, and possibly an office or anteroom. Facing these sets are huge bunch lights, and on the side lines are old empty moving picture cameras, which, in all probability, haven't been used since Chaplin made his first picture. In spite of the antiquity of this equipment, it looks very genuine to the suckers who have never been in a real studio. Adjoining these studios, on the front, are the business offices. (The place where they give you the "business.") There is a large reception room with a stenographer at the Information Desk, and off this, six or seven private offices.

The men operating these studios have at some time or other been connected with some legitimate studio. Their character and past performances fully qualify them as first-class parasites. Let me give you the low down on the operators of one of these camouflaged studios. Of course, the real names are withheld, but the descriptions and background are all true.

"THE HOLLYWOOD STARS STUDIO"
Owned by Mr. A. and Mr. B.
Mr. C., Director General

A. is a man about 36 years of age, of good appearance and charming personality. Started in the picture business ten years ago as property man for a large picture company then engaged in making juvenile comedies. He stayed with this firm five years, during which time he advanced to assistant director. He was discharged for dishonesty. He then came in contact with a promoter who was selling stock in a company that intended to produce a series of comedies. A one-third interest was sold to a widow who wanted a screen career for her child. Mr. A. was engaged at a huge salary (which he split with the promoter), and directed four pictures in which the widow's child was featured. The pictures were not up to standard and couldn't be sold. The widow ran out of money—and the company went bankrupt. Mr. A. saw to it that all the beautifully colored lithographs and still pictures that were made carried his name very prominently, as the director. These he retained, and together with several personally autographed pictures from stars (given him when he was an assistant director) they make a very impressive display on the walls of the Hollywood Stars Studio.

Mr. B.: A man about 40 years old, with the appearance of a successful business man. Has had a very checkered career. Received his education selling oil stock. When the World War came along, he was rejected for having flat feet. He wanted to do his bit, so in a city close to an aviation training camp he conducted (under cover) stag shows at $2 a head for the soldiers. In his spare time he was a minute man, selling Liberty Bonds. He kept a list of all buyers, and after the war got in touch with these people, allowing them to turn their Liberty Bonds in on the purchase of (inflated) California real estate. When the crash came, he became sales manager for a legitimate Hollywood dancing school, with thirty solicitors under him. He continued in this field until he met Mr. A. and, as their ideas coincided, they organized the Hollywood Stars Studio.

Mr. C., Director General: C. is about 55 years of age, gray hair, and dignified. He used to be considered one of the ace directors in Hollywood. Some of the biggest stars of silent pictures were directed by him. He was in great demand and as his popularity grew so did his egotism. He was a heavy drinker, high-strung, and very temperamental. Little things would disconcert him, and in the middle of a picture he would go on a tantrum, walk off the set, and stay away from the studio for days. This was costing the studio thousands of dollars. Finally they grew tired of his actions and discharged him. Other studios had heard of his eccentricities, and refused to take a chance with him.

Through these three men, the walls in the offices of the Hollywood Stars Studio are very impressively decorated. There is the proof that you are dealing with men who have guided the destinies of many successful screen personalities.

The other five or six "directors" are unemployed actors trying to pick up a little change while waiting for a job.

The salesmen, who represent themselves as production supervisors, are all high-pressure men—though under strict orders not to misrepresent. They are cautioned against promising anyone employment, and must bear in mind at all times that it is not a school but a studio with a training department conducted by real directors.

With a mental picture of the studio and the people you encounter there the question arises, where and how do they get these would-be actors into their clutches? At the present time they are using three different schemes:

No. 1—Advertising: Here are two different advertisements which have appeared in daily and Sunday papers:

THEATRICAL
Radio—Stage—Screen

Motion picture studio now casting talented beginners for legitimate productions. Free microphone test. Those selected start rehearsals at once. A great opportunity—not a school. See director.

THEATRICAL

Motion picture studio seeking adults and children. Free tryouts. No experience required.

No. 2—Registration Boxes: Throughout the city on the counters of drug stores and other neighborhood establishments is a box about ten inches square. Above this box is the printed message, "Can you act? Have you a screen personality? Motion picture studio will give you free tryout—Fill out application card with name, address, phone, and deposit in this box."

No. 3—Solicitors (or Scouts as they prefer to be called): They approach anyone who might have money, and though they do not misrepresent, their methods are intentionally misunderstood. They introduce themselves as a scout for a moving picture company, and state they believe the prospect has a screen personality. If the person seems interested, the scout tells them that if they are serious and will respect a definite appointment, they can secure a free tryout by one of the directors at the studio. After they express their appreciation for such a chance the scout writes out a tryout pass—

No. 21,300 STUDIO
STREET
PHONE

TRYOUT PASS

Name .....
Address .....
City .....
Phone .....
Date .....
Age .....
Previous experience .....
Date and time for tryout.....
Interview authorized by.....
Studio located.....

At a dance or dinner With F-O I'm a winner



F-O polish does not crack or peel... is made in five lovely shades... retains its original charming color until removed...

At all 10c stores... **Cuticle Remover ... Creme Polish ... Polish Remover Oily Polish Remover ...**

Ft. Orange Chemical Co., Albany, N. Y.

Protects!



Renders a "weather-proof" complexion of entrancing beauty that neither sun, wind or water can destroy. Enjoy the outdoors without fear of sunburn, tan or roughened skin.

ORIENTAL CREAM
Gouraud

Purse Size at 10c Stores

White - Flesh - Rachel and Oriental - Tan

ALWAYS WEAR PEDS!



PEDS proved to Hollywood that even the ceaseless activity of movie stars need not ruin stocking feet! Now thousands everywhere—housewives, business girls—wear these amazing little "shoe-hi" stockings and cut hosiery bills in HALF! Many save up to $25 a year on stockings, now! And when going barelegged Peds take away all the distasteful, unsanitary effects of bare feet next to hot shoe leather. They don't show above shoe tops. For sale at 10c Stores, Department Stores, Shoe and Hosiery Shops. Merc. Lisle, 20c; Super Lisle, 30c; Silk, 40c; Wool, 50c. Suntan or White. Sizes 8 to 10½. If you cannot be supplied send coins or stamps to RICHARD PAUL, INC., Cooper Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

Peds TRADE MARK REG.

Made under U. S. Patent Nos. 1912539 and 1991624

It's a Fake

Of the three methods used, the last one (No. 3) produces the best results.

ON the night of the tryout the prospect, after identifying himself, is ushered into the office of a supervisor (salesman) where he is allowed to sit and gaze at the pictures on the wall while the supervisor finishes his immediate task (he is usually very busy sorting still pictures, reading a scenario, or making a fake phone call). He finally looks up, and, after getting the prospect's name, asks him if he is interested in making the stage or screen his future vocation. This must be answered in the affirmative or there is no tryout. He then proceeds to fill out an application blank as the prospect answers his questions. This questionnaire tells whether a prospect is alive or dead. Here are the questions: Name? Address? Phone? Age? Height? Weight? Color of hair? Eyes? Education? Do you ride? Swim? Dance? How many languages do you speak? Now employed? Salary? Number of dependents Married? Do you own a car? Have you a bank reference? Did you ever act on the stage or screen before? Where? What parts? What wardrobe have you? Can you afford to spend three evenings a week for coming rehearsals, for the purpose of appearing in productions?

Can you see all their angles? At the bottom of this application blank a space is reserved for the director's report.

The prospect is then taken into the studio and introduced to one of the directors (there are five or six, one for each set), the application blanks are turned over to him and with eight or ten prospects at his disposal, he goes to work. The director then explains to this group that in order to get a line on their ability they will rehearse and play a little scene. Each one will have a line or two to read, also an entrance or action of some kind. A short scene is concocted and the people assigned their bits. As rehearsals proceed, the prospects are criticized, and the reading of their lines and awkward movements or gestures are diplomatically corrected by the director. They appreciate his patience and realize the benefit they are receiving from his coaching.

After the first scene has been rehearsed for about forty-five minutes, a very impressive gesture is made. The director has carefully looked over the questionnaire of each applicant and it seems that he has had a great deal of trouble correcting the prospects who have stated that they are unemployed, had no bank reference and one or two dependents. So he tells them (so the others can hear), that they haven't the qualifications necessary and are excused from further rehearsals. This always creates the desired effect on those remaining.

When the failures have left, the others are told they have done fairly well, and one more scene will be rehearsed which will complete their tryout. For another hour they go through more of this monkey business, after which the director thanks them for their co-operation.

THE next day he gets a call, and is told to be at the studio at some specified time. He gets there ahead of time. When ushered into the supervisor's office, he is greeted warmly and told that the director has given him a very promising report—not good, but promising.

"Harry" (the salesman gets very personal), "the director says that you have fine possibilities. He had to correct you several times, but nevertheless you took direction well, and with a little training you should succeed in the acting profession. I am going to be very frank and explain just what we can do with you. First of all, we are a small independent studio and don't make many pictures—however, we operate just like big studios and are always looking for new faces. In order to build people so they will be of value to us, we have a training department. Before people can get into this department we must feel that they have ability. Our directors are high-salaried men, and we can't afford to have them waste their time on impossible people. You probably saw the director excuse a few last night.

"Harry, the picture business is a peculiar business. A lot of people can't understand why they don't give a newcomer a chance, but when you realize that it costs at least a thousand dollars an hour to shoot a picture, then you have some idea of why they can't take chances. You know they can't afford to waste time correcting inexperienced people—if they should take a chance and give you a part only with two or three lines, and then the next day, when they looked at the "dailies" (a review of the scenes taken) they found something wrong—you know what that would mean? They would have to go over everything they did, possibly rebuild a whole scene, and it would cost them thousands of dollars.

"In the play we are putting on, there is a part which our director feels would suit you perfectly. He would like to have you play it, and so would we. It is going to take a lot of hard work on your part—you will have to be here three evenings a week for rehearsals, and you will have to study. Do you think you can afford to invest this time and effort?"

Naturally you say yes.

"There is also another question: How is your wardrobe? I mean, in case you had to wear evening clothes or a riding habit, do you think you could get these on short notice?" (Clever, these parasites—if you can get money for wardrobe, you can also get it for this training.)

CONVINCED that you are ready for the kill, he continues: "Well, I think we can afford to take a chance with you. I say take a chance, because we have had several expensive experiences with people we have given this same opportunity to. Not long ago we had a very promising young man, and we gave him the leading part in a play we rehearsed three months. The night before the play was to go on, he ran off and got married. We were in a terrible predicament, and finally one of our directors had to go in and play his part. Well, right then and there we decided we were through investing our time and money on people who were unappreciative and insincere. So, ever since that time, we have each person entering our training department share in the expense of maintaining it. We don't intend to make any money out of it, and as long as you are the one to benefit, the small per capita fee of five dollars per week really amounts to nothing. I know you can see our viewpoint, and a person like you will be more than willing to cooperate with us to this extent. How about it?"

The way this is handled, the prospect

(*Please turn to page* 68)



Peasant Linens

. . . . . for Pleasant Tables!

COLOR is the motif for informal tables! Colorful dishes . . . colorful linens of peasant origin. Here in one set of diagram patterns are directions for making seven exquisite table settings: Czecho-Slovakian Table Doilies, Russian Table Covers, Applique Design for Table Spread, Pattern for Famous Assisi Chicken, Mexican Embroidery, Lace-Trimmed Table Spreads, Italian Table Linen.

Send 15c. for "Peasant Linens" No. Se to

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It's a Fake

(*Continued from page 67*)

can't say no. Occasionally they say they haven't any money with them, but the majority take out their pocket-books right then and there.

Mr. Supervisor, however, continues talking—"Rehearsals will start tomorrow—that is, a reading rehearsal, and we will have your part all ready for you by that time. I am going to give you a studio contract, Harry, and have you definitely cast for this part. No one else will get it. In view of this, I know you will want to pay four weeks in advance and then continue the payments at the rate of five dollars per week. And another thing I want to tell you is, you may pay for thirteen weeks' rehearsals; if it takes longer than that, we stand all the extra expense."

A contract is then made out for $65—$20 down and $5 per week, and the prospect signs. After this is done, the supervisor says: "You are not under the impression that we are guaranteeing you a position, are you?" (Of course you say No.) "Then will you just write on that line below your signature, *I have not been promised a position,* and then sign your name again, and everything will be O.K." This is done to counteract any claim the prospect may make later on. They never refuse to write this in.

THUS the would-be actor is rehearsed in a play that is put on for one night in some small Hollywood theater. Tickets and photographs are sold to the actors, which more than takes care of the expenses. In many instances, three different one-act plays are presented, each with an entirely different cast. They fulfill their promises, which is all they intend to do. Not one sincere effort is ever made to develop a single prospect.

It is very obviously a racket. The prospect is rehearsed in one or two parts, but there is no attempt to give him real dramatic training. Diction and poise are practically ignored, and after thirteen weeks he knows little more than when he started. Invitations to the play are mailed to all the big directors, but they know of these racketeers, and very few, if any, ever attend.

The profits from this venture are quite substantial. The only expense they have is advertising, light, rent, heat, telephone, and one salary (the stenographer). Sometimes they even pay her off in lessons.

As a final bit of advice to anyone who has a desire to get into pictures, remember, your best chance is to get into a stock company or little theater group right near or in your home town. Studio scouts are constantly reviewing these organizations, and if you possess any ability, *they* will find you. But, whatever you do, by all means stay away from Hollywood.

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Each One Does its Own Job BETTER

Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page 65*)

happy without 'em," she confided. "The role simply required me to do several scenes with the bangs brushed back off my forehead, so I did it that way. Look!—" and she pulled down a handful of the suppressed bangs, "I've still got them and, as soon as this is over, I intend turning them loose again!"

THIS sounds like a press agent story, but you'll just have to take our word for it that it's strictly on the up-and-up.

With time on her hands (about two months of it), Bette Davis went north to visit her husband, who is leading his band in a 'Frisco night spot.

Finding it more convenient, Harmon had taken a cottage in an auto camp, planning to move to a hotel when the missus arrived. But Bette was so taken with the idea of roughing it that she shoved her trunk under the bed, slipped into a house dress and, for six long weeks, mind you, played at keeping house!

"Honestly," she told us, "I haven't had so much fun in years!"

She doesn't know much about cooking, but, by propping an old cook book up on the tiny sink, the Warner star turned out some meals that would have done credit to her worthy grandmother!

NORMA SHEARER always keeps with her a small jade elephant, sent to her by an admirer. It's a lucky piece, and Norma wouldn't part with it for a bag of diamonds.

Incidentally, at Dorothy Parker's recent party, there wasn't a woman in the place any more glowingly beautiful than Norma. I don't know . . . prospective motherhood seems to do something . .

IT'S a good thing that Gertrude Michael is fast on the pick-up! If she hadn't been out of her studio chair like a flash when a prop man yelled: "Look out!" she might be receiving visitors in one of our local hospitals, right this minute!

The boys were rolling in a camera when one of the tripod rollers caught in a cable, throwing the 400-pound camera off balance and smashing the chair in which Gertrude had been sitting, just a split second before!

SEEING Nelson Eddy in the long hair he had to grow for his part in "Naughty Marietta," Charles Butterworth has been calling him "Tarzan's Grandpa," ever since!

HERBERT MUNDIN has played so many butler roles that he's just on the verge of being tired of it all.

When they told him he was to be Gilbert Roland's butler, in "Secret Lives," Herbie inquired: "Good, bad, or indifferent?"

"Very good," they told him.

"All right," he sighed resignedly. "I'll have my shirt laundered, wash my neck and get a clean collar."

SPENCE TRACY is wearing four stitches in his forehead because he made a bum catch of a wet plate, tossed at him by Wendy Barrie in a scene for "It's a Small World."

Spence and Wendy were supposed to be doing up the dishes, with Wendy washing and tossing them to him to dry. All was well until one of the plates slipped through Spencer's hands and cut a long gash in his forehead. And production was held up three days until the scar was fit to be photographed.

The Film Stars at Play

(*Continued from page 30*)

EDDIE ROBINSON plays the harp, though few people know it. And he can sing, too.

Naturally, therefore, loving music and being a musician, he likes to entertain musicians, and he and his wife do this frequently. Then all the picture people who love music gather at his home.

Igor Stravinsky was guest of honor at one of the more important of these parties, and he and Max Reinhardt had a nice little argument regarding music as applied to pictures, a discussion to which Charlie Chaplin also contributed.

Charlie had brought Paulette Goddard, and Maurice Chevalier and Kay Francis arrived together, as did Reuben Mamoulian and Gertrude Michael.

Marguerite Namara, noted diva, was among the artists present.

AND speaking of how the Hollywood children stand with their elders—there was the party which Arline Judge and Wesley Ruggles gave for their son, Charles Wesley, Jr., on the youngster's second birthday.

There was even a merry-go-round, out-of-doors, of course, operated by Papa Ruggles, with ponies for the children to ride, and toys of every description were given the children to amuse them. Balloons grew on trees, and each child picked his own off the tree.

Alas for small Charles Wesley! He was so exhausted from his morning activities, helping his dad decorate the trees, that he was asleep when his guests arrived! But he politely rubbed his eyes and greeted his guests.

Carol Ann Beery spent the whole afternoon riding on the merry-go-round. She even ate her ice-cream as she went round and round.

And there was a puppet show! And how the kids loved that!

Man From India Feted

NOT only from the four corners, but from all the little, in-between alcoves of the earth do they come to Hollywood.

Not that India is an alcove, but perhaps one might call a theater in India that, and all the way from such a theater, in Bombay, came Jam-shed Dinshaw Petit, who owns the theater, to be entertained by Mrs. Ida Koverman, of M-G-M.

Mrs. Koverman invited all Hollywood to her Santa Monica home, where her guests were quite free to play cards or ping-pong or go swimming in the ocean, after which a buffet supper was served.

The guest of honor expressed himself as especially thrilled at meeting May Robson and Clark Gable, and he declared both were highly beloved in India.

Corinne Griffith, star of another day, came all alone to the party. She still looks exceedingly young and lovely. John Farrow brought Maureen O'Sullivan; Jean Harlow was with William Powell; Edgar Allen Woolf was a lone wolf; and Jeanette MacDonald was looking a little lonely without Bob Ritchie, who is in Europe; June Knight was with Tommy Lee, and Joan Marsh, who used to be with Tommy all the time, was with Pat di Cicco, Thelma Todd's ex-husband.

Hollywood's Real Bohemia

A REAL Bohemia still exists in Hollywood! As witness the party which Mme. Namara, noted diva, gave at her home, when, besides entertaining with her glorious voice, she turned cook and performed on the gas range herself, with a very excellent spaghetti dish.

And have you ever heard a spinet? A spinet is a sort of grand-daddy to the piano, and lends itself especially well to accompaniments. Namara sounded its quaint notes and sang some of those gorgeous, wild, gypsy songs.

Douglass Montgomery was among the guests, and also performed on the spinet. (Is there anything that boy can't do?)

The musical stratosphere was represented among the guests by Mme. Nina Koshetz, Russian grand opera star, Mischa Levitski, pianist, Lillian Sloane, vocalist, Alexander Zudovsky, violinist.

Paul Kellys Honor Fritz Leiber

Fritz Leiber, noted Shakespearian actor, and his wife and son, young Fritz, having turned their backs on Shakespeare for the time being and settled in Hollywood, are being rather widely entertained.

Paul Kelly and his wife had some people in for a cocktail party, the other day—all students of Shakespeare and therefore all willing to argue any Shakespearian point that came up. But there were no casualties!

Stu Erwin, who plays comedy but reads Shakespeare, brought his wife, June Collyer; Ray Griffith talked shop with Leiber; Fred Keating, who plays drama in pictures and on the stage, but is more interested in magic than any other entertainment, let us in on the secret that he once played Hamlet in amateur performances. Roger Pryor told how he had hankered to play Romeo when he was very young.

In fact, a lot of Shakespeare "pasts" were unfolded, including the fact that Ann Sothern played the bard's heroines at school, while Pat O'Brien confessed to a deep and long-felt desire to enact Richard III.

Maxine Doyle arrived with Gordon Westcott, but was smiling over a wire she had just received from Owen Davis, Jr., who was on a business trip to New York.

Young Fritz Leiber is now in pictures, and father Fritz is going to be also. Young Fritz is well over six feet tall.

"I know what I'm for," he said. "I'm to provide something for tall girls to stand beside. I just stand still, and they always look me up!"

All the same, next minute he was kneeling beside lovely Ann Sothern's chair!

Astaires Entertain for Mother

Playing in more than a bit of luck is Mrs. Frederick E. Astaire, mother of Fred and Adele. Not only are her children both famous and popular—Adele is now Lady Cavendish, of Ireland—but they are so far separated, Fred now being a bright particular movie star, that she has two very lovely homes at opposite ends of the earth. She spends six months of the year with each one of her children.

Fred Astaire and his wife gave their very first Hollywood party at the Trocadero, and Mother Astaire met for the first time such notables as Franchot Tone, Joan Crawford, Kay Francis, Whitney de Rahm, Sam and Frances Goldwyn, the Donald Ogden Stewarts, Elizabeth Allan, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, Robert Montgomery and his wife, and the David Selznicks.

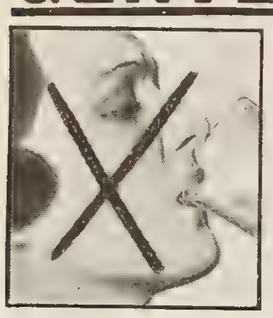


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Free 1935 Calendar - Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples TUMS and NR. *Send stamp for postage and packing to* A. H. LEWIS CO., Dpt.36HMM, St. Louis, Mo.

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Color of your hair?.....

YOU TELL US

On this page our readers tell us—and each other—what they think. It is our fan club. And all you need to get in the fun is a pencil and a three-cent stamp for Uncle Sam

Mrs. Vito Answers!

I would have responded to your challenge sooner, had I not been moving across the continent.

If it is not too late I would like to assure Mrs. Robert Bentley that, although I do not fight in phooeys, I could not resist sending W. C. Fields up even higher in your estimation via the raspberry route. In my previous letter, to which you have taken such violent exception, I was merely stating my opinion. Unfortunately, even your pæans have failed to change this opinion.

I have no quarrel with the late Mr. Ziegfeld's tastes. As long as W. C. Fields stayed in the comparative obscurity of the New York stage and was not inflicted upon such of his public as are unappreciative of his boring and obvious humor, I was satisfied.

Also, to your statement that a person drawing a huge salary must have brains, may I mildly bring to your attention history's impoverished geniuses, as contrasted with our wealthy movie stars, many of whom would hardly rate immortality? This is putting it gently.

Slapstick is quite all right in its place, but when a hulking idiot spends half hours at a time transferring a piece of paper from one sticky thumb to the other and back again, *ad nauseum,* then I write letters to magazines.

And, Emeroi C. Stacy, it would seem that the critics who really annoy you most are those whose opinions differ from your own. I would like to see W. C. Fields fade into complete oblivion.—Mrs. D. E. Vito, 14 Chestnut St., Beverly, Mass. *We are whistling and pretending to look out the window. We don't know anything about this, at all.*



"Stars may come and stars may go, but Lewis Stone goes on forever." "Let Marlene Dietrich go swallow a herring." And "Why haven't we seen Pauline Lord again?" ask our readers.

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Close-Ups

I certainly agree with Mr. Barton, whose letter in your April issue advocates the abolishing of newsreel close-ups. The highly magnified features of ordinary human beings, who are without the screen stars' advantages of perfect profiles, make-up and movie technique, are usually nothing but hideous monstrosities. Such pictures add nothing and more often detract considerably from the importance of the message they are attempting to put over. Besides, why embarrass the innocent subject with these cruel exaggerations, when more often than not he has already undergone something of an ordeal in just the mere posing for the picture?

Having recently faced the scorching spotlights and relentless cameras myself, I know whereof I speak. Probably the only reason I didn't acquire a "lifelong inferiority complex" was because my Great Dane—the gorgeous international Champion Cyrus von der Pissa—was the one to have the close-up. —A. B. Vierhaus, Copake, N. Y. *You*

A NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE FAN WILL PRESENT THESE AWARDS

The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1935 in the films. Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards. It is your vote that will count when we make the final decision!

Address letters to The People's Academy or Dollar Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Write us what you think. Medals will be given for the following:

1. BEST ALL-AROUND FEATURE PICTURE

2. BEST PERFORMANCE (ACTRESS)

3. BEST PERFORMANCE (ACTOR)

4. BEST MUSICAL PICTURE

5. BEST HUMAN INTEREST PICTURE

6. BEST MYSTERY PICTURE

7. BEST ROMANCE

8. BEST COMEDY

9. BEST SHORT REEL PICTURE

10. BEST NEWSREEL PICTURE

11. BEST DIRECTION

12. BEST STORY

When all these votes are counted at the end of the year, the winners will be named. Then the fan whose vote most closely tallies with the final compilation will be given a trip to New York or Hollywood to present the awards. The stars and producers who win the medals will be there in person to receive them, wherever production schedules permit. All expenses to and from Hollywood or New York and entertainment, hotel accommodations, etc., will be borne by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. Be sure to cast your vote carefully and YOU MAY WIN THIS THRILLING TRIP.

Which story do you like best in this month's New Move? (Title) .....

Which story do you dislike in this month's New Movie? (Title) .....

Name..... Address.....

should rent Cyrus to some of the celebrities who get into newsreels. Then we could all look at Cyrus.

From England

I wonder if many of NEW MOVIE readers know of Marjorie Warby's novels. It struck me that two of her books would make delightful films—they are "A Husband on Her Doorstep" and "Too Many Girls." Janet Gaynor would make a delightful Ann in the first one and I can imagine Ann Harding in the leading part in the second. They are gay, lighthearted stories.

Here's three cheers and lots of good luck to NEW MOVIE—it's *easily* the best Movie Magazine on the newsstand—American or English. It's *swell.*—Mrs. Ivy Mountjoy, 9 Wenbury Rd., Highgate, London, England. *Perhaps the movie producers will heed your suggestion. Mrs. M[illegible]*

[illegible]

In all the movie mysteries I've seen, the detectives have all been men. Why doesn't some movie company film a good mystery yarn with a woman as the master mind detective? Can't you just see Kay Francis or Claudette Colbert as a beautiful but clever private detective tracking down criminals in her own feminine way?—Judith Shane, 701 Oakmont Ave., Steubenville, Ohio. *That's an idea, but it has been done before. Long ago, Universal had a detective serial with Alice Joyce starred. Do you remember the title? "Madelyn Mack, Detective."*

Ouch!

If the studios take my advice, they will fire those unjustly famous dress designers and let their women stars appear natural and well-bred in their dress. Judging by their unposed photographs, such stars as Shearer, Crawford, Bennett, Ginger Rogers and even Garbo show much better taste in clothes of their own selection than in the creations they exhibit on the screen. Are they dress-models, or actresses? I heard many people come away from "Riptide" and "Chained" snickering at the outlandish gowns the stars paraded in. Of course, if it is the producers' desire to attract attention away from poor acting and poorer stories, they are succeeding admirably. — Gerda Browne, 9859 51st Ave., S. W., Seattle, Wash. *There'll be many a headache in the Hollywood fitting-rooms over this, Gerda. We are remaining strictly neutral on this.*

Comics

Hurrah for those four gloom-chasers —those four who, each in his own inimitable way, makes the unhappiest person become gay—I refer, of course, to Ned Sparks, Frank McHugh, Roscoe Karns and Charles Butterworth.

I, for one, thank them for the many happy hours they have given me. And may their strength increase (humorously speaking).—Mrs. D. M. Springer, 1727 Pearl St., Denver, Colo. *Ned, Frank, Roscoe and Charles all thank you, Mrs. Springer.*

Color

Movie fans are anxiously awaiting "Becky Sharp," the all-color picture. What a thrill it will give us to see our favorites in something besides black and white! But, if what I have been told is true, there is another side to it that will be a bit hard on the stars. It's this—not all stars are improved by technicolor. It does not bring out the something, the inner quality in some, that it does in others. In a way, stars will stand or fall by technicolor.

I feel that I want my favorite stars to remain beautiful, not to be overshadowed by a lesser one just because technicolor did not make her more lovely, while it did the lesser star.—Mary Belle Walley, Butler, N. J. *Change, in life, is inevitable, Mary Belle. The talkie stars supplanted the silent. If technicolor stars take the place of talkie stars, they in turn will give way some day to three-dimension picture stars.*

Herring!

"The Scarlet Empress" would have been a much more enjoyable movie if the director had not wasted so much film in showing close-ups of Marlene Dietrich registering an open mouth and eyes and a blank expression. If the directors want really to show us moviegoers something in close-ups then let them show Marlene Dietrich swallowing a herring, epsom salts or sarsaparilla. Until that time let us have more action and scenes of the story.—Chalmers Talsey, 1237 West Madison St., Milwaukee, Wis. *You'd better duck, Chalmers. Dietrich fans are going to start throwing things at you, now.*

Half-Wit Montgomery?

Hisses to those who permitted Robert Montgomery in "Forsaking All Others" to be so silly, slangy, and half-witted in his acting. He reminded me of a childish irresponsible grandma. "Montgomery at his best." Hooey. Whimsy in its place is quite all right, but there is such a thing as an over-dose and that is a pain in the neck. He spoiled the picture, which is a shame because the rest of the cast was very good.

Please give him a part where he can show that he is clever. He is too grand to be typed as a half-wit.—Helen McCleary, 902 Maple Street, Des Moines, Iowa. *You'd better duck, too, Helen.*

To "Coop"



I'd like Gary Cooper to know I got the drift of both his article *and* the sketches. If this is his maiden effort, Elsie Janis and Herb Howe had better look to their laurels!

Gary Cooper gives his finest performance in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," which I've just seen. He's been one of my favorites, since the "Shopworn Angel" with Nancy Carroll. How many remember it?—Silvie Wynne, 4742 Larchwood Ave., Philadelphia, Penna. *Just about everybody remembers it, Silvie, and just about everybody likes our Coop.*

Blood and Thunder

The public is getting fed up with high-brow pictures. We are becoming weary of beautiful photography, fine sets and gorgeous costumes. A crowd of ten thousand extras carrying spears excites us no more than a dish of milk and mush.

More pep, say we!

More guns, more detective stories, more thrills, thrills that make you gasp; action, drama, punch, galloping horses, fires, suspense—suspense and more suspense!

We're not crying for crudity, but we are yelling for something to happen in the movies. We want the gosh-darndest drama anybody can give us, well done.

Why can't we have more "Devil Dogs of the Air" and fewer "Little Ministers"? Let Gary Cooper make more pictures like "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." Give us something to feel and less to see!—F. W. Gilman, c/o International Business Machines Corp., 740 North Jackson St., Milwaukee, Wis. *Gosh, you almost scare us. You're right, in a way, though—adventure pictures do give you that good old thrill down the spine.*

A Scolding



I should like to take Mr. Ramon Romero seriously to task for overlooking—or was it ignoring?—in his "New Movie Forecast for 1935," one of the most attractive, talented, all-around fine performers in the movie world today, Mr. John Boles. When has he given anything but a graceful, convincing, dignified performance, no matter how poorly cast? In three of the best pictures I've ever seen—"Only Yesterday," "Back Street," and "Seed"—could anyone else have filled the roles so ornamentally as he did? And in musicals if they would only turn him loose in a really good musical picture and let the public hear his magnificent voice in something besides a snatch of drivel, his producers would find that the public has good taste and it pays to give them the best.—Mrs. Louise M. Connell, 200 W. High St., Lexington, Kentucky. *Hm! Something tells us you really like John Boles. We hope Mr. Romero will remember, next time.*



—the blush of good health may start on the tennis court—but I know that if I'm to keep in 'championship' form I must watch my diet, too. That's why Shredded Wheat and milk are in first place on my breakfast menu. It's a team that can't be beaten for flavor or health."

* * *

Shredded Wheat teamed with rich milk and juicy fruits or berries is a high scoring diet combination. It is 100% whole wheat—*nothing added, nothing taken away.* Which means that Shredded Wheat contains a perfect balance of Nature's vital health elements—in their most delicious and digestible form.

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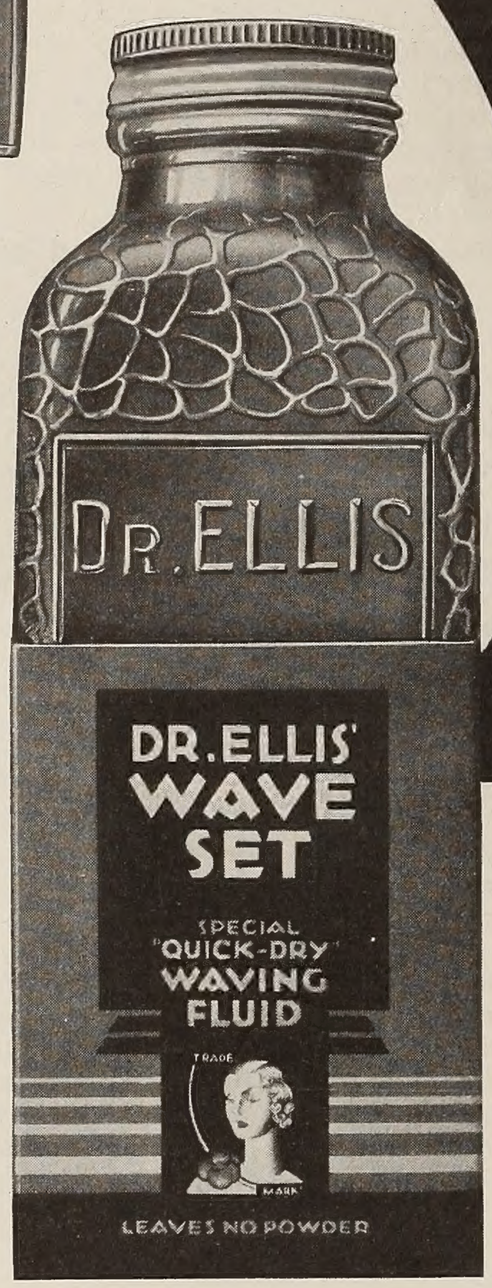
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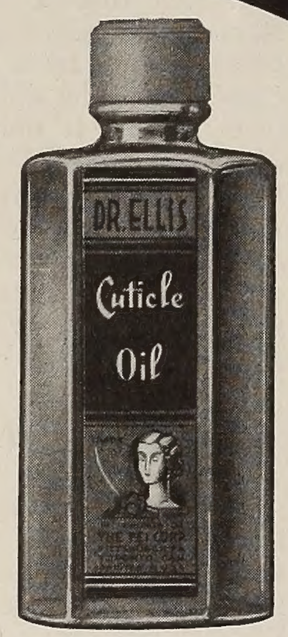
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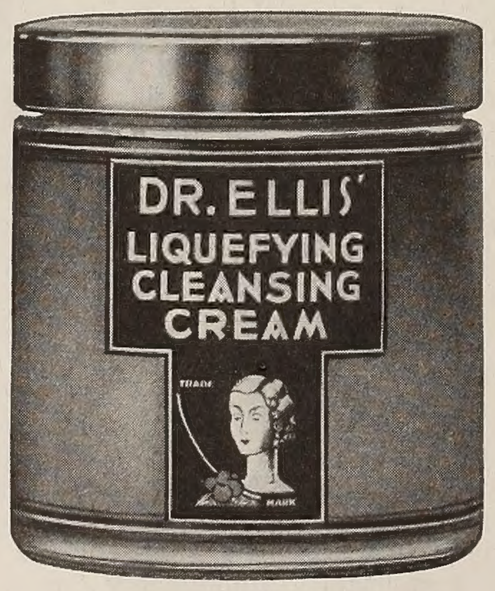


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